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GUIDE TO CARLYLE

GUIDE TO CARLYLE

BY
AUGUSTUS RALLI

VOL. II



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CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXVII

	PAGE
"OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES" IV: ANALYSIS .	9

CHAPTER XXVIII

"OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES" . . .	24
--	----

CHAPTER XXIX

THE GREAT CONTROVERSY—MEETING WITH FROUDE—IRISH JOURNEY—THE PAMPHLETS (1846-51) . . .	39
--	----

CHAPTER XXX

"LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS," ETC.: ANALYSIS . . .	59
--	----

CHAPTER XXXI

"LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS"	82
----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER XXXII

"LIFE OF JOHN 'STERLING': ANALYSIS	98
--	----

CHAPTER XXXIII

"LIFE OF JOHN STERLING"	112
-----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXIV

BEGINNING OF "FREDERICK"—TRAVELS IN GERMANY—MOTHER'S DEATH—WORK AT "FREDERICK" IN SOUND-PROOF ROOM —RAILWAY CARRIAGE INCIDENT—DEATH OF LADY ASH- BURTON—PROGRESS OF "FREDERICK" (1852-62) . . .	121
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXV

	PAGE
MRS. CARLYLE'S ACCIDENT AND ILLNESS—COMPLETION OF "FREDERICK"—THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY RECTORSHIP —DEATH OF MRS. CARLYLE (1863-6)	. . . 143

CHAPTER XXXVI

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" I: ANALYSIS . . .	160
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXVII

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" II: ANALYSIS . . .	180
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" III: ANALYSIS . . .	202
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIX

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" IV: ANALYSIS . . .	222
--	-----

CHAPTER XL

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" V: ANALYSIS . . .	245
---	-----

CHAPTER XLI

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" VI: ANALYSIS . . .	267
--	-----

CHAPTER XLII

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" VII: ANALYSIS . . .	291
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIII

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" VIII: ANALYSIS . . .	315
--	-----

CHAPTER XLIV

"FREDERICK THE GREAT"	330
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLV

LAST ESSAYS—"EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY"—"HISTORICAL SKETCHES"	351
--	-----

CONTENTS

7

CHAPTER XLVI

	PAGE
LAST YEARS (1866-81)	372

CHAPTER XLVII

COMPARISONS	380
CHRONOLOGY	389
LIST OF CARLYLE'S WORKS	395
BIOGRAPHICAL AUTHORITIES	397
INDEX	399

GUIDE TO CARLYLE

CHAPTER XXVII

"OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES" IV : ANALYSIS

PART X. LETTER CCXV. 18 Dec. '56. To Mayor of Newcastle. As we care for your outward good, so much more "as you are Saints to your Congregations, gathered in that way of fellowship commonly known by the name of Independents . . . I should thereby destroy and disappoint one of the main ends for which God hath planted me in the station I am in. . . ." Walk in all peaceableness and gentleness towards them. . . . "Jesus Christ, of whose diocese both they and you are, expects it. . . ."

The Newcastle Independents had shown some dread of Oliver's encouragement to the Presbyterian sect.

LETTER CCXVI. Cardinal Mazarin is full of compliance for Oliver, as he reaps advantage from England's treaty with France and war with her enemy Spain. The Destinies have brought together a singular pair of correspondents. Oliver cannot quite grant Toleration to the Catholics.

26 Dec. '56. To Mazarin. "The obligations and many instances of affection which I have received from your Eminency do engage me to make returns suitable to your merits. But . . . I may not . . . as the face of my affairs now stands, answer to your call for Toleration. . . . Although I believe that under my Government your Eminency, in the behalf of Catholics, has less reason for complaint as to rigour upon men's consciences than under the Parliament. . . . Truly I have . . . made a difference ; and, as Jude speaks, plucked many out of the fire, the raging fire of persecution, which did tyrannise over their consciences, and encroached by an arbitrariness of power upon their estates. . . ."

Sindercomb's attempt to assassinate Oliver fails : for which a Thanksgiving day is appointed (20 Feb. '57) ; and on Jan. 23rd Parliament proceeds to congratulate in a body.

SPEECH VI. I do lie under the daily sense of my unworthiness ; and that detracts from the present ceremony. May the life that is lengthened be spent and improved to His honour who hath vouchsafed the mercy, and to the service of yourselves, and those you represent. . . . These Three Nations are furnished by God with the best People in the world. A People in civil rights . . . very ancient and honourable. And . . . what is still more precious, a People . . . that are to God as the apple of His eye. . . . A People knowing God, and . . . fearing God. . . . You have laws and statutes which attempt to conform to those of God. Therefore I am persuaded there is a heart and spirit in every good man to wish they did all of them answer the Pattern.

. . . You have a Gospel Ministry : the most growing blessing of this Nation. . . . You have a good God who has withstood your enemies and has done wonderful things among us. . . . Mercy and Truth shall meet together ; Righteousness and Peace shall kiss each other. . . . Mercy must be joined with Truth : Truth, in that respect, that we think it our duty to exercise a just severity as well as to apply kindness and mercy. . . .

LETTER CCXVII. The second Protectorate Parliament seemed reconciled to Oliver's rule, while the hundred Members were excluded and strove for a settlement. Oliver was indeed the Governing Man, most English of Englishmen and Puritan of Puritans—the Pattern Man according to the model of seventeenth-century England. . . . This Parliament forbore from Pedantries, and voted supplies, but handsomely did nothing and left Oliver to do. It suppressed the Major-Generals, and held interminable debates about James Nayler, whom it sentenced to various punishments.

25 Dec. '56. To Speaker Widdrington. We detest countenancing such opinions and practices (of Nayler), but we desire to know on what grounds the House has proceeded.

On Feb. 23, '57, Parliament expressed openly its wish to see Oliver King. A few days later a deputation of officers waited on him and uttered their dismay of a project which would facilitate the return of Charles. Oliver replied that he heard of the project for the first time ; *he* had not caballed for or against it ; the title King had no value for him. But the Nation desired a Settlement. . . . He spoke with dignity, not without sharpness.

Through March the House continued to model its Petition and Advice, which it presented to Oliver at Whitehall.

SPEECH VII. I should have a very brazen forehead if it did not beget in me a great deal of consternation of spirit . . . the welfare, the peace and settlement of Three Nations, and all that rich treasure of the best people in the world being involved therein.

. . . This . . . alone ought to beget in me the greatest reverence and fear of God that ever possessed a man in the world. . . . I can only ask you to give me time to deliberate. . . . I have lived the latter part of my age in . . . the midst of troubles. But all combined would not so move my heart and spirit with fear and reverence of God as this thing that hath now been offered by you to me. . . . I cannot answer without waiting to have it put into my mouth by God. Otherwise it would savour of the flesh, and to arise from arguments of self. In which case it may prove a curse to you and the Three Nations. I verily believe you have intended well. God forbid your good aims should suffer by any dishonesty of mine. . . . I must seek an answer from Him, and put things to Him as if for life and death, that He may help me to such an answer as will be a blessing to me and to you. . . .

On April 3rd Oliver sent for the Committee and gave a negative answer, but none of the most decided.

SPEECH VIII. I have sought of God that I might return as worthy an answer as possible. Parliament have been zealous of the two greatest Concernments that God hath in the world. The *one* is that of Religion . . . and as to the Liberty of men professing Godliness, you have done that which was never done before. . . . The next best is Civil Liberty, which is better than any rock to fence men in their other interests. The interest of Christians and the Nation is not inconsistent. . . . If I were to give before a greater than earthly Tribunal my reasons for engaging in the late war, they would—unless they were wicked—comprehend these two ends. . . . Meanwhile you have named my by another title than I now bear. . . . You give me no liberty of choice, but I must either accept or reject the whole. I should be very brutish did I not acknowledge the exceeding high honour and respect you have had for me in this Paper. . . . You have testified your value and affection as to my person as high as you could. . . . But I must needs say, That that may be fit for you to offer which may not be fit for me to undertake. You must take it in tender part if I give an answer without many reasons. . . . I am not able for such a trust and charge. I could not help knowing unofficially that such a scheme was on foot, but I have been unable to attain further than this : I have not been able to find it my duty to God and you to undertake this charge under that Title. Nothing must make a man's conscience a servant ; and really and sincerely it is my conscience that guides me to this answer.

His Highness does not appear quite inexorable, but is groping his way through a very intricate business. Parliament decides to adhere to its Petition and present reasons (7 April '57).

SPEECH IX. I acknowledge your weight of authority. The things you advise do tend to the settlement of the chiefest interests ; and now the nation is big with expectation of something that may add to their security of Being. . . . I have spoken from a very honest heart. . . . We must all be very real now, if ever we will be so. . . . Let me consider your advice with my own Infirmities. I have had a conscience in the matter, and have since been lifting up my heart to God to know my duty. Philosophers have said great places are a great burden. . . . If I undertake anything *not* in Faith, I shall serve you in my own Unbelief. . . . Perhaps better reasons may oversway my apprehensions. . . . I know your regard for Liberty, and I ask for Liberty to vent my doubts and fears and scruples. . . . There are other things besides the Title that I wish elucidated. . . . I am as yet not persuaded that this is my trust and duty. . . .

The answer is No, but the courtship may continue. A committee of ninety-nine is formed, with which he holds conferences. About this time a Fifth Monarchy rising is easily suppressed.

SPEECH X. (11 April '57.) I am anxious for an issue, and if you will draw out my reasons I will offer them to you. . . . Parliament intends satisfaction ; so there must be reasons and arguments . . . I wish to know the grounds that lead you. . . . Our ends are the same : to effect a Settlement. . . . It might be a help if I enumerated my doubts. . . .

Whitlocke replies that the title of Protector is not known to the Law, that of King is. Protector has only its own footing to rest upon ; King rests on ancient foundations of Laws of England. Lenthall, once Speaker, affirms that the whole body of the Law rests on the Chief Magistrate's title of King. Protector is not limited by any rule of Law.

Oliver acknowledges the weight of this, and continues : It requires serious and true answers—such answers as are not feigned in my own thoughts, but such wherein I express the truth and honesty of my heart. . . . The three arguments are, 1. Abstract notion of Title and positive reasons on which it stands ; 2. its goodness in comparison with our present title ; 3. the temper of the English People, and what will gratify them. . . .

Oliver often conferred with Bulstrode and others for hours on the Kingship question : after which he would become very cheerful and familiar, lay aside his greatness, make verses and play games with them. . . .

SPEECH XI. (13 April '57.) I cannot answer all that was said, being unskilled in ancient Constitutions and Settlements by the Laws. Your arguments are strong for Kingship. If on ground of Necessity I have nothing to answer I must therefore ascertain if it is Necessity. Kingship was said to be not a Title

but an Office, so interwoven with the fundamental Laws of this Nation that they cannot be executed without it. Its dimensions and prerogatives are defined by the Law ; and the Law can tell when it keeps within compass or exceeds its limits. The People love what they know, and, through the Parliament, have been unwilling to vary names. . . . Any remedy or expedient against these arguments cannot be *of necessity*. If so, I must say why they are not so interwoven in the Laws but that the Laws may be executed as justly without such a Title. Kingship implies Supreme Authority ; but why should not another name imply this ? . . . The name derives from the Legislative Authority, and therefore turns on expedience. . . . I had rather have any Name from this Parliament than any other Name without it : so much do I value the authority of the Parliament. . . . Kingship has lasted long, but it once had its original : and it was with consent of the whole. . . . These arguments for Kingship, therefore, are less of necessity than conveniency. . . . As to the argument from experience, we know that the Supreme Authority under another Title has already been twice complied with : in the Long Parliament and Protectorate. The new name did carry on the Public Justice of the Nation. . . . Since my Protectorate, the Laws have proceeded with as much freedom and justice as in the days called Halcyon. It is therefore not a Title but the Substance which gives the Law its free passage. . . . I undertook my Place less from hope of doing good than preventing evil, which was then imminent. . . . A man may lawfully desire a place to do good in. . . . I should almost think any name were better than my Name ; and I should altogether think any person fitter than I am for such business. . . . I am ready to serve not only as a King but as a Constable. For truly I have, as before God, often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good Constable set to keep the peace of the Parish. . . . I do judge for myself there is no such necessity of this name of King. . . . I was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater. . . . I had a very worthy Friend then [Hampden]. When our men were beaten everywhere I asked him to assist in raising regiments : men of spirit to encounter gentlemen. . . . I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did. . . . There are now men of the same spirit in the Nation ; and God would not bless any undertaking, Kingship or otherwise, that would grieve *them*. . . . I beg of you not to put on me things hard to *them*. . . . The objectors are faithful servants of the Legislature. . . . Providence may have purposely laid aside the title of King by means of ten or twelve years' civil war, as when He eradicates a family. . . . I

would not seek to rebuild Jericho. But the Nation never needed a Settlement more, and I would rather be in my grave than hinder it. . . . I would willingly be a sacrifice, but I do not think the thing necessary, and I would not that you should lose a friend for it. . . .

Oliver's mind is far from made up ; and all England sounds round him awaiting his answer. It is a Soul of a Man in right earnest about its own awful Life and Work in this world. . . . At another interview Whitlocke holds that, in refusing, he will do what a King never did : reject the advice of his Parliament.

SPEECH XII. (20 April '57.) I understand this to be an exercise of the *Legislative* power : *ex dono*, not *de jure*. . . . Whoever helps a man to what he cannot otherwise attain doth an act that is very near a gift. . . . The grand question lies in the acceptance of it by those who are concerned to yield obedience to it. Your Legislative sanction is as good a foundation as the body of Law. . . . It has been said that, unlike Kings, I refuse the advice of Parliament. But my case is different : because they inherited it. . . . My title to the Government was that I took it up in a case of necessity. . . . It hath pleased God that I have been instrumental in keeping the Peace of the Nation to this day . . . under a Title which, some say, signifies but a keeping of it to another's use. . . . I have no pretensions to things for myself. . . . Evil tongues may say I desire a Title which is boundless. There is nothing in that : you would have limited it sufficiently. . . . Then as to my duty to accept : I think it can be no man's duty but between God and himself, if he be conscious of his own infirmities, disabilities and weaknesses. . . . I have sought rather to answer to-day by telling you my grief. . . . My intentions are honest to the Nation. . . . I will gladly die when God takes away my spirit and activity for carrying on work. . . .

The effect of this speech was uncertain ; no one knew if he would accept or not.

Blake now fought his greatest action against the Spaniards, storming into their strongly fortified bay of Santa Cruz, out-thundering and annihilating their fleet of superior numbers. But it was also his last action, and he died within sight of Plymouth. . . . A British army of 6,000 prepared to join Turenne to fight Spain on land. . . .

SPEECH XIII. We must not speak only of the Title, but understand all that conduces to a general Settlement. I am hugely taken with the word *Settlement*. He should be expelled from the Nation who desires it not. . . . What will let the Nation enjoy civil and religious liberties, and conserve each man's liberties and not rob him of what is justly his : these two things make

up Settlement. . . . Since war ended six years ago at Worcester, I have looked to Parliament for a Settlement ; fighting being not the end but the means towards it. . . . The Long Parliament did memorable things, but favoured those who designed to introduce Popery. . . . They framed various Bills to perpetuate themselves and become a Council of State executing arbitrary government. . . . They wished to supplant the Courts at Westminster and try all men's causes from all parts. . . . It were wrong for Legislative and Executive powers to be one. . . . Those who pretended arbitrary government would follow the dissolution of the Long Parliament were hypocrites. . . . I cannot go beyond the Instrument of Government. I cannot do anything but in co-ordination with the Council. I come to a story of my own weakness and folly : the Little Parliament. They were men of our own judgment who had fought in the Wars ; but the issue was not answerable to the simplicity and honesty of the design. . . . You have been saved from two evils : a secular and spiritual evil. . . . This Act of Government secures the Liberties of the People of God as they never before had them. . . . Certain persons, among them demonstrably unchristian men, may not sit in Parliament or elect for it. . . . There has been reform of Law : in delay, costliness, etc. . . . Dissolute persons, gentlemen's sons, have been forced to keep quiet. . . . We have been sending our children to France, and there they learn licentiousness. . . . Let no outward rank save men from the punishment for debauchery. . . . I think the system of Major-Generals was excellent ; and who is to execute the Laws now they are gone ? . . . We acted on grounds of necessity to save the nation from arbitrariness, and must not therefore subject it to the same again. . . . I think we have done the State service by our settlements of Ireland and much of the Ministry. I can say from my heart, There hath not been such a service to England since the Christian Religion was perfect in England. . . . We have been blamed for the Triers, but we knew not how to keep the Ministry good otherwise. Pitiful certificates formerly admitted Ministers : the mere understanding of Latin or Greek, or Welsh which passed for Hebrew. Now men are not admitted without something of the Grace of God : as far as one can judge according to the rules of Charity. If a man have the root of the matter in him, he is admitted : whether he is Anabaptist, Presbyterian, Independent. It is towards such a Settlement we have endeavoured. I hope it is not a time of shaking. . . . There is a deficit in the Revenue, and when the war ends we must keep up the present established army and a fleet, until it shall please God to quiet and compose men's minds. . . . Parliament must declare how long it will carry on the Spanish

War. If money be wanting the business will fall to the ground. . . .

In this speech there was no allusion to the Kingship, to the disappointment of the Committee of ninety-nine. . . . On May 1st, Parliament again raised the question. . . . It was Ludlow's opinion that a great portion of the Army was averse to Kingship. The final answer came May 8, 1657.

SPEECH XIV. I am sorry for the trouble to the Parliament. It has also cost me trouble and thought. The Act seeks the Settling of the Nation in Civil Rights and Liberties. These, with Liberty of Conscience, are the great Fundamentals. I have had the unhappiness not to be convinced of the necessity of the Title of King; although no private judgment is to be in the balance with the judgment of Parliament. But in things that respect particular persons, every man who is to account to God for his actions must win the approbation of his own conscience for what he does or forbears to do. Whilst you are granting other liberties you surely will not deny *me* this. . . . I should do it doubtingly; and as a thing thus done is not of faith, it is a sin to him that doth it. . . . I cannot undertake this Government with the Title of King. . . .

The matter of the Kingship is now ended, and the huge buzzing of the public mind falls silent. . . . The rest of the Petition and Advice was accepted, and the frame of Government greatly improved thereby.

SPEECH XV. When Speaker Widdrington presents his Money-Bills, Oliver speaks a few words of thanks to the Commons for care and regard of the Public.

LETTER CCXVIII. 10 June '57. To Blake. The success at Santa Cruz is a signal mercy in enemy losses and our own preservation. . . . "We cannot but take notice also how eminently it hath pleased God to make use of you in this service . . . and have sent you a small Jewel as a testimony of our own and the Parliament's good acceptance of your carriage in this Action. . . ."

On June 26th occurred the second inauguration of the Protector, with presentation of robe and Bible, sword and sceptre. A true piece of Symbolism, unlike those of our quack-ridden histrionic ages.

LETTER CCXIX. 11 Aug. '57. To General Montague: instructing him to cruise up and down the Channel.

LETTER CCXX. 27 Aug. '57. To John Dunch. "I desire to speak with you. . . . Come to me at Hampton Court."

Dunch had married Mayor's youngest daughter and sat in Parliament. He was now enjoying the recess, travelling about in the Autumn Sun of those old days.

LETTER CCXXI. 30 Aug. '57. To Montague. His (Montague's) letter has been communicated, asking authority to search Dutch ships with Spanish bullion. It is in accordance with the Laws of Nations and our particular treaties. "We desire you to continue the said direction. . . ."

LETTER CCXXII. A treaty with France established that Mardike and Dunkirk when reduced should belong to England. They were the haven-towns most useful to Oliver, as he was menaced with Royalist invasion from that quarter ; and the aim of his foreign policy was to unite Protestant Europe with England in one great effectual league. Young Louis XIV reviewed the fleet and army provided by Oliver ; but they were set by Mazarin, contrary to treaty, to reduce places in the interior, and nothing was said of the coast.

Sir William Lockhart, British ambassador, had once been a Royalist ; but Oliver discerned his worth. He was indeed reputed the best ambassador of the age.

31 Aug. '57. To Lockhart. "I have no doubt either of your diligence or ability to serve us in so great a business, yet I am deeply sensible that the French are very much short with us in ingenuousness and performance." We were ready "rather to overdo than to be behindhand in anything of our Treaty." Our interests and France's differed ; but Spain has always been the most implacable enemy of France. On such grounds we never thought to be "failed" towards. We do not want Garrisons inland ; let them rather give us Calais, Dieppe, Boulogne ! . . . Let the Cardinal know if France desires to make progress it will be best done through performance of this Treaty. They have a greater army, but we can reinforce the siege by sea. . . . If the Spaniard invades France his retreat can be cut off. . . . If this is disregarded, we should have some satisfaction for our naval expense, and our men should be returned to us, who can be better employed elsewhere. . . .

LETTER CCXXIII. 31 Aug. '57. To the same. Let the design be Dunkirk rather than Gavelines, but one rather than failure. We can send more men to liberate the French Cavalry ; and as this will prevent Spanish aid to Charles Stuart we shall do all we can. But if the French would hinder us from a footing across the water, then let us have satisfaction for expense, and draw off our men. "I desire you to take boldness and freedom to yourself in your dealing with the French. . . ."

This letter took effect, and occasioned a witty sneer in France : "The Cardinal fears Oliver more than the Devil !" Mardike was besieged, taken, and given to England.

LETTER CCXXIV. 2 Oct. '57. To General Montague. Oliver sends Christian Denokson, a good artist in wooden works, to strengthen the Wooden Fort, etc.

These are among the last of Oliver's letters, his work now drawing to a close. August 31st died John Lilburn, and at his funeral a great assembly of Quakers took place. Sexby, the frantic Anabaptist, was seized when about to leave England, and died soon after. A grand Spanish Charles-Stuart invasion again threatens. In January there will be a new session, when excluded Members will be readmitted—and also a new House of Lords. Thus chances of trouble offer, as a new Parliament always attracts Royalist attempts. . . . To these public interests add the domestic one of a double wedding in the Cromwell family. . . .

It was thought after last session that Settlement had been reached and government was now possible by law. Irregular exercises of authority such as Major-Generals would therefore be excluded. Affairs in the Netherlands were prospering, and hopes were high. . . . But conditions were changed; readmitted Members were a cause of anxiety; and the session proved entirely unsuccessful. As yet the House of Lords was weak and small: a Peerage-of-Fact; though it might in time absorb such of the old Peerage-of-Descent as had manhood and marrow in its bones, with its thousand years of strength. . . . Oliver's list was practical and substantial, sixty-three in all, of whom forty were from the Commons: but forty votes in the Commons were thus lost to him.

SPEECH XVI. (20 Jan. '58.) After so much expense of blood and treasure we are now to search and try what blessings God hath in store for these Nations. . . . We hope we may say we have arrived, if not altogether at what we aimed at, yet at that which is much beyond our expectations. You know the Cause and the quarrel; how the first Declaration threatened innovation in Civil and Religious matters. Forced-loans, Monopolies, Ship-Money were justified by Priests. They were shelters from which to innovate in Religion, to eat out its core and heart and life, and impose Popish ceremonies on those accounted the "Puritans" of the Nation. Many were thus driven to New England to find Liberty of Conscience. . . . The greatest proof of God's love is that He has now given us Peace: the enjoyment of our Liberties, civil and spiritual. . . . In some sense this *is* God's land: since God redeemed us out of the hands of Popery, in that never to be forgotten Reformation, that most significant and greatest mercy the Nation hath felt or tasted. . . . Who would have forethought, amidst our troubles, that we should ever gain liberty to worship God without fear of enemies? This is our portion from God: the glory of a free possession of the Gospel. "Truth shall grow out of the earth, and Righteousness shall come down from Heaven." Here is the Truth of Truths. . . . Yet there are some, men of the Episcopal spirit, who murmur

at the works of God. . . . You have now a godly Ministry, such as the world has not. . . . The spirit of a beast knows not the things of a man ; nor doth the spirit of man know the things of God. The things of God are known *by the Spirit*. . . . God resisted and broke in pieces the Powers that were, that men might fear Him. . . . Your foundation is from God. . . . I have been under some infirmity. I dare not speak more ; I have declared the state of our Cause. . . . You shall be the "repairers of breaches, and the restorers of paths to dwell in." And if there be any higher work which mortals can attain unto in the world, I acknowledge my ignorance of it. . . .

It is strange how Oliver dwells on the blessings of that religious "liberty" which to us is as common as liberty to breathe atmospheric air. But it is so with all attainments ; and the world is built upon the dust of Heroes, who, once prodigal of their blood, now sleep well-forgotten. It is also strange to read Oliver's beautiful thoughts in the House of Commons Journals. Since January 1658, canting, cotton-spinning, partridge-shooting mortals have indeed fallen into oblivion of the Highest. . . .

Rumours of Spanish Charles-Stuart invasion are again abroad. There are four English-Irish regiments, and twenty-two ships hired from the Dutch, which may escape our frigates on a dark night ; and also Don John's Spanish army of six to ten thousand. Frantic Anabaptists are awakening as if for a last effort. Foreign affairs look questionable to Protestants ; and the hopes of Oliver and practical Puritans begin to sink. The *impracticable* Puritans, or Excluded Members, are not to be divorced from their Republican Idea of the intolerability of the Single Person.

In the Commons interminable debates arose as to the name of the Peers' House : some would call it the "Other House." Oliver summoned both Houses to Whitehall.

SPEECH XVII. I have to remonstrate with you of my apprehensions of the State of Affairs, and suggest remedies. I shall offer it to your judgments whether there is a possibility of discharging our Trust. . . . It is my great duty, as being set on a watch-tower, to see what may be for the good of these Nations . . . that so, by the advice of so wise and great a Council as this . . . such good may be attained and evil obviated. We shall hardly set our shoulders to this work unless it shall please God to work some conviction upon our hearts that *there is need* of our most serious and best counsels at such time as this is. . . . You have now come to the end of as great difficulties as ever Nation was engaged in. . . . You will not be a Nation if God strengthen you not to meet these evils that are upon us ! The grand design now on foot abroad, in comparison with which all other designs are but low things, is, Whether the Christian world shall be all

Popery ! Is not the Protestant Cause abroad almost trodden down ; and are we not concerned in that danger as to our very Being ? . . . Austria aims to destroy the whole Protestant Interest. The King of Hungary, who will become Emperor of Germany, is the son of one who exiled all the Protestants. Italy and Switzerland are the prey of Spanish power ; and the Pope incites all the Princes of Europe to root out the Protestants. Sweden that alone resists is attacked by those of our own religion, the Dutch and Danes. . . . The design to exclude us from the Baltic is a threat to our Being. Where then is your Trade, and materials to preserve your shipping ? What security have you against invasion in your own soil ? You have accounted yourselves happy in being environed with a great Ditch ; but to keep your Ditch and Shipping you must turn your Ships and Shipping into Horse and Foot, and defend yourselves on land. . . . I have the comfort of having eased my mind and told you of your danger. . . . Only France is a balance against that Party at this time. . . . Should peace be made, England will be the general object of all the fury of all God's enemies ! . . . The Dutch will sell arms to our enemies, and they have lent them sloops to transport 5,000 troops on us. . . .

Now at home, though we boast we are Englishmen, which should be a motive to us to do like Englishmen and seek the real good of this Nation, yet we are full of calamities and divisions. Thanks to God's Providence we are at peace, and our fighting and success is an astonishment to the world : but the greatest of all miracles is that we are at peace. . . . Do Peace-breakers consider what they are driving towards ? He that considereth not the woman with child and the sucking children, must have the heart of a Cain. If God did not hinder, there would be a bloodier Civil War, because of the number of sects. . . . The Nation is hugely made up of sects ; only men have more anger than strength, and lack power to attain their ends. And they contest amid a malignant Episcopal party, *all united*. . . . Judge what a hard condition this poor nation is in, when some of these have invited the Spaniard himself to carry on the Cavalier Cause. . . . The only protections against bloodshed are the army, the two Houses, and myself. The army is poor and unpaid, yet peaceable, and willing to risk life for you. . . . Only agreement at this meeting can bring Liberty, not another Civil War. . . . If we break this Settlement what will become of us ? . . . In North Ireland the people will dispossess and drive out English and Scotch settlers and hold the country again for the Spanish interest. . . . The Scotch are a ruined nation ; yet I hear that the meaner sort are more thriving now than under their own great Lords, who

treated them like the peasants of France. . . . If such be our case at home and abroad, we are exposed to dangers. Let us not quarrel about circumstances. . . . We have had six years' peace, ten war ; and now God hath given us a new taste of the benefits of Peace. . . . Should we listen to delusions to break and interrupt this Peace ? It would lead to the greatest rending and persecution that ever was in this world. Another flood of blood and war will destroy this Nation. In the Day of Fasting that is coming on, I beseech God touch your hearts and open your ears to the truth ; and that you may be as deaf adders to stop your ears to all Dissension ! I am ready to stand and fall with you. I sought not this place. I speak it before God, Angels and men. I *did not*. You sought me for it, you brought me to it ; and I took my oath to be faithful to the Interest of these Nations. . . . That every just Interest may be preserved ; that a Godly Ministry may be upheld ; . . . that all men may be preserved in their just rights, whether civil or spiritual.

Oliver spoke oppressed with many things, and not in good health. In his eyes there was sorrow enough, depth enough, and this deepest attainable depth—to rest upon what it shall please God Almighty to do ! To his beautiful great Soul the Temporal is irradiated with the Eternal, and God everywhere in the affairs of men. Are those days gone for ever ? No, intrinsically they cannot disappear, and may yet reappear in nobler unexpected form !

In spite of the Protector's late speech the dreary debate went on ; and the various plots and intrigues continued unchecked. One strong man stood between the country and ruin. On the tenth day of debate, in the midst of a tumult, the Black Rod arrived to summon Parliament to Oliver in the House of Lords.

SPEECH XVIII. . . . Your petition and Advice was the cause of my becoming Protector. No one can say I sought it. I did look that the same men who made the Frame should make it good unto me ! I can say in the presence of God . . . I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep. . . . I said I would never undertake it without other persons between me and the Commons. It was granted I should name another House. I named it of men who value not Titles, etc., but a Christian and an English Interest. . . . You took an oath answerable to mine, to make good what the Parliament's Petition and Advice advised me unto. I thought we had been upon a foundation. There were no Hereditary Lords and Kings : no, the two Houses and myself. . . . If there had been in you any intention of Settlement, you would have settled upon this basis. . . . You have not only disjointed yourselves but the whole Nation, which is in likelihood of running

into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sat, than it hath been from the rising of the last Session to this day. . . . The plan is on foot to devise a Commonwealth again, and to secure the help of the army. . . . It is exposing us to a Scottish invasion, and tumult here in this town. Some of you are involved in both these attempts. . . . The result would be blood and confusion ; and the cause is your not assenting to what you did invite me to try by your Petition and Advice, as to that which might prove the Settlement of the Nation. . . . I do dissolve this Parliament ! And let God be judge between you and me.

Early in the speech Oliver had mentioned his "woodside" ; where he might indeed have lived with great still thoughts and glimpses of God. Such a lot he changed for endless toil, and no discharge but death. But even by his woodside he would not have been happy, and might well endure temporary trouble for the sake of doing a large spell of eternal Work !

Oliver now committed the anarchic leaders to the Tower, and took vigorous measures against the Hydra of rebellion. A Royalist attempt to rise suffered instant suppression, and execution of ringleaders. Spain held out no hope of invasion ; and Royalism never rose again till Puritanism sank of its own accord. Even then it was but the Reminiscence of Royalty ; and the result has been two hundred years of cant, cotton-spinning, commercing, etc. This too will vanish and give place to a wider world. Puritanism did not continue because it was not a complete theory of the universe. Perhaps the Destinies meant something grander with England than even Oliver did.

The fall of Dunkirk brought a deputation from Mazarin to congratulate the most invincible of Sovereigns. Except for embarrassed finances things stood well ; and once more Oliver had saved Puritan England. He looked with confidence to summoning a new and juster Parliament.

LETTER CCXXV. Oliver finds time to think of the Piedmontese Protestants, who are again in a state of peril.

26 May '58. To King Louis of France. You remember the cause for which we spoke. Your Majesty has not neglected the pious office. Then there was a sort of disguised peace. The terms were hard, but the poor people glad to acquiesce in them. These terms are now broken. There has been persecution ; and it is likely those that remain will be exterminated. I beseech thee let not these things be done. Snatch the poor Suppliants from their murderers. Suffer not thy Kingdom to be soiled with that discredit. . . . There was a pact with your Ancestor. This promised protection they now implore. There are reasons of State ; but I would not have thee moved except

by that promise, and thy own pity and royal benignity and greatness of mind.

26 May '58. To Lockhart. The continual troubles of the Piedmontese are matter of much grief to us. You have given many marks of your zeal, yet we are moved to recommend them to your special care. Redouble your instances with the King. Their sufferings are inexpressible. The malice and fury of their Popish adversaries is so restless and implacable that, notwithstanding all they have done, they are striving to heat the furnace seven times hotter. They prevent public worship, drive out the people's Ministers, forbid doctors to live in the valleys, suppress all commerce, force them to sell their lands. . . . Acquaint the King of all this, that he may instruct his ambassador to act vigorously. Second your letter with your earnest solicitations. Tell him his own interest and honour are concerned in holding to Henry IV's compact with these people in 1598. . . . It would remedy matters if the King of France made an exchange with the Duke of Savoy for these Valleys. . . .

DEATH OF THE PROTECTOR. For nearly twenty years Oliver had known incessant toil of heart and hand, with peril and sorrow. . . . On August 6th his favourite daughter, Lady Claypole, died. For fourteen days he had attended her bedside, unable to fulfil public business. . . . George Fox, at his third interview with the Protector, spoke of the "waft of death" that came from him. . . . On August 20th he returned to Whitehall, and public prayers were said on his behalf. For ten days he struggled : speaking much of the Covenants, the grand axis in his Puritan Universe. The two Covenants, of Works and Grace, by Christ's death became One : there for him is the divine solution of the Mystery of Life. Various ejaculations were caught at intervals : "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hand of the Living God. . . ." "The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of His pardon and His love as my soul can hold. . . ." On August 30th the storm began ; and it was thought that he named Richard as his successor. He prayed : "Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. . . . Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. . . . Pardon the folly of this short prayer. . . ." His frequent saying, "God is good," implied inward consolation and peace. He also spoke some self-debasing words. . . . On September 3, 1658, he died, to the consternation of all. . . . The Heroism and Eternal Light in a man and his life are added to the Eternities, and remain a new divine portion of the Sum of Things. . . .

CHAPTER XXVIII

“OLIVER CROMWELL’S LETTERS AND SPEECHES”

COMPARED to the rest of Carlyle’s works *Cromwell* appears like a gigantic quotation ; but this is far from saying that it lacks originality or fails to throw much light upon his own mind. In discussing his later essays we remarked on the insight into his nature afforded by his choice of extracts ; and Emerson once wrote that genius reveals itself equally by what it selects and originates, and that everyone remembers his friends by their favourite poetry or other reading.¹ Two of Carlyle’s main characteristics are by now familiar to us : Hero-worship as a basis for reconstruction of belief in God ; and the discovery of romance and beauty in the past at the expense of the present. Both these are combined in the volumes before us ; for *Cromwell* was Carlyle’s pattern hero, and at every characteristic word of letter or speech, even when comment is withheld, we seem to catch an approving echo from the biographer.

When dealing with *Heroes*, we advanced the opinion that Shakespeare was the best admired, because his self-sufficing nature might even have excluded literary expression ; and we rated *Heroes* as a microcosm of Carlyle’s works, where every field of human activity had a place. We now add the correction that the larger half represents Carlyle’s early manner, of the supremacy of the soul ; and the smaller half the fruits of the soul’s action on earth. The composition of *Cromwell* was the work of his middle years, when the political world had risen on the wreck of the ideal ; and his heroes were now men of affairs. *Cromwell* had the distinction of belonging not only to an age of faith, but to the faith of Carlyle’s ancestors, the faith which his mother held, and which he grieved to be unable to hold himself. *Cromwell*’s actions were the result of this faith ; and the two worlds

¹ *Letters and Social Aims.*

thus interpenetrate more completely than in any other instance of heroism. The ideal world returns for a season, but the observer is chastened by much sad experience of men's present conditions. He gazes wistfully on his former habitation in the clouds, and regrets the time is past when, as in old Puritan days, ideal thought could be translated into common fact.

That the philosophy of his youth was once a practicable fact ; that the soul replenished with heavenly fervour can the better perform its earthly task : these are some of the lessons to be derived from *Cromwell*. But between past and present yawned the gulf opened by the “blessed Restoration” ; and Carlyle gazed across it from his state of exile in a sceptical cotton-spinning, partridge-shooting age.

Cromwell's strength which inspired his mighty actions was drawn from his faith ; and he is the highest example of the power of belief. All strength comes from belief, for it implies annihilation of self ; and even the “gross heathen belief of the radical,” that bases itself on external fact, is better than none. The weak man is the self-conscious man, trembling for his little cockle-shell of a body afloat on the rapids of Time ; for life is action, and self-consciousness paralyses action. We have already remarked that belief is easiest to the narrow, positive, vehement type of mind. A Robespierre with limited ideals might think he could regenerate France ; but not a Bacon, to whom the whole science of history and human nature, with the predominance of failure over success, would be imaginatively present.

But if belief, even in its grossest form, by bringing certainty to the believing mind, gives confidence in self, how much more does belief of the supernatural kind ! Carlyle has said¹ that the average mill-owner, though intent only on money-making, is more of a developed man than the pseudo-artist : and perhaps the most miserable mortal in existence is the self-conscious minor poet with the temperament of genius but without its power of expression. He has no external reality to weight the opposite scale ; and his own scale either does not rise, or if it rises, thanks to a spasmodic effort, it will fall abruptly.

We conclude that “external reality” is the necessary antecedent of belief ; but the phrase has a relative meaning, for, according

¹ *Pamphlets* i “Stump-Orator.”

to Carlyle, the great achievement of German thought was to overthrow the world of sense as a standard of measurement. The radical is mistaken in his belief, though he himself benefits psychologically by possessing a stimulus to hard work and a cure for dubitations. Reality is therefore beyond sense; and the highest knowledge to inspire the mental operation of belief is intuition. But belief itself, the source of all strength to the individual, is a certain mystical action of the mind, whether produced by things of sense or spirit, by tangible proof or intuition.

And of the lowest form of belief, that pleasure is pleasant, up to the highest that cannot be spoken of in words, it holds good that the mind of the believer must be alone with the thing believed. No hearsay or opinion or advice of others should interfere with the cleanness of the above-mentioned mystical transaction. Hence the fruitlessness of religious controversies, the failure of Christian apologetics to effect more than balance probabilities. Hence the danger of forms and ceremonials, of "Hebrew old clothes," that have survived the belief-giving idea. No one more than Carlyle emphasised the importance of man to man as help or guide through life's pilgrimage; his doctrine of Hero-worship leads to belief in God through recognition of His divine qualities in man. But only the lower levels of the mountains of Faith can be scaled by companies of men linked together. Up that last toilsome ascent the weakest soul can hardly lean for support upon the strongest. It must appear alone at the Council Table of God if it is to conquer belief.

Psychologically speaking, belief is action and reaction of mind and thing; and the result is strength to the soul which is not deflected from its prime object by opposing hearsays. The man who pursues pleasure, indifferent to loss of reputation among respectable persons, has strength of a kind. The type of radical-philanthropist who thinks that slum-children need only abundant food to become good citizens, and is unaffected by charges of materialism, he too has achieved annihilation of self. But the poet—like Pope roused to fury by the meanest Grub Street scribbler, like Voltaire haunting taverns in disguise to overhear opinions on his play—has failed to isolate the thing believed in.

And here we find another reason for describing the poet as an exile in the modern world. He who has no belief, who sits

spell-bound in self-consciousness, without power to move a limb in self-defence, will infallibly perish. He who has no external reality to weight the opposite scale will come to the ground. For since the ways of men have diverged from the ways of God, the poet's religion of love must remain unsatisfied. In man, as we know from Hero-worship, there is much of God-like ; but in modern ages the crowded life of towns has diminished this to a point, and roused the bestial competing element in him. Living among men, with his keen social sense and flexible mind, the poet is seduced from admiration of unworldly to worldly. In a sceptical eighteenth century, the transference of worship from God to man led to the antics of a Boswell or a Goldsmith. Instead of recognising Hero-worship as one stage in the mountain of faith, the poet makes it his abiding home. His love, beginning with what is divine in his fellow-creatures, overflows to their less worthy qualities ; he wishes to become as they are, to mix with worldlings in the forum and win their applause. From his moderate elevation he gazes downward, and turns his back upon the remote and lonely peaks hanging in the clear heaven. But since his religion is love, he belongs by nature to the spiritual world ; and, as all strength comes from belief, it will fare ill with him in the material world where men have otherwise achieved annihilation of self.

That Carlyle with his poet's nature and soft temperament was victorious over outward circumstances is due to the gigantic sweep of his intellect. He held past, present and future in the hollow of his hand ; and fame, or the applause of a few thousand ephemeral creatures who had started up like apparitions between two Eternities, in a small corner of God's Universe, could content him little. We might also advance his Presbyterian upbringing ; but his two countrymen, Burns and Irving, were alike reared in fear of God and fearlessness of man, and their fate differed from his. Fame and love are closely connected ; for the poet aspires to great achievement to win love, not power like Napoleon or Bismarck. “What is glory,” said Tolstoy, “but the love of your neighbour and the wish to serve him and merit his praise ?”¹ Carlyle's early desire for fame was the most fleeting phenomenon of his mental life, but his craving for love continued, and its

¹ *War and Peace.*

disappointment was responsible for the excesses of the *Pamphlets*. His deepest wish was to see the world constituted after a divine order, but the ways of God and man had parted beyond communication in his age. The brotherhood of man, for instance, often disregarded, had never been denied until the reign of Mammon.¹ Men had undertaken to administer their own affairs, to compete with or worship each other as the case might be. The creed of the stern members of the race was Power, and that of the weaker Vanity, or subservience to opinion. In the absence of principle they were ready to shift their ground according as their fellow-creatures were pleased or not ; and they would accuse of harshness one who, like Carlyle, pointed out the incompatibility of good and evil.

But two hundred years before, in the time of Cromwell, the ways of God and man were one in theory ; there was at least no verbal denial of God's presence in the world of His creation. Not that Carlyle credited bygone ages with Arcadian felicity ; for, as we saw in *Past and Present*, the Monks of St. Edmundsbury were not all like Abbot Samson. But Earth was recognised as a stepping-stone to Heaven, and the man who knew and loved God was not doomed to isolation among his fellows. Nearly two centuries of materialism stood between that last vision of the heroic on our planet and the age of Carlyle. He himself possessed an assurance of the existence of Justice and the moral law equal to any Hebrew Prophet ; but no one can escape the influence of his time, and he was without the more personal and comforting messages of religion. After the Restoration the paths of God and man diverged, and only the poet attempted to cross the bogs and ditches between the right-hand road of God and the left-hand road of the worldling. The poet, with his spiritual nature, is dedicated to God, but in ages where faith has become an "anxious wish," he too readily hearkens to the siren melodies of the world as a refuge from loneliness. His overflowing love, surpassing the love of women, expends itself upon God's image, and, though beginning with man's divine qualities, falls to his human and baser. Only a Milton could build to music his City of God, heedless if earthly tread should ever disturb the stillness of its courts. In the eighteenth century we get a Boswell strutting at

¹ *Past and Present*.

festivals with “Corsica Boswell” round his hat, a Goldsmith bidding the company admire his bloom-coloured coat. It is the fate of the poet, whose belief is love, but who has lost God and substitutes man—who strives to please all and agree with all—it is his fate to become a buffoon and laughing-stock. Later we get the tragedies of Burns, Shelley, Keats, Byron. Still later we see Tennyson complacently enjoying his “fame,” or Browning conniving at and encouraging a “Browning Society.”¹ Carlyle was too vast-minded to be deflected by will-of-the-wisps from his right-hand road, but the price he paid was loneliness of spirit. On the one side he lacked the softer consolations of religion, and on the other the satisfaction of his vivid inborn social affections.

By practical belief man has achieved a kind of annihilation of self, but between practical and spiritual belief a great gulf is set. The worldling or man of business has the one, the poet should have the other; but in degenerate ages, when religion has grown more and more of an “anxious wish,” he too sees no heavenly light in the world but that which shines from human eyes, and, impelled by his brotherly nature, seeks to exchange divine love for human. To Carlyle, whose spiritual faith, though strong, was incomplete, the need of unlimited human affection was present, as to all poets; but the sun of his intellect disclosed to him the danger-places in the world of men, and he kept his solitary right-hand road.

Like the modern poet, therefore, an exile in the world, without God or man, he sought and found a home in the world of the imagination. And he contributed to it a quality of strangeness and wistfulness none the less puissant because the fields of his cultivation were no faery realms of Shelley or Coleridge, no mingling of fact and fiction like the Brontës, but the strong places of history. We know that it was the fact which stimulated the powers of his mind, the smallest fact in God’s wonderful Universe, when parted by the veil of Time from the anxious present. In the age of Cromwell there presented themselves to him such a set of facts as would have turned Earth into Heaven had he lived among them. The modern reader of *Cromwell* scarcely recognises the hard intellectual labour bestowed upon the materials of the book, so completely has its object in restoring the hero’s fame been

¹ See Edward FitzGerald’s Letters.

accomplished. But he feels the loving care with which the facts, once collected, are set forth, and the wistful reaction of the author's mind.

If even practical belief gives strength in winning the grosser victories of life, what comparison is there with the achievements of spiritual belief? Nothing on earth can resist a man whose faith is rooted in the Eternities, and who cares not either to save or enrich his material self; who literally, and in no ornament of speech, looks upon this world as the mortal garment of an immortal reality. Luther was a memorable figure at the Diet of Worms, a humble man opposed to the organised temporal power of Europe but confident in the assurance of divine protection: and Cromwell's whole life was after this pattern. This was the faith and the power that Carlyle coveted: the power to live in the actual world and reform its abuses if needful by force of arms; and the faith to take leave of it, when the hour struck, without that deadly spasm of homesickness which has given to some of his writings their awful beauty.

We must remember that Carlyle came of an unexhausted stock, of parents who were in the truest sense of the word religious, and of an ancestry whose physical and mental vigour was not impaired by luxury or education. He was the first of his race to endure education; and we speak rather of its ill effects, of its tendency to over-subtilise the mind, and, as Goethe said, develop "wishes." Hence the strength of the protest made by his deep unconscious nature against the teaching that opposed inherited instincts; hence the agony that followed the breakdown of his faith, and the need to detach the clinging roots from their long settlement in patriarchal soil. We must not lose sight of this simple and primitive background to Carlyle's educated life; of its effect in stimulating imaginative return to an age like itself; and the power it gave to view this age with an understanding eye.

And yet Cromwell's faith was not won without a struggle, for, as Carlyle tells us,¹ the foundations of Christianity are deeper than the authenticity of the Sacred Books. Not that the external world is wholly negligible, since no one can believe exactly as his grandfather, and Dante's Catholicism could not suffice Luther.²

¹ Essay on Voltaire.

² *Heroes*: Luther.

The advanced scientific knowledge of the nineteenth century did much to unsettle faith, especially the geological discoveries which replaced the Biblical six thousand years with periods of time that the imagination cannot grasp. But scientific doubts are intellectual ; and far graver are the moral doubts raised by the commercial character of the nineteenth century with its embitterment of human relations. Perhaps the root of the problem is for man, housed in a material body, to develop his spiritual nature ; and in ages which Carlyle lamented as degenerate, the difficulties of complete development are insuperable, despite wholeness of volition.

But as we see from the example of Cromwell, in no time can faith be won without distress, and the difficulty is to realise the spiritual self in the midst of a hostile material world. We do not affirm that his faith was purely mystic, or that he disdained the letter of the Scriptures. “You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ,” he wrote to his son. “The true knowledge is not literal or speculative ; no, but inward ; transforming the mind to it. . . .”¹ And he describes how Love argues against Fear, “What a Christ have I ; what a Father in and through Him !” The Covenant between God and Christ “is Grace, to or upon the Soul ; to which it . . . is passive and receptive. . . .”² Even more definite is this : “Bid her [his daughter] be cheerful. . . . If she knows the Covenant she cannot but do so. For that Transaction is without her ; sure and stedfast, between the Father and the Mediator in His blood. . . . God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in Him to us. . . .”³

From the above we see that in the inspiration of the Bible Cromwell found corroboration of his religious instincts ; and yet by far the greater part was contributed by the mind itself. We have said that strength comes from belief in something external, and by “external” we are apt to mean what is approved by the senses, such as the “gross heathen belief of the radical” in material comfort. But there is a finer knowledge which has always existed in an unconscious state in the world before it was given articulate expression by the German metaphysicians of Carlyle’s day : that the final arbitrament is not with the senses

¹ Letter CXXXII.

² Letter CLXXXVII.

³ Letter CXCIX.

but the intuition. This realisation of a truth of which the mind bears witness to itself is the essence of all religion ; and the spiritually developed man can feel within himself a certainty far surpassing that of the worldling who justifies his belief in power by reasons based on sense.

But the intuition can only be a safe guide to those who live in accordance with the laws of God ; and faith is not to be won without a struggle. Carlyle, with his usual noble optimism, dismisses the charge of a dissipated youth that Cromwell's detractors have advanced against him ; but he records his hypochondria, how he would often think himself dying, in the years following his marriage when he lived his farmer's life at Huntingdon. He shared the spiritual sufferings of "all great souls in search of celestial guiding stars," for "our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness."¹ If he conquered once and for all, it was due to his age ; and here we find Carlyle's gaze fixed longingly on a simpler past when the outer life was a less direct contradiction to the inner, when the soul that had fought its battle could exist in peace among men without periodical returns to solitude lest it become world-contaminated. We may draw a parallel between Carlyle's life at Craigenputtock and Cromwell's at Huntingdon and Ely, and we can imagine that Carlyle envied his hero's farming operations, which filled the day with duties and left the mind untortured. For Silence is the antecedent to faith, but Silence of the inner kind ; for if the mind babbles to itself it no longer accepts in a state of passivity the teachings of the Universe. In discussing *Sartor* we said that the road of art led Goethe to faith : for the preparation of great art requires that the corridors of the mind be cleared of earthly lumber and the windows opened night and day to the blessed influences of heaven.

Thus we learn that faith is not to be conquered by argument but comes from right living : from control over the lower impulses, and healthful toil under the open sky rather than in the crowded city. In the case of Cromwell, his spiritual nature, once developed, became supreme, and made his impact upon the material world irresistible. It suffered no eclipse in later years, and held its frontiers inviolate to the besieging cares of life. That the spirit, once enlarged and freed from material pressure, is a

¹ *Cromwell*, i. ch. iv.

law to itself, is the message of Cromwell's faith and Carlyle's, and explains their intolerance for those with excessive scruples. In a speech before Parliament Cromwell maintained that "doubting, hesitating men" were not fit for the task of reforming the nation;¹ and Carlyle, in contrasting Abbot Samson's faith with "self-torturing Methodism, which is but a new phasis of *Egoism*," affirmed that it were better for a man to believe he is damned, for then at least he is placed above Hope and Fear.² We shall see how in the *Life of Sterling* he is at pains to clear Sterling's character from the charge of scepticism and "diseased self-listening," and enlarges on his mental and spiritual "rapidity."³ For excessive scruples are caused by the predominance of the body over the soul, by a man's failure to establish spiritual autonomy. The degree of faith to which he has attained is the bastard kind that comes of argument and superstition rather than right living. We read in the *Pilgrim's Progress* how Ignorance all but reached the Celestial City, when he was turned back and introduced through a door in the hill-side communicating with the antipodes of heaven.

The greatest thing of Carlyle's life, equally with Cromwell's, was his faith, but if at times it had the same sun-like brilliance, its rays were too often poured upon the desert rather than the populated lands. For the ways of God and man had diverged, and he who followed the one must separate from the other; and at the periods of the obscuration of his faith he was condemned to a double loneliness.

We see in Cromwell a spirit that has wholly extricated itself from the earthly quagmire and moves freely once more in its native element; and as such it was the subject Carlyle most loved to treat. It will be remembered how in his early essays his chief concern was with the operations of the soul: how he judged Voltaire, for instance, by his restricted spiritual activity rather than his services to humanity, and therefore deposed him from his high place in men's opinion. But in the later essays—such as *Francia* and *Mirabeau*—he concentrated upon the beneficent results of the spirit's interaction with its clay environment. A similar comparison may be ventured between *Cromwell* and *Frederick*, their author's longest works. In *Cromwell* the centre of interest is the hero's soul and the divine rays which it emits

¹ Speech V. ² *Past and Present*, ii. 15. ³ *Sterling*, i. 1.

upon the world, drawing to itself the good and extinguishing the evil. In *Frederick* we see the fruits of the soul's activity realised in terms of earth—in an organised nation and invincible army. If the latter is more humanly interesting, the reason is not entirely that, when Carlyle undertook *Cromwell*, he had crossed the meridian of youth and was himself becoming more involved in material preoccupations.

The contrast between the two methods is most striking in the battle scenes. The victories of Frederick are the reward of human ingenuity, whereas Cromwell seems truly to be the instrument of God. At Dunbar, for instance, we realise the perilous strait of the English army on the rocky peninsula, its back to the sea, its face to the enveloping foe, with hope extinct in all but Cromwell; and it does seem as if his spirit, fortified by direct communion with God, spreads through his officers and men and inspires the "tornado shock" that reduces the enemy to ruin. The world was still young in Cromwell's day, and the belief of Chivalry prevailed, that God will defend the Right, that he whose cause is just is unconquerable by man. In *Frederick* we are told in detail how the army became the pillar of the Prussian monarchy; but the human science which Cromwell used to develop his troops of the New Model is strictly subordinated to the divine impulse which is God's message in every soul.

Carlyle's original plan was to write a biography of Cromwell, but the deficiency of biographical means reduced him to editing the Letters and Speeches. A certain pallor in the book as a whole, a tendency of multitudinous characters to make single entrances and exits, slightly related to the central actors, should be laid to the charge of the subject rather than the author. Of his vast antiquarian labours there is little trace in the finished product, for so completely has he succeeded in resuscitating his hero's character, that the reader, even when opening these volumes for the first time, is far from guessing its former sunk condition. And yet, judging from the effect on the mind, it is impossible to acquit *Cromwell* of deficient artistry. Here, even less than in his other writings, Carlyle makes no attempt to woo the reader's attention; and we believe it to be the last of his works to win acceptance from his disciples. As the would-be student might

begin with a selection of essays, such as those on Goethe, Burns, Johnson, he would do well to defer *Cromwell* to the conclusion.

The opening is of extraordinary interest, with its description of Puritanism and Oliver's early life; but all too soon we bid farewell to Huntingdon and St. Ives, never to revisit them more, and pass on to the rather dull historical matter of the early letters. And such alternations of tension and relaxation are typical of the whole book. This is partly due, as we said, to lack of material at the writer's disposal; but it must also be remembered that the true centre of interest is Cromwell's soul. The biographical mason is not called upon to carve an earthly house out of the eternal rock-mountain and upheave the foundations of the world, but to tunnel through it a window that will catch the level light from both sides of the long valley of time—from the setting suns of the past and the rising suns of the future.

And it is Cromwell's soul as interpreted by Carlyle that heightens the interest of the book. It may be the last of his works to extort the student's love, but its welcome is eventually a warm one. When the reader has learned to hang upon Carlyle's words, to look with delight for the smallest manifestation of his mind, he will have overcome the difficulties of *Cromwell*. When he seizes with avidity on the slightest comment on a letter or interjection in the midst of a speech, he will not complain of diffusion of interest. Despite the pre-eminent battle scenes, *Cromwell* does resemble a vast quotation, and yet Carlyle's mind shines through with a self-revealing brilliance. In dealing with the later essays we requoted his quotation from Baillie the Covenanter—the message to his wife to mind her prayers and watch the children's schooling—because we read into it his dissatisfaction with the present and longing for a simpler state when the spirit of men of mature years was not hidden beneath the cares of the world. With *Cromwell* it is above all in the domesticities, as they spring up at intervals unexpectedly in the midst of battles or the anxieties of the council chamber, that we see Carlyle's eye glisten and hear his voice falter, and the emotion transfers itself to us. Of this kind were Cromwell's negotiations about his son Richard's marriage, and his saying that he would gladly undertake the expense of the board of the young pair, “to enjoy the comfort of

their society." ¹ When Richard exceeds his allowance, the father writes a memorable letter to Mayor, expressing readiness "to allow him not only a sufficiency but more, for his good," yet hesitating "to feed a voluptuous humour," and in conclusion deprecating any wish to save his own purse.² There is the venerable "Mother," rejoicing in her tremulous heart in such a son,³ and whose last message to him on her death-bed is "A good night."⁴ Diverging from the purely domestic, we have his condemnation of the Scottish Covenanters "who have broken the greatest of all laws, that of love, for form's sake."⁵ Of his dislike of forms and tolerance for different sects so long as God was truly worshipped there are numerous examples. . . . Such are a few of the meeting-places between subject and author with which these volumes are thickly strown. Many more might be advanced to prove that Cromwell was the ideal hero of Carlyle's middle period.

We have censured *Cromwell* as a work of art, but it were well to ask what new quality of Carlyle's genius is here displayed. Its completer exposition of Hero-worship merely confirms the reader's previous knowledge of his mind rather than startles with new discoveries. But in the battle scenes, whether of Cromwell on land or Blake on sea, a new note is struck: a note but half heard in the *French Revolution*, where we saw frenzied mobs, not disciplined phalanxes, in motion. We have already contrasted the battles of *Cromwell* and *Frederick*, but the point of interest is that here for the first time appears a Homeric delight in the great deeds of embattled hosts, and the romance and beauty rather than horror of war.

Before parting it were well to hold in the hollow of the hand the main threads of the Cromwellian period. In February 1641, when Cromwell was aged nearly forty-two, the quarrel burst out between King and Parliament. Indecisive Edgehill was fought in October '41, Marston Moor in July '44, and Naseby in June '45. The thoroughness of the Naseby victory was due to the New Model Army which Cromwell had created; and the skill with which he conducted sieges further enhanced his reputation. In April '46 the King left Oxford; and its surrender to

¹ Letter LVI.² Letter CLXXVIII.³ Letter CLXXIII.⁴ iii. 159.⁵ Letter CXLVIII.

Fairfax the following June closed the first Civil War. Army and Parliament, divided into sects, were now at variance, and the King was a centre of intrigues. The Scots espoused his cause, and began a new Civil War in May '48. They invaded England under Duke Hamilton, but were defeated at Preston in August, after which the second Civil War collapsed. In the last months of the year Army and Parliament contended for the fate of the King ; and the Army, which had risked its life for the principle of justice, forcibly exacted the sentence of death.

The second volume is mainly concerned with the Irish and Scottish expeditions. The Irish massacre of '41 had left the country in a state of distraction, but all parties now united against the existing Government, which had put the King to death. Cromwell reached Ireland in July '49 and remained till the close of the following May, having by “ terrible surgery ” reduced the country to a state of tranquillity. This included the notorious massacre of Tredah garrison, which had refused his summons to surrender and repelled his first assault. His return to England was hastened by rumours of trouble in Scotland ; for the Scots, having prevailed upon Charles Stuart to sign their Covenant, took up arms in his cause. In July '50 Cromwell marched to Scotland, gained the victory of Dunbar in September, and before the end of the year compelled the surrender of Edinburgh Castle. But the enemy, posted at Stirling, evaded his outflanking movement and entered England in July '51. They penetrated to Worcester, where in September was fought Cromwell's last battle.

Volume III introduces us to Cromwell's struggles with successive Parliaments. In April '53 took place his famous ejection of the Long Parliament, which had sought to perpetuate itself. Made Lord Protector at the end of the year, he summoned another Parliament, which also offended by its constitutional pedantry and lack of practical zeal. In May '55 a scheme of government by Major-Generals was devised ; but a year later, owing to war with Spain, supplies must be voted, and a general election took place. The Parliament that met in September '56 was on the whole well disposed towards Cromwell and anxious that the internal difficulties of the nation should be composed.

The question of Kingship arises in Volume IV, and extends from February 23 to May 8, '57, when Cromwell gave his final refusal. England was strong abroad, allied with France and victorious over Spain ; but at home the nation was "hugely made up of sects," and there were rumours of plots and Charles Stuart invasions. Cromwell succeeded in slaying the Hydra of rebellion and abolishing all but the Reminiscence of Royalty. Alone he stood between the nation and ruin, with little gain of happiness to himself, and the aggravation of bitter domestic sorrows before his death on September 3, 1658.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE GREAT CONTROVERSY—MEETING WITH FROUDE—IRISH JOURNEY—THE PAMPHLETS

1846-51

"CROMWELL" proved unexpectedly popular; more Letters were forthcoming; and Carlyle spent the first months of the year incorporating them into a second edition announced for June. He was gratified by the world's recognition of the truth of his delineation of Cromwell's character, and wrote to his mother that it was probably "the usefulest business I shall ever get to do in the world; this of rescuing the memory of a Noble and Thrice Noble Man from its disfigurement."¹

1846
(80)

In the spring Mrs. Carlyle spent a month alone with Lady Harriet at Addiscombe; and in addition to her former tribute of "cleverness," describes her as "very lovable besides," and "very pleasant to live with—if she likes you—and if she does not like you, she would blow you up with gunpowder rather than be bored with your company. . . ."²

To whatever extent the writer of a new Life of Carlyle, addressing a new generation, may wish to avoid controversy, he is unable to do so in these critical years. Every letter is the site of an unforgotten conflict; and he cannot quote a passage without seeming to take one side or the other. The entire ground having thus been fought over, it is impossible to skirt the old battlefields; but a direct path must be taken through them, and reasons specified for the choice.

As Froude's inaccuracy is a proven fact, we will not concern ourselves with his theories; but from the letter which he prints from Mazzini to Mrs. Carlyle—counselling resignation and reminding her that happiness does not exist—we learn that she

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 13, 15, 17.¹ ² New Letters J.W.C., i. 185.

1846
(50)

was sufficiently convinced of a grievance to seek the advice of a friend.¹ But neither can we wholly endorse the theory of Carlyle's Homeric champions that Mrs. Carlyle, till now supreme in power of brilliant conversation in the circles where she moved, met more than her match in Lady Harriet ; and that her supposed jealousy was vexation.² We rather support the idea of rivalry ; of Mrs. Carlyle being well able to hold her own ; and of this displeasing the great lady who had "a genius for ruling." We also believe that this was an occasional, not a permanent condition between them ; that Mrs. Carlyle enjoyed the visits which she paid, frequently alone, to Lady Harriet in London or the country ; and that it is impossible to believe with Froude that she was forced by her husband to accept invitations. But, granted some friction, Mrs. Carlyle's sensitiveness must be taken into account, besides her facility of expression, and, most important, the glooms and depressions of nervous origin that assailed her in these years. Probably there was much of caprice in her attitude, and she would praise or blame the same thing on alternate days according to her humour. This is pure hypothesis ; but let the reader examine carefully the sentences from her letters written in the summer from Liverpool.

"You must feel as if a millstone had been taken off your breast," she writes on July 6th, two days after her arrival at Seaforth House on a visit to the Paulets. "They all find me looking shockingly," she adds a few days later. On July 14th, her birthday (forty-five), an accident delayed Carlyle's letter, and she shut herself in her room "to fancy everything that was most tormenting." "Were you finally so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all ? Had you gone to Addiscombe and found no leisure there to remember my existence ? Were you taken ill, so ill that you *could* not write ? . . ." Then the letter is delivered, and "I wonder what *Love-letter* was ever received with such thankfulness ! . . . I am not fit for living in the world with this organisation. I am as much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come thro' an attack of cholera or typhus fever. . . . I have kissed the dear little Card-case. . . I will try to believe . . . that with all my faults and follies I *am* 'dearer to you than any earthly creature !' . . ."

¹ Froude, iii. 381-2.² New Letters J.W.C., i. 186-9.

Despite the presence of Miss Jewsbury, who had exchanged her eccentric manner for one that was "quiet, nice, and affectionate," she suffered much from hypochondriac fancies and "moral exhaustion." Death appeared to her as the smoother of all earthly difficulties, and she wrote to her husband that any qualms she may once have felt, even at annihilation, had vanished. He wisely answered: "Death is indeed very indisputable; but *Life* too, *Life* I should think is not less so, and that is our present concern." ¹

1846
(50)

On July 23rd Carlyle reached Seaforth House and remained till August 6th, when he departed for Scotland.² He spent a month at Scotsbrig, varied by a visit of a few days to the Barings near Moffat. We may accept Mrs. Carlyle's explanation that it was uncertainty of his movements that reduced the number of her letters, and not Froude's, that it was displeasure at this visit. On August 17th she wrote from Manchester, where she was now staying with Miss Jewsbury and her brother, "I am very grieved at all this uneasiness you have had for want of Letters. To punish you was far as possible from my thoughts. Often as I have pained you . . . I *never* caused you *intentional* pain. . . ." ³

On September 2nd Mrs. Carlyle returned to Chelsea, and Carlyle undertook a brief journey to Ireland. He revisited Craigenputtock on the way to Ayr, sailed thence to Belfast, where he met Duffy, and in his company proceeded to Dublin. Ireland impressed him as "a sad country . . . bad husbandry, rags, noise and ineffectuality"; and he was glad to be landed safe at Liverpool again.⁴

In the autumn the once-erring Helen Mitchell at last took her departure, but with the ambitious project of keeping house for a brother who had made a fortune in Dublin. Her successor proved the lowest depth which the Carlyle servant-question ever touched; and, having made Mrs. Carlyle ill by her behaviour, she chose such an opportune moment to depart and leave the household to its fate. Carlyle distinguishes her by the name of "Pessima," and, on the subject of the careful training which she

¹ Letters J.W.C., i. 367-70. New Letters J.W.C., i. 186-97.

² New Letters J.W.C., i. 201-2.

³ Ibid., i. 204.

⁴ New Letters T.C., ii. 23-6. Letters J.W.C., i. 371-4.

1846 had received from pious Edinburgh ladies, he remarks : " She . . .
(50) would have got more real education, as I told her, if she had been left to puddle through the gutters with her neglected fellow-brats, by whom she would have been trampled out of the world had she behaved no better than now." A "little creature called Anne" was next chosen, and proved "a good cockney parallel of Scotch Helen Mitchell."¹

1847 Another "idle" year was in prospect for Carlyle, excepting
(51) only the slight additions to *Cromwell*. He now derived a yearly income of between £200 and £300 from his books ;² and new editions were printing of the *Revolution* and *Sartor*. A letter to his sister Jean Aitken contains an interesting piece of self-revelation. These books "were written in sore tribulation ; the children . . . of mere sorrow and tears : but it is best if one can get one's weeping over, if one has to weep, at the *beginning* than at the end of the account !"

There were visits to the Barings at Bay House in January, from which Mrs. Carlyle confessed she derived an improvement of health after her trials of the winter,³ and Addiscombe in May. On August 8th the two proceeded to Matlock, and thence through the Peak district to Rawdon, Leeds, the home of W. E. Forster : the first joint touring expedition of their lives. Mrs. Carlyle professed unique enjoyment of the visit to Rawdon, because there were no *women* in the house except servants, so that she appeared like Beauty in the Castle of the Beast.⁴

The question of her revisiting Haddington was raised at this time, but she still shrank from Scotland with its sad memories ; and after breaking her journey at Barnsley for a brief visit, she preferred to return to Chelsea about September 10th and superintend the house-painting. When about to leave Rawdon, the train had started with unlooked-for suddenness, and she wrote to her husband lamenting that they had been torn asunder without "a single" kiss executed."⁵

Carlyle, whom his late social functions had as usual afflicted with indigestion and loss of sleep, prepared to journey north on

¹ Letters J.W.C., i. 377-86. New Letters J.W.C., i. 217-21. New Letters T.C., ii. 29-30.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 39.

³ New Letters J.W.C., i. 223.

⁴ New Letters T.C., ii. 40-7. Letters J.W.C., i. 392. New Letters J.W.C., i. 227-9.

⁵ New Letters T.C., ii. 47. New Letters J.W.C., i. 229.

September 5th. Earlier in the year he had written that the "Mother" was often present to him in his London solitude. Writing now to Alick, who was prospering in Canada, of his forthcoming visit, he regretted the time of parting, that "quite tears me to pieces for the moment, so that I could almost repent ever having come." He adds: "O surely there *is* some kind of higher reunion appointed for poor wretches who have honestly loved one another here." And from Scotsbrig a month later: "Her hand shakes a *little* worse than when you saw her; otherwise there is little perceptible change. She is much delighted to learn of your welfare, to see that you are 'getting more content in your new place,' as she expresses it."¹

From London Mrs. Carlyle announced the death of old Sterling, and his last pathetic attempt, when speechless, to visit her.² She again fell ill, with "irritation, nausea, and languor," and, receiving a call from Lady Harriet and invitation to Addiscombe, hastened to accept it, "as I always do every kindness she offers me."³ Lady Harriet was in great spirits, but she considered Mrs. Carlyle's maladies fanciful, and used her developed genius for ruling to impose on her a Spartan regimen, including absence of wine and fireless grates.⁴

Carlyle returned on October 13th, and the event of the autumn was a visit from Emerson. "Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms," wrote Emerson in his diary. "Their ways are very engaging, and, in her bookcase, all his books are inscribed to her, as they came from year to year, each with some significant lines."⁵

We trust it is growing plain that these years were not the years of gloom represented by Froude; that occasional spurts of ill-temper owed their origin to indifferent health; and that Mrs. Carlyle's conviction of a grievance rose or fell according to her mood.

The first two months of '48 proved a dismal time for Mrs. Carlyle, as she was laid low with influenza and deprived of a visit to Bay House, which Carlyle was compelled to execute alone. Confinement naturally preyed on her spirits, and the situation was ill mended by her choice of reading in books on Insanity.

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 31-2, 47-9.

² Letters J.W.C., i. 394.

³ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 231.

⁴ Letters J.W.C., ii. 7-11.

⁵ Correspondence Carlyle and Emerson, ii. 148.

1848 (52) In April she visited Addiscombe alone, and amused herself by teaching Mrs. Achison, the housekeeper, how to make marmalade. Mr. Baring and Lady Harriet tasted her confection boiling hot, and pronounced it "perfectly excellent."¹

In Carlyle, who was meditating a new book, and complaining that his hand was "out," we trace the beginnings of the terrible *Pamphlets*. His soul was shaken by the latest revolution in France, and at home he saw miseries and confusions and a future of bad days. Neither was there any hope of real remedy "till long *after* our poor fight will have altogether ended, and that of our sons and grandsons perhaps too!" In Ireland the potato crop might fail, and there was terrible distress in the manufacturing regions.²

His Journal of March 14th records a meeting with Macaulay. "Niagara of eloquent commonplace talk from Macaulay . . . stood my impatient fire-explosions with much patience. . . . A squat, thick-set, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty. These be thy gods, O Israel!"³ Some weeks later, at a lecture given by Emerson, Froude obtained his first sight of Carlyle.⁴

In May Mr. Baring became Lord Ashburton; and Carlyle writes: "He is now immensely rich, but having no children, and for himself no silly vanity, I believe does not in the least rejoice at such a lot. . . ." ⁵

There were no journeys to Liverpool or Scotsbrig this year, but on September 1st the Carlyles visited Lord and Lady Ashburton at the Grange for a period of six weeks. We have more than once entered warnings against literal acceptance of Carlyle's disparaging remarks on social pleasures, and with this reminder we will let his thoughts speak for themselves: "I defend myself against the twaddle-deluge, as I can; sometimes break it with some fierce *realism*, condemnatory of the whole business, which seems to *amuse* them more than anything. . . ." ⁶ "It was a strange thing to lie thinking of you all in the deep night here, and have Scotsbrig and the ever dear ones there all present in a place so foreign to them. . . ." "*Nothing to do*. That is not a very easy life after all. . . . Alas! . . . 'if it were not for the

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 27-9. New Letters J.W.C., i. 239, 243, 247-8.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 56-60.

³ Froude, iii. 432-3.

⁵ Ibid., iii. 444.

⁴ Ibid., iii. 440.

⁶ New Letters T.C., ii. 66.

clothes, there would be little difference.' To say truth, I wish we were well home again ; and yet I suppose it is useful to come abroad into such foreign circles now and then. Persons so very kind to us are not lightly to be refused. . . ." "Never spent five lonelier, idler weeks. . . . But it was notable what strange old *reminiscences* and secret elegiac thoughts of various kinds went on within me ; wild and wondrous ; from my earliest days. . . ." " . . . I am growing old ; I am grown old. My next book must be that of an old man. . . ." ^{1848 (52)}

Autumn again brought servant troubles ; and now it was the departure of the well-behaved Anne to get married. But the matter was settled by the return of Helen Mitchell, whose Dublin adventure had not fared well.²

On November 29th died Charles Buller, Carlyle's friend and former pupil, when a fair political future was opening before him.

The first noteworthy event of the new year was the relapse into drinking habits of Helen Mitchell—as a result of her Dublin "ladyhood"—with scenes perhaps surpassing those already chronicled. She was now irrevocably dismissed ; and, after a few months in London, returned incurably ill to her Kirkcaldy home.³ ^{1849 (53)}

Carlyle was oppressed with thoughts of a new book, and meditating a second journey to Ireland. About the middle of June, shortly before his setting out, he met for the first time the author of his too-famous biography. It was Spedding who conducted Froude to Cheyne Row ; and he first saw Carlyle sitting in the small flagged court between the house and garden, smoking and reading about Ireland. "No one," he writes, "need look for conventional politeness from Carlyle : he would hear the exact truth from him and nothing else." And of Mrs. Carlyle : "I thought I had never seen a more interesting-looking woman. . . ." "One must speak truth only, and, if possible, think truth only, if one wished to be admitted into that house on terms of friendship."⁴ If we look back a century to Boswell's light-hearted account of his introduction to Johnson,

¹ Froude, iii. 445, 448.

² New Letters J.W.C., i. 250.

³ Ibid., i. 251-3. Letters J.W.C., ii 37, 82.

⁴ Froude, iii. 457-60

1849
(53) it will strike us how intensely aged and serious the world has grown.

Carlyle started on his Irish tour about the end of June ; and his companion, Duffy, has left this record of him : " We travelled for six weeks on a stretch, nearly always *tête-à-tête*. . . . I ask those who have come to regard Carlyle as exacting and domineering . . . to accept . . . my testimony that during those weeks of close and constant intercourse there was not one word or act of his to the young man who was his travelling companion unworthy of an indulgent father. Of arrogance or impatience not a shade. In debating the arrangements of the journey, and all the questions in which fellow-travellers have a joint interest, instead of exercising the authority to which his age and character entitled him, he gave and took with complaisance and good-fellowship." ¹

The subjects of ruins and squalor rather prevail in Carlyle's letters from Ireland ; they hardly make a coherent picture, and reflect the unsettled mood of one, like himself, ill-suited for hasty touring. Mrs. Carlyle unselfishly deprecated their length, considering the claims on his time, and added : " After all, the most important for *me* is that you are well and thinking of me kindly . . ." ² She had just returned from a brief visit to Addiscombe to find herself overwhelmed by successions of callers ; and her pen never runs so brilliantly as when describing these small events. Now she tells of her little household arrangements mercilessly disorganised by a long-staying male visitor ; now of a sentimental young lady who swears " everlasting friendship," and asks, " Does not everyone love you ? " while she and members of her party consume four cups of tea each and cakes in proportion : and in the midst arrives Lady Ashburton in " tearing spirits." ³

Mrs. Carlyle left London the second week in July, and after staying at Rawdon and places in the neighbourhood, started for Scotland on the 24th. It was her first visit since her mother's death in 1842 ; and she was now bound for Haddington, on which she had not looked since the autumn of 1829.⁴ She broke the journey at Morpeth, reached Haddington on the 25th, and stayed

¹ *Conversations with Carlyle*, by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 47-8.

² New Letters J.W.C., i. 257.

³ Letters J.W.C., ii. 43-6. New Letters J.W.C., i. 257-9.

⁴ New Letters J.W.C., i. 265 *note*.

the night alone at the George Inn. She has left a little piece of narrative describing this return to her native place after a separation of twenty years : how in the evening she visited the churchyard, and at 6 o'clock next morning to remove the moss from her father's tombstone ; how one or two persons in the town still knew her, but most of the names she missed from the sign-posts turned up on the graves ; how it was the same place she had seen in her dreams at Chelsea, but more dreamlike ; how in the early morning she approached the house of her Godmother, Miss Donaldson. . . .¹ But no outline can do justice to this adventure of a soul, no quotation bring home to the reader the sadness and strangeness of the music tones. Only in the books of the Brontës—Lucy Snowe's visit to the confessional, or the dream-haunted chamber at Wuthering Heights—can we find a parallel to Mrs. Carlyle's night-thoughts.

On July 26th she left Haddington to stay with her cousin at Auchtertool Manse, Kirkcaldy. A letter which she received there from Carlyle alludes to her late visit : " My poor little Goody—ah me, my heart is sore for thee, and that sad Haddington night."² Carlyle landed at Glasgow from Ireland on August 6th or 7th ; and, with Scotsbrig as headquarters, paid several shorter visits : one to the Miss Donaldsons at Haddington, and another to the Ashburtons at Glen Truim House, their shooting-box. He described life at the latter as " wondrous-looking," and admitted that " a *slightish* dose of it " sufficed him.³

Husband and wife met at Linlathen at the end of August ; but Mrs. Carlyle also was exchanging place for place, and early in September she visited Haddington again, in a cheerier manner, to stay with the Miss Donaldsons. She wrote to Carlyle from there a letter descriptive of her late doings, including a visit of a reconciliatory kind to her aunts in Edinburgh—Elizabeth, Ann and Grace Welsh. " My heart was opened by their kindness to tell them that it was nothing but apprehension of their bothering me about my soul which had estranged me from them so entirely." The meeting which she affirms was most moving of all was with Betty, the old Haddington servant. " How she does love me, that woman, and how good and pious-hearted she is ! " Carlyle

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 53-75.² New Letters T.C., ii. 78.³ Letters J.W.C., ii. 50. New Letters T.C., ii. 79-82.

1849
(53) describes her as "one of the venerablest and most faithful of women," and adds, "I never saw such perfection of attachment, and doubt if it exists elsewhere."¹ Mrs. Carlyle also spent two days at Scotsbrig, and subsequently wrote to her mother-in-law it was the visit which gave her "most unmixed satisfaction." Haddington and Edinburgh were compounded of pleasure and pain, "But you were all so kind to me, and then you were little changed."²

We gather that Mrs. Carlyle's physical and mental health suffered relapses at this period ; and we will quote some sentences from Carlyle's letters to her of September 24th and 25th. "Sickness and distraction of nerves is a good excuse for almost any degree of despondency. . . ." "I hope a little, though I have no right properly, to get a letterkin to-morrow with a cheerier report of matters. . . . I reasonably calculate . . . that our life may be much more comfortable together than it has been for some years past. In me, if I can help it, there shall not be anything wanting for an issue so desirable. . . . If you will open your own eyes and shut your evil demon's imaginings and dreamings, I firmly believe all will soon be well. . . . I love thee always, little as thou wilt believe it. . . ." "Oh my dear little Jeannie ! . . . try to sleep to compose thy poor little heart and nerves, to love me as of old, at least not to hate me. My heart is very weary, wayworn too with fifty-three rough years behind me : but it *is* bound to thee, poor soul ! as I can never bind it to any other."³

When Carlyle left Scotsbrig, the Mother, who was ill of a face cold, followed him to the door, "contrary to bargain." "These are the things that lie beyond speech," he wrote in his Journal in November, and added : "How lonely I am now grown in the world. . . . All the old tremulous affection lies in me, but it is as if frozen. . . . Words cannot express the love and sorrow of my old memories. . . . God soften me again. . . ." ⁴

Carlyle and his wife returned to Chelsea the last week of September, within a few days of each other.⁵ Insomnia pursued Mrs. Carlyle, and she combated it with large doses of morphia : ⁶

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 50, 75-80.

² Froude, iv. 15-16.

³ Letters J.W.C., ii. 50.

⁴ Ibid., ii. 85.

⁵ Ibid., iv. 21-2.

⁶ Ibid. ii. 84.

a fact to be remembered in summarising the causes of her mental afflictions. A month later she wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aitken: "For me, I am really better; though . . . Mr. C.'s 'decidedly stronger' is never to be depended on in any account he gives of me—as, so long as I can stand on my legs, he never notices that anything ails me; and I make a point of never complaining to him unless in case of absolute extremity."¹

1849
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An event of the autumn was the coming of the little dog Nero, a white Maltese, "otherwise mongrel," who continued in the household for ten years. He was a gift to Mrs. Carlyle from Mr. Dilberoglue, a young Greek merchant whom she met in Manchester, swore eternal friendship with, and described as more likely to be found in Goethe's *Wanderjahre* than Manchester. Of Nero she wrote: "It follows me like my shadow, and lies in my lap. . . . Mr. C. . . . looks flattered when it musters the hardihood to leap on *his* knee. So, there is one small comfort achieved; for it *is* really a comfort to have something alive and cheery and fond of me always there."²

In December Carlyle's pamphlet on the Nigger question appeared in *Fraser*: the first of the series that were to explode with such violence in the face of the public next year.³

The storm which he anticipated from the "opening of his pack" did not delay. The *Pamphlets* continued to appear until the middle of July, amid the howling of a world. They were, as Carlyle said, terribly against "voting," "philanthropy," etc.; the pains of dyspepsia added wrath to sorrow; and the name "Latter-day" symbolised the "ruinous overwhelmed and almost dying condition" in which the world appeared to the author. Various sects had claimed him, and now it appeared he belonged to no sect but his own. Hence the universal "barking," which he wisely ignored, and refrained even from reading the condemnatory paragraphs.⁴ Forster, with many others, "fell away in terror and surprise."⁵ Mill, who had parted with him entirely for a year or two, was one of those who answered with an "execrative shriek."⁶ Instead of the reverent discipleship he had once offered, he now contradicted all that Carlyle said; but,

1850
(54)

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 89.

² Ibid., ii. 91-2. New Letters J.W.C., i. 217; ii. 6-7.

³ New Letters T.C., ii. 82.

⁴ Ibid., ii. 85-93.

⁵ *Reminiscences*, i. 190.

⁶ Letters J.W.C., ii. 99.

1850
(54) as no quarrel had ever taken place, he displayed much nervous misery at any chance meeting in the street or otherwise.¹ Only Mrs. Carlyle was "much amused by the outside pother," and glad to see her husband "getting delivered of his black electricities and consuming fires."²

The death of Jeffrey occurred on January 26th. Carlyle had last seen him the previous September, on his return from the Ashburton visit at Glen Truim, and found him "sadly weak, much worn away in body, and in mind more thin and sensitive than ever."³ This news of another link broken with the past reached Carlyle while on a visit at the Grange. Mrs. Carlyle remained at home with Nero, who, as she wrote to Mrs. Russell, was "the great delight of her life."⁴ In March she passed a few days at Addiscombe, and wrote thence to her little friend: "Strange that amidst all my anxieties about you, it should never have struck me with whom were you to sleep; never once, until I was retiring to bed myself without you trotting at my heels! Still, darling, I am glad I did not take you with me."⁵

In June appeared Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*; and Carlyle wrote him a letter of tender sympathy and praise. "Well, I call this an excellent good Book; by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language; and indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a Picture drawn of a human Life. . . ." "Adieu, dear Hunt," he concludes, "you must let me use this familiarity, for I am an old fellow too now as well as you."⁶ June was also memorable for a dinner with Sir Robert Peel, and a ball at Bath House, where he saw the Duke of Wellington, whom he describes as "truly a beautiful old man. . . ." "Eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour . . . the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant and venerable. . . ."⁷ Peel's accident and death early next month moved Carlyle intensely, and he spoke of it as a national tragedy.⁸

On July 15th, the day after Mrs. Carlyle's birthday (forty-nine), we find her deploring, in a letter to Mrs. Russell, her overdue remembrances of old Mary and Margaret, her mother's poor

¹ Froude, iv. 28.

³ Ibid., ii. 269-70.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 104.

⁷ Froude, iv. 46.

² *Reminiscences*, i. 190.

⁴ Letters J.W.C., ii. 102.

⁶ New Letters T.C., ii. 94-5.

⁸ New Letters T.C., ii. 98.

dependents, and enclosing money to buy shoes for the one and lace for the other to put on her cap. She ascribes her forgetfulness to the excessive rush of gaieties of the London season. "Our house, for two months back, has been like an inn." Peel's death was like a black cloud, but "nothing leaves a long impression" here. People dare not let themselves think or feel in this centre of frivolity and folly; they would go mad if they did. . . .¹

"My life has been black with care and toil. . . . I have hardly had a heavier year," wrote Carlyle to Emerson on July 19th. "Yesternight I finished the last of these extraordinary *Pamphlets*. . . . Write to me in your first good hour; and say that there is still a brother soul left to me alive in this world, and a kind thought surviving far over the sea. . . . I know not what I am now going to set about: the horrible barking of the universal dog-kennel (awakened by these *Pamphlets*) must still itself again; my poor nerves must recover themselves a little. . . ."²

On July 31st Carlyle left London for Bath, where he stayed a night with Landor, a "gigantesque, explosive, but essentially chivalrous and almost heroic old man," who gave him "ducal" treatment in poor lodgings.³ He then crossed to Cardiff and paid a second visit to his admirer Mr. Redwood at Boverton, Cowbridge. He remained there till the last days of August, pleased with his host's taciturnity, the seclusion of the house, and opportunities for bathing and riding.⁴

On Mrs. Carlyle devolved the task of restoring the house, which had been "rushing towards Chaos" in the last year; and she was perplexed by a recurrence of servant troubles. She missed her husband, and lay awake at night with lonely thoughts; so that we again find her courting slumber with morphine.⁵ "Oh! my dear little Jeannie," he wrote, "what a quantity of ugly feats you have always taken upon you in this respect; how you have lain between me and these annoyances, and wrapt me like a cloak against them! . . ." "Thanks to thee! Oh! know that I have thanked thee sometimes in my silent hours as no words could."⁶ His letters solaced her, and the delay of a post caused lowness of spirits, so that she wrote: "It is sad

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 108-9.

² Correspondence Carlyle and Emerson, ii. 186-9.

³ Letters J.W.C., ii. 110.

⁴ New Letters T.C., ii. 101.

⁵ Letters J.W.C., ii. 111, 115.

⁶ Froude, iv. 53.

1850 and wrong to be so dependent for the life of my life on any human
(54) being as I am on you. . . ."¹

From Wales Carlyle proceeded to Scotsbrig, where he stayed a month; and from his customary autumn letter to Alick in Canada we get a report of the family. The brave old Mother's hands shake still worse, but she reads as eagerly as ever, jokes in the old genial way, and herself officiates at *washings*. The only proof of her failing strength is the ease with which a slight ailment prostrates her. Jack is at home, practising medicine gratuitously; he is now very grey; and even Jamie has grey hairs.²

Mrs. Carlyle's solitude was relieved by a visit from Geraldine Jewsbury; and now and then a ring at the bell would interrupt her in such a task as nailing down a carpet; but she had no formal holiday till September 23rd, when she left to spend a month at the Grange.³ Carlyle was due at home a few days later, and some passages—illustrating what has been said of Mrs. Carlyle's varying moods—passed between them on the subject of his return to an empty house and a strange servant. On September 23rd she wrote: "You may be better without me, so far as my company goes. I make myself no illusion on that head; my company, I know, is generally worse than none; and you cannot suffer more from the fact than I do from the consciousness of it. God knows how gladly I would be sweet-tempered and cheerful-hearted . . . if my temper were not soured and my heart saddened beyond my own power to mend them." But on October 3rd the mood changes, and she confesses herself more disposed to cry than write. "By this time I suppose you are at home. . . . It is the first time in all the twenty years I have lived beside you that you ever arrived at home and I away."⁴

Later on Carlyle joined the party at the Grange, and the two returned to Chelsea about the middle of October. Mrs. Carlyle found solitude welcome after a spell of brilliant people; ⁵ and she had the ever-recurring servant trouble to grapple with again, changing three maids in quick succession.⁶ Carlyle was still

¹ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 18.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 102-4.

³ Letters J.W.C., ii. 131. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 18, 20.

⁴ Letters J.W.C., ii. 134, 136.

⁵ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 25.

⁶ Letters J.W.C., ii. 142.

oppressed by the humours from which sprang the *Pamphlets*. 1850
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In November he wrote to Emerson: "Oh my Friend, have tolerance for me, have sympathy with me; you know not quite . . . what a burden mine is. . . . My nerves, *health* I call them, are in a sad state of disorder: alas, that is nine-tenths of all the battle in this world."¹ In his Journal he alludes to his visits of the past summer: "Four weeks at Scotsbrig: my dear old mother, much broken since I had last seen her, was a perpetual source of sad and, as it were, sacred emotion to me." He continues: "I have still hopes of writing another book, *better* perhaps than any I have yet done. . . . In hope, desire, or outlook, so far as common mortals reckon such, I never was more bankrupt. Lonely, shut up within my contemptible and yet *not* deliberately ignoble self, perhaps there never was, in modern literary or other history, a more solitary soul, *capable* of any friendship or honest relation to others. . . ." 1851
(55)²

Carlyle spent the first three months of '51 in writing the *Life of Sterling*, and completed it on March 29th.³ From a passage in a letter we learn that it was still his habit to take a walk towards midnight, and that Nero, "happiest of little dogs," accompanied him.⁴ In June his sister Jenny Hanning followed her husband to Canada; and he writes: "I was very glad to hear our Mother took it so bravely."⁵ The London season was running its course, and Mrs. Carlyle speaks of "Mr. C. having no longer such a dislike to great parties as he once had."⁶

They spent the month of August at Malvern, in response to an oft-renewed invitation from Dr. Gully to lodge in his house and undergo the water-cure. Carlyle pays tribute to the hospitality, fine air and scenery, but found "water taken as a medicine to be the most destructive drug he had ever tried." He parted with his wife at Worcester, and set off for a visit of three weeks to Scotsbrig, "full of gloom and heaviness," and with the first *Frederick* forebodings lying heavy on his heart.⁷ Of his time at Scotsbrig only Froude's record survives; and, according to Froude, the Mother asked, "Why had not Mrs. Carlyle come too, to see her before she died?" 1851
(55)⁸ Mrs. Carlyle was in Manchester,

¹ Correspondence Carlyle and Emerson, ii. 194-5. ² Froude, iv. 62.

³ New Letters T.C., ii. 107.

⁴ Ibid., ii. 108.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 112.

⁶ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 27.

⁷ Letters J.W.C., ii. 149-50.

⁸ Froude, iv. 82.

1851 (55) staying with Miss Jewsbury, reviving old acquaintanceships and forming new ones—among others with Mrs. Gaskell: but we regret to see that she accused the authoress of *Granford* of “moral dullness.”¹ She returned to London towards the end of September, having broken her journey at Alderley Park, in Cheshire, the seat of Lord Stanley. A large house party was assembled on the occasion of a wedding, and the bride’s multitudinous trousseau impressed Mrs. Carlyle as “a wonderful piece of nonsense.”²

On September 25th Carlyle started for Paris to spend about ten days with the Ashburtons.³ Paris impressed him as “a sordid, ragged kind of object, tho’ frilled and gilt. Of all the cities in nature, I feel as if there were *least* there for the essential soul of man.” He was characteristically pleased with the “civility” of the people, but remarked that “the only clever, really solid and able men . . . were of the Industrial sort. . . .”⁴

On October 11th *Sterling* appeared, and sold with greater rapidity than any other of Carlyle’s books. Mrs. Carlyle took the occasion to disclaim any desire to grow rich. “I should then have to keep more servants—and *one* is bad enough to manage.”⁵ At the close of November Carlyle was reading books on Frederick, though his decision to write was not absolutely clear.⁶

The concluding episode of the year was the much-discussed visit to the Grange. Mrs. Carlyle had declined an invitation earlier in the autumn, but it was now renewed by Lady Ashburton for December 1st. She writes to John Carlyle: “If I refuse this time also, she will quarrel with me outright—that is her way; and as quarrelling with her would involve quarrelling with Mr. C. also, it is not a thing to be done lightly.” These words, taken literally, may seem to justify Froude’s accusations; but two things must be noted: one, the relative meaning of the word “quarrel”; and the second, the particular correspondent whom Mrs. Carlyle addressed. Mr. Alexander Carlyle has pointed out that John “felt a little hurt because *he* had never received any invitation from the Ashburtons; she, therefore,

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 152. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 29.

² New Letters J.W.C., ii. 31. ³ Ibid., ii. 32.

⁴ New Letters T.C., ii. 113–14.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 114. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 35.

⁶ New Letters T.C., ii. 118.

in writing to him, very naturally refers to her own invitation as a thing of little or no account.”¹ Mrs. Carlyle went to the Grange and stayed till the first days of the new year, and Carlyle followed in mid December.² A short visit of Macaulay’s coincided with theirs, and Carlyle found him “a real acquisition,” although “the sublime of commonplace.” “He is on the whole a man of really peaceable kindly temper, and superior sincerity in his Whig way. . . . I felt him really to be a loss when he went yesterday morning.”³ Mrs. Carlyle writes: “I used to think my husband the most copious talker . . . that was anywhere to be fallen in with; but Macaulay beats him hollow! in quantity.”⁴

¹ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 33-4; and *note*.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 118.

³ *Ibid.*, ii. 120.

⁴ Letters J.W.C., ii. 156.

CHAPTER XXX

"LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS," ETC. : ANALYSIS

NIGGER QUESTION.¹—We are told that our West Indian Negroes live well and happily, with little labour except to the teeth—which is a great consolation when we look at the contrast at home, where several millions are on the verge of starvation, and we are faced with Anarchy and Social Death. We have paid twenty millions and taxed our own labourers, so that the Negroes yonder may sit up to the ears in pumpkins, with the sugar crops rotting round them uncut. Our doleful Whites sit here without potatoes to eat ; and this confused world is the product of "Christian Sentimentalism."

Half an hour's work a day supplies the Negro with full measure of pumpkin, so he settles his account with Supply and Demand. The white Employer, in need of labour, with his cane crop rotting, must yield higher wages. Shall we import more and more Negroes till pumpkins grow dear, and the result is a Negro Ireland ? Such is the effect of Supply and Demand and Exeter-Hall Philanthropy. Fact and Nature tell us that no Negro, who will not work according to his ability, has the right to imbibe sweet saccharine juices. Man was sent into the world to labour honestly according to his ability. Anything that prohibits him, including his own indolence, is his deadliest enemy. We should compel him to use his gift ; for if a rotting body is an evil sight, a rotting soul in a body that can drink rum is worse. Let man's first "right"—to be compelled to work—be applied to him.

The Negro is not to be hated ; alone of black men he can live with white ; but we must find the right regulation for him. Slavery is called oppression ; but men are born to hardships ; and labour is hardship. The Human Species has no light task in lifting the world's burden, and many contrive to shirk. Slavery exists, and you can only abolish the *name*. In the West Indies you abolish slavery to men and establish slavery to the Devil. But the worst of all is slavery of Wisdom to Folly armed with ballot-boxes, etc. With the rule of majorities no slavery can compare. Were the wisest man at

¹ *Miscellanies*, vol. iv.

the top and so on downwards, the world would be perfect ; but when all are accounted equal, we get the minimum of wisdom in our proceedings. Folly, in millionfold majority, reigns supreme, rushing on, like Gadarene swine down steep places, filling your horizon from wing to wing. . . .

Cosmos differs from Chaos simply because it is governed, though now, with sham-kings, all mastership and servanthship have fallen out of joint. Royalty and Loyalty are gone ; no man reverences another ; and, by ballot-box standard, Christ and Judas are equal. An overworked Negro is sad to look on, but he has suffered wrong, not done it : an overfed White Flunkey, with gluttony and mutiny in his heart, bribed by high feeding to do the shows of obedience, is beyond all remedy but abolition. Obedience cannot be bought for money, and work only to a partial degree. We have heard of the thirty thousand Distressed Needlewomen, who could not sew ; they were mutinous serving-maids who learned only to give warning. It is this " enfranchisement," and breach of the law that he who will not work must die, that makes the world look black. Let he who is happy enough to find a master keep him, for *permanency* is good and *nomadism* the reverse. Marriage by the month is not found to do ; and servants were better " hired for life." The problem is how to abolish the abuses of slavery, such as unjust masters, and save the precious thing in it. In the Southern States, for instance, the Negro's position must be made a just one. Why should not a Black man be able to purchase freedom ? If by forethought, industry, self-denial he can save money, he proves the " freedom " of his soul. . . . Or in the Middle Ages, Serfs could not be divorced from their natal soil. . . . A whole code of laws could thus be formed. . . .

Let us now consider " might " as well as " rights." These West India Islands produce not only pumpkins but precious spices and things leading towards Commerce. They will therefore rightfully belong to those who can best dispose of their wealth. If the Saxons are displaced by a manfuller class of cultivators, it will be the law of Nature and Fact. Things belong first to the Maker, and secondly to the temporary better or worse proprietor sent by the Maker. These islands owe all to the white man, who discerned their noble elements lying asleep and undertook their cultivation. Since they first saw the light, raised by earthquakes from the Ocean deeps, they produced of themselves only savagery and reeking desolation. They and their pumpkins, therefore, belong not to the Negro : a fact forgotten by Exeter Hall. If he will not help to bring out their sugars and cinnamons, let him go ; for the immortal gods have willed that an industrious race occupy the West Indies. The gods are long-suffering but

inexorable, and if the Negro expels the White man and lives idle in a rich country, he will attract the Buccaneer and meet an unspeakable doom. Much battle was waged before the jungle became arable and grew spices. Beautiful heroic lives, we hope, will grow there too. But before it grew even pumpkins, many brave British lives were worn down in chaining the Devils. Even a bit of Cromwell's life may be said to lie beneath the pumpkins. Let the Negro then at least give work for privilege to grow pumpkins. An idle Black or White man is an eye-sorrow to the State ; and in Europe extensive measures, such as street barricades, are being taken to make rich white men work. It will require generations : but the Negro's work is a simpler matter. The law is that men must serve those wiser than themselves ; and Heaven's laws are not repealable by Earth. Slaves or not, contracts of long continuance are the best. For us it remains to find the true relations and mutual duties between Negro and White. And we must first dismiss the thought that they are unrelated, or related only by supply-and-demand. The Dutch Blacks in Java are bound to work so many days a year ; we might make this a first step in creating a system. If we fail in governing, the gods will send others to bid us depart.

If slavery defies Heaven's Laws, let us try to end it ; but meanwhile look at the "free" evicted Irish dying in the ditch. But if we decide to suppress the Slave trade, let us go in force to its two chief points, Cuba and Brazil, instead of vainly blockading the whole African continent.

THE PRESENT TIME.—The Present is always significant, and we must read its omens or commit the sin of "judicial blindness." Even fools ask the meaning of these times, so confused and calamitous are they ; and if not full of endless hope, then utter despair. . . . Not long ago the Pope astonished the world by announcing the New Testament should be his rule of government. But the law of veracity had declared three hundred years ago that the Pope's existence was a falsity. Like an old kettle the Poppedom may be tinkered, but will fall to pieces if reform is attempted : and all the Pope did was to awake the whirlwinds. The idea of the application of the law of veracity to life caused unrest and insurrection throughout the world, culminating in the disastrous year 1848. The voice of Democracy, like that of Chaos, sounded in the ears of histrio Kings, bidding them begone : and not one of these stood upon his kingship ; but all went, knowing they were but play-actors. This blaze-up of Democracy shows on what a universal powder-mine society rests. Young men took the lead, as happens in times when men love other things than wisdom, and when the aged are not venerable. For the sake of peace, histrio Kings will return, and outbreaks will

recur at shorter intervals, with Europe swaying and tumbling, till the *new* rock basis does appear. . . .

Since the French Revolution Democracy has become a fact ; and the recognition of this, even by Kings, is a hopeful sign, that we must solve the problem or die. Let us ask ourselves the meaning of Democracy, instead of joining in the foolish chorus glorifying the destructive doings of 1848. The rise of the dumb masses against high dignitaries was a miserable business. Were these Kings and Dignitaries mere impostors, and was their fall the Bankruptcy of Imposture ? If so, this message that shams must go is not cheering, but it is indispensable. We have got to such depths that many men resent the passing of shams, of the plausible modes in which they have grown up. Surely a scandalous blasphemy, this belief that lies are the rule of the earth.

Will Democracy with its ballot-boxes effect the change from Delusive to Real ? Perhaps not : for a Parliament, with universal suffrage, may not agree with Nature's Everlasting Laws. Unanimity of voting cannot make a ship double Cape Horn, against ruffian winds and icebergs, but compliance with the true regulations of the Universe. The divine message, which verily is in regard to every procedure, cannot be discovered by counting heads. It discloses itself partially to the wise and noble, who are not the majority. No nation ever subsisted on Democracy ; the voters in ancient Republics were *real* aristocrats. America has been called a " Model Republic," but all the good of their Constitution was made in old Puritan England. America's battle so far has been material ; her spiritual Pythons are yet to be vanquished. Nature's Law forbids Democracy, and asserts the Universe to be a Monarchy and Hierarchy with the Noble in high places and the ignoble in low. But will the ballot-box raise up the Noblest ? The privilege of the foolish is to be governed by the wise ; but the present is an ungoverned time when the Real Captains hold aloof.

Emancipation has been suggested as a remedy—the ending of all relations between men but cash-payment. From marriage downwards human beings used to be manifoldly related ; now *Divorce* is our new sacrament. Do not men see that a fabric thus loosened will be upset by revolutionary rage ? Perhaps horses also will demand to work on the voluntary principle, as in Black West Indies and White Ireland. Between refusal to work and inability to find work, our industrial existence has become a huge poison-swamp of reeking pestilence, physical and moral. Here and there an abuse comes to light, and charity redresses it ; but except in draining the universal Stygian quagmire, there is no remedy. The effect of Leave-alone in organising labour is that no good sempstress can be found in London. It

is "Constituted Anarchy," with Chaos intruding again into Cosmos. British Liberty has produced pauperism, and all the horrors we have described.

Abroad, England is thought to be prosperous, and other nations would adopt her Constitution. In former days the English Parliament was composed of real Governing Persons ; but now, if Peers are Hucksters and Abbots Able-Editors, it may not be worth adopting. And yet it is for England to show the other nations how to live ; for she is freest from Anarchy, wealthiest in material resources and spiritual energy. She possesses many silent *kings*, and in these lie her hopes. These men, with their wisdom from God, are wanted, if England is to be saved from the Abyss. The true commander, who knows the Eternal Laws, is not easy to discover ; and ballot-boxes will not help. Remember how a certain People voted for Barabbas ; and for this treason against the Supreme Fact, they are now singing "Ou' clo' !" in all the cities of the world. Since popular suffrage is not the way to ascertain the Laws of the Universe, let us seek other methods, though the change involved be great. One thing is plain, and must be the backbone of Future Society : the few Wise must command the many Foolish. This business of long centuries we may at least hope to see begun.

The Captains of Industry have announced themselves as the Aristocracy of the future ; and their task is the organisation of labour. If captainless soldiers are left to starve they will become street-barricaders. The duty of any Government that would escape accumulations of popular wrath is to help in bringing the captainless under due captaincy. Let no Chief Governor think the leak in the Ship of State will mend itself ; let him not squander precious moments but decide on a plan of action other than "Time will mend it," "Necessary business of the Session," etc. Let him speak to the unregimented soldiers, able-bodied Paupers, etc., in this strain : "Three million of you, increasing and dragging others down, weighting the chain till at last none will be left to stand. You cannot be left to roam about, and this Workhouse plan is a failure. This talk of liberty and self-government is mere jargon ; and you for your part have tried it and failed. You were too short-sighted to descry pitfalls ; you worked too little and drank too much. You now lie in the ditch, and I will not pick you up on the same terms. The free are the wise, patient, self-denying, who discern and obey the Law of the Universe. The old Spartans would have shown more humanity in killing you than I in raising millions a year to keep you. This Workhouse scheme is no charity, but insincerity and cowardly lowness of soul ; it is indolent adherence to extraneous hearsays and extinct traditions. You are slaves, and only

God can emancipate by re-making you. In future we must dismiss philanthropical nonsense, no longer tax your brothers to keep you in idle Workhouses, but put you under new conditions strict as soldiering. We will have Industrial Regiments to work at reclaiming wildernesses. . . . (Professors of the Dismal Science, who look upon the Universe as a shop, do not interrupt me, for your day is done.) Work, I repeat, in tilling waste places, will convert you into Soldiers of Industry. If you work, emancipation will follow : if you refuse, I will flog, even shoot you. . . .”

MODEL PRISONS.—It is admitted that the miseries pressing on the poor, and by a sure law spreading upwards, are becoming unendurable. Among the articulate classes those occupied with personal matters accept social iniquities as incurable : a select minority believe in philanthropy. The world's woes cannot be cured by rose-water ; for misery is the result of sin and folly. All reforms hitherto have been grounded on egoism (such as extended franchise) or indiscriminate philanthropy. To get round Cape Horn we must know the Laws of wind and water, not serve out a double allowance of grog. If this is our outlook it is indeed lamentable : a majority bent on lucre ; a minority occupied with a philanthropy that ignores Right and Wrong. The eternal Loadstars still exist above the fog ; and if we are ever to prosper, we must abolish all false notions of fraternity, that may become a fraternity like Cain's.

But our subject is the Model Prison. It is the ne-plus-ultra of human care, and we never saw so clean a building. The food was excellent ; the prisoners, some notable murderesses among them, were doing light work in airy apartments of agreeable temperature. Here was a literary Chartist, master of his own time. What a book could be written, free from taxes and botherations ! The Governor, of ancient Military or Navy habit, was an excellent man, humane, soft-voiced, but of “iron hand in velvet glove.” A true “aristos,” he might have commanded twelve hundred of the best instead of worst. He regretted the abolition of the treadwheel, which, with short rations, was his only method of enforcing discipline. A hopeless task, indeed, to rule such a set of scoundrels by love ! Ape-faces, angry dog-faces . . . in one word, sons of STUPIDITY. Stupidity intellectual and moral : for one implies the other. Collar and cartwhip were rather appointed for these Devil's regiments of the line. The flower of men can hardly be guided by love.

To say nothing of Johnsons and Goldsmiths in their squalid garrets, what Duke ever had such luxury at his command ? Continents of dingy dwellings lay round this prison, where the unfortunate struggled not to enlist with the Devil. And by a tax on these the Barracks for the Devil's regiments were kept

up. Surely it were better to bestow care on the twenty-seven millions who have not declared for the Devil ; and sweep these into Convict colonies with stone-walled Silent-Systems and hard drill-sergeants, that they may learn the earth is not theirs. These scoundrels are the very worst investment for Benevolence ; for, though laws are unjust and temptations great, they are the ones who have yielded to pressure and declared their proclivity to Chaos. Go to the dingy caverns of the honest poor with your benevolence, and it may yield you some return. Do not work only on rotten material.

Howard, who visited the world's Jails to gauge human wretchedness, was a beautiful Philanthropist : a practical, solid, rather dull man who, like some other benefactors, worked without money. Not that human virtue is so rare : as Cholera doctors, even ordinary soldiers, testify. But its potentialities are foiled by the world's confusion. Howard abated Jail-fever, but inaugurated the "abolition of punishment" system, instead of hatred for scoundrels, which threatens to drown society and make the world a continent of fetid ooze. Let there be enmity not brotherhood with such. They are Adam's children—hence this rage and sorrow—but they have gone over to the old Serpent. We cannot bestow benevolence on the unworthy without withdrawing it from the worthy. Woe betide us when we fail to do Justice. An unjust act roots itself and spreads like a poison tree.

This Philanthropy is a ghastly Phantasm of Christianity, the phosphorescence rising from unburied Semitic forms. . . . The Christian religion prescribes not love but hatred of scoundrels. A stump-orator preaching benevolence is an ugly, not a pleasant sight. He warms his cold inner vacuity not by silently practising virtue, but recommending hearsay pseudo-virtues. . . .

The treatment of criminals may be a hard problem ; but Justice always *is*, whether we define it or not. Things done in or out of Parliament are either accepted or rejected by the gods and eternal facts. This theory of "no revenge" on the criminal, nothing but love for him, is twaddle. Only hearts that in all spiritual matters have breathed the poisonous atmosphere of universal cant, believe this : hearts strange to all Reality except metallurgic and cotton-spinning. One's true aim in reward or punishment should be Justice ; one should find out God's law concerning a man and make it human. If Nature and Fact do not love a murderer, change your present method. The people that do not recognise human worth and unworth will come to harm : like the Hebrews singing "Ou' clo'" for eighteen hundred years. Our answer to the criminal who asks the reason for his punishment should be : "Caitiff, we hate thee with a

divine hatred. We will not join thee in defying God and the Universe, and cannot allow thee, as a deserter, to remain with us." Other ground for slaying a disarmed fellow-man there is none. An authentic copy of God's law is written in the heart of every man, if he has learnt to decipher it. Revenge is intrinsically correct, manlike : only excess diabolic. It is the foundation of Criminal Law, but the injured man, liable to violent impulse, must not execute the sentence. Neglect to treat your hero as hero and criminal as criminal, and the result will be doubts as to Right and Wrong among the masses of your population, that they are accidental, not eternal, with astonishing consequences. . . .

The Ancient Germans, who buried their scoundrels in Peat-bogs, had no scruple about public executions. Our modern universal Litany to Pity is a torpid blasphemy against the gods. After giving a scoundrel fair trial one should dissolve partnership with him.

Except on a basis of rigour no true pity is possible. It is maudlin as a drunkard's tears. To get the Supreme Scoundrel hanged and Supreme Hero exalted would bring the Millennium ; but to quit all aim towards it as we do now is anarchy. And the account will one day be settled, with principal and compound interest. . . .

DOWNING STREET.—There is great dissatisfaction with the "red-tape" methods of our Government offices ; especially with the Colonial Office, which is most in evidence because of the unrest in the Colonies. As for the affairs of the Foreign Office, its dealings with sham Continental Kings, they concern not the British Nation. Britain might have her Consuls to facilitate commerce ; but she might well replace her ambassadors by *Times* reporters, and save both money and grimacing hypocrisy. Indeed, some men suggest reforming the Foreign Office by burning it down.

There was a gleam of hope when rumour spread that Peel proposed to cleanse the Augean stable of Downing Street ; for after all there lies the Government of this huge ungoverned Empire. We require no Reformed Parliament, or better Talking-Apparatus, but a Reformed Executive or better Acting-Apparatus. Have we not ten or twelve Herculean men to use running water, and get down to the clear pavements and old veracities ? Instead of so-called Foreign questions, let us concern ourselves with the Irish Giant Despair now on our streets, thanks to the potato rot.

In these Government offices we find work ill done, and work that should not be done at all. Such work is as well accomplished by the stupid ; and Stupidity is our one enemy in this Universe. Pedant darkness, which believes itself to be *light*, is

the worst ; and under administrators of this class every European country is now writhing.

The State, instead of permeating all our affairs, merely helps itself over the difficulty of the hour. The decision who shall be Premier is not so important as to require so much electioneering, etc. The "rudder of government" which the Premier takes in hand is now the "spigot of taxation." The horse which he mounts gallops anywhither ; he has no share in its direction, and originates no plan or scheme of public good. Were it not that the horse had been broken in by brave men for a thousand years, it would fare worse. Each generation has its task, and ours is to reform Downing Street. Our grandfathers conquered Indias, founded colonies, kindled Lancashires and Bromwichams ; but they took no thought how to govern all that, and left it to Lord Fanny and the Hanover Succession. We cannot say how these Downing Street offices originated, but many souls contributed to them. Like all things that have stood long, they were planted on a basis of fact and "cemented by the blood of heroes." Even now they are redeemed by inarticulate traditions, like those which send a Seventy-four, manned by pressed men, to the end of the world, against all the raging oceans.

But the grand problem is, how are these offices to be mended ? First of all, reader, be thou thyself abler to be governed. Only Human Intelligence can cure the evil. The Thibet idolaters surpass us in their reverence for Human Worth. We honour Beaver Contrivance which produces a large fortune. Intellect is the one object of reverence ; for the inspiration of the Almighty gives men understanding ; and a man of intellect is he who has been loyal to the Laws of this Universe and is initiated into their discernment. The one appalling creature is the Stupid man considered to be the Missioned of Heaven. Let us search for abler men in Downing Street to govern us, and follow and reverence them. The Reform Bill has done nothing towards this, though its object was to make easier the sifting out of the ablest men.

Our disease is want of wisdom ; there is no vision in the head, and therefore the members are dark and in bonds. Perhaps England, once the home of heroes, has no wisdom left, and these are our ten divinest men. No, this is not credible ; and we are assured that ten much diviner men can be sifted out.

The remedy lies not in Parliaments but a true *King* : one who steers by vision, not by listening to shouts from the bank. Only wisdom can recognise wisdom, and one man of intellect would attract others to himself. And the method to find such a man is prayer : the only method of increasing our reverence for wisdom and hatred of stupidity. . . .

Meanwhile let us make one practical proposal : that Secretaries and Government officials should be chosen by the Crown without reference to their power of getting into Parliament. The ulterior effect might be great in producing accession of intellect. It would favour the able administrator rather than the apt debater. For much of the "brilliant speaker's" endowment is on the surface, and less remains in the internal silent state. As regards Parliamentary capability, Lord Tommy and the Honourable John are no better qualified than Tom and Jack : less so, for Tom and Jack are schooled by labour. Besides, there are millions of Toms and Jacks, and the average of genius is as great among the millions as the units. Burns, from the lowest stratum, was a born king, and might have done better work for his country than gauge beer : but red-tape was even tighter in those pre-revolutionary days ; and Pitt and Dundas, presided over by George III, had no use for Heroic Intellects. That the able man be chosen, whatever his rank, is the essence of Democracy. Let us ask ourselves in truth how we can gather the diamonds from the mass of sand. One heroic reforming Prime Minister could do more towards this than extension of the suffrage.

A true King we need to expurgate the pedantries and cobwebs of Downing Street, and bid the Gifted and Seeing enter. It is a strange feeling to be at the apex of affairs ; for this world is compounded of aerial and spiritual stuff liable to huge developments. A canary-bird, as we know, can be trained to fire off a park of artillery. It is indeed a strange feeling for a new Premier to gird upon his moderately-sized new soul the old battle-harness of a Cromwell or William I. All the accumulated heroisms of the English People are his : from Shakespeare's Phoenix melodies to Arkwright's beaver faculty. And as for us—to this has the ballot-box brought us—that we are governed by his Lordship, by a tailor's bodkin in place of the Ithuriel javelin. And the character of the chief Governor imprints itself upon the whole Nation. In so-called "barbarous" ages the eyeless Pilot was not tolerated ; but we have changed all that. We may forget it, but Nature does not. The sum-total of social worth in a People can be read in their Governor's character : do they soar heavenward like eagles, or grope owl-like catching mice and bankers' balances ? Such sordid populations are rapidly being burnt up by the Hell-fire of Revolution. It is the law : accept the blessed light, or it returns on you condensed into *lightning*.

NEW DOWNING STREET.—European Governments have gone to wreck through want of wisdom. But since the Nineteenth Century prides itself on its intellect, how came the Governments to lack it ? Partly because the intellect, though authentic, was of the mechanical kind, unsuited to high enterprises ; and partly

because Governments neglected what there was of intellect. If Government neglects noble intellect, it will become ignoble and help itself forward in the way of making money. Intellect exists, and its function appointed by Heaven is to govern the world. All the gifted souls are available for Downing Street. To each man the question of questions is : what spiritual talent is born in him, and how does he employ it ?

It was not always impossible to sift the whole of society for men of talent. In Feudal times a road towards promotion lay open to all men. The noble aspiring soul could seek the nearest Convent and learn obedience, reverence, self-restraint. No questions were asked about birth or money, but only "Is there human nobleness in you ?" Priesthood was like a mine-shaft through the dim oppressed strata of society, opening towards all heights and heaven itself. The lowest might become Head of the Church and Commander of Kings. The lungs of Feudalism, we may call it ; and now for lack of lungs, Society is wheezing itself to death in horrid convulsions.

Over Europe the State is dead, or living the galvanic life of universal-suffrage parliaments. In England it still survives, and is not quite replaced by attorneyism. England, with the largest mass of living interests ever entrusted to a nation, but staggering under Chartisms, ballot-boxes, etc., must summon out her *kings*, must learn to breathe again, or she too will cough her last in street musketry. By the acquisition of a new Downing Street, inhabited by the gifted, we do begin to breathe.

Men think that Government has no higher task but to "keep the peace." Most of us refrain from violence for the sake of conscience, and the peace keeps itself. Europe, united by railroads, books, post, finance, is becoming one Parish, with identity of economical interests, and less disposition to quarrel. To keep the peace is the policeman's function ; to advance God's Kingdom on Earth is the basis of Government.

This No-Government or Constituted Anarchy must take itself away. Our present stock of worth is nearly exhausted, and material "worth" cannot save us. Heaven's Bank will answer "No effects" when the note-of-hand of our millionaires is presented there. Destruction is in store for those Nations who, like owls, choose the Governors who favour mice-catching.

Since the problem has not been solved by Ten-pound Franchisers and Reform of Parliament, let us at least try a Reform Premier. The strength of Democracy is enough to check the Continental Bureaucratic system in England.

Our Foreign Office too will reform itself, and once more have real concerns with Continental nations, when they have cleansed their Augean stable. For the present, we, thanks to our heroic

ancestors, are ahead of them, and can keep out of their controversies. Foreign wars are sometimes inevitable : such as our fight for India, which was ours by Heaven's decree. Of European wars the last worthy one was Cromwell's against Spain : though Chatham did well to help Fritz of Prussia, the true *King*, against sham ones. Pitt, in fighting the French Revolution, fought against God, and is now best known for his radiation of guineas and the debt he bequeathed to posterity.

Abolition of armies is impossible while the State grounds itself on unrealities. But the New Downing Street will raise *Industrial* Regiments and make these do its fighting. Each citizen shall be trained to arms in a State grounded on veracities. Seventy-fours shall be used to transport scoundrels into fertile desert countries. . . . There must be a Minister of Education.

The Colonies are said to be in an unsatisfactory condition, and meditating cutting themselves loose from us. But they were dearly bought, and we should rather seek to administer better what our fathers won for us than cast them off because they do not pay. It is a miserable standard, that of money applied to Empires. England will conserve her colonies as spaces where her distressed populations may pour themselves and found mighty Nations of the future. . . . The Colonies have to decide the question of Parliaments and Franchise ; but there as elsewhere the vital point is not who decides but what is decided on ! The Governor's duty is to overhaul and control ; and the New Colonial Office must send out a new kind of Governors. Once found, let your Governor be wedded to his enterprise, not transferred in a few years. This, with our other reforms, including Scoundrel Regiments under drill-sergeants working at their great railway, would discover true relations between Britain and her colonies.

But our grand concern is the Home Office, and the increasing millions of Paupers. Are we to enter the New Era pacifically, or through black abysses of Anarchy ? Apart from the question of expense, it is our duty to abate Pauperism. Were all men even trying to do their duty, there would be none. Each Pauper represents a sin, and Pauperism is the general dripping from all the sins and unveracities. Every sham-work finds its issue as human Pauperism. At this corner we must begin to drain the quagmire and regenerate Society, so that in long centuries the State may become the keystone of a real " Organisation of Labour." In view of the coming deadly realities, we must rid ourselves of the modern phantasm of the State. We dare not believe the truth, and for two hundred years our public and private life and our religion have been enveloped in an ocean of traditionary cant. In the cotton-spinning department we dare not introduce falsehoods ; it is otherwise with politics and morals. Look at Puseyisms,

discussions over "prevenient grace," etc. John Bull had better exchange this poisonous Nessus'-shirt even for a soul's suit of Utilitarian buff. Let this be the *Scavenger Age*: appliance of the Water-Cure to Church and State. Like people, like priest; and because Bull has eaten so much dirt, the old pavements of the Home Office are hidden under mountains of accumulated dung. Had he lived a pure life himself, this would not have been.

Let the State find its real functions in attacking Pauperism; and as it goes on, numberless potential activities will disclose themselves. Suppose it started the "Industrial Regiments," and asked for those "able to command men." What a message to men of genius, at last granted a legitimate field for their heroism! From these regiments we would organise all industry upwards into a "*Civitas Dei*," where no unregimented worker shall remain. There must be schools to train young souls in wise command and obedience: of other kind than our Etons and Oxfords that teach only vocables. Our State's final effort will be to appoint *true* Soul's-Overseers. Wise men are born in every age, but the feat of feats is to discover and organise them.

Who will begin the task by reforming Downing Street? Men say that Peel is getting old; yet there is none fitter than he.

STUMP ORATOR.—Education seems to consist entirely in teaching to speak. If thou have any faculty speak it! The talent that can say nothing for itself, what is it! And yet not only was speech never the chief test of human faculty, but really excellent speech, such as the Bible and a few books, is apt to get confounded with sham-excellent speech. In these times whole nations are becoming stupefied by admiring sham-excellent speech. In these insincere ages the place of honour is given to the Talker, to the windy, commonplace, eloquent speaker. He may seem a ridiculous personage to us, but he is unconsciously tragical, and big with prophecy that the end of much is at hand.

In old ages, men, guided by silent instincts and the monition of Nature, taught themselves what was necessary. The Priest knew that grammar was less important than reverence to God and man. The young Noble became page to an elder one, and learnt his baronial duties from a concrete pattern. Possessing the bullion of culture, his speech was a spiritual bank-note. Education should teach a man not only to speak but to have something valuable to say. If there is no inward capital, if eloquent talk is disunited from Nature and fact, the bank-note is forged and will be rejected. It will circulate among traders till it reaches the *practical* class and is taken to the bank by some poor man. This "art of speech," of presenting only the semblance of truth, is the most alarming product of these ages. Every time a man speaks of what he believes, the tendency to do it will grow less.

Call him eloquent, and he will speak of what he does not believe, and perform nothing. Speech can be divine when it reveals the glorious world existing in a man ; but if only sordid chaos exists, silence is better. If he persuade us that this chaos is cosmos, what will be the result ? And yet nowadays speech is considered the whole of education.

The sum-total of all social effort is to elevate the wise, no matter their origin. It is a life and death enquiry whether the noble or ignoble rise. The country that can offer no career to the gifted soul is doomed to expire in coughings of street musketry. England offers the silent career of Industrialism, and the articulate careers of Medicine, Law, Church. All real talent is silent, and would rather express itself in rhythmic facts than melodious words. Industrialism is of silent nature, sometimes heroic, sometimes *beaverish* but still honest, sometimes *vulpine* and dishonest. The young intelligent soul is readily contracted into beaverism, with the prospect of much money, and envy from flunkies. We will honour the silent, beaver, non-vulpine intellect, for it achieves half of a good result—honest money : though it fails in the other half—wisdom to guide it. But if the gifted soul aspires to utter itself, the field is narrow ; for the tongue is the only organ held in account ; and dexterous talk—that never yet guided any man's affairs—is the one method of competition. Medicine should be a sacred and human profession, but it too becomes partly beaverish or yielding money-result alone—partly of the talking, self-ingratiating kind. Law and Church require your belief in incredibilities, and also, like Parliament, impose the test of talk. For the heroic kind of intellect there is no enquiry ; and all that is not beaverish becomes talk. For those ineligible for the above professions there remains Literature, the haven of windy aspirations, foiled activities, and all strange things become vocable. Disguised immortal gods are there, with lowest broken valets. A miscellaneous regiment, or rather canaille, without rank or uniform. Here too the duty is talk, and the unspoken worth is as it were not. . . . We have forgotten that the function of the intellect is to understand with a view to performance ; and that unwise talk is worse than unwise work which struggles with Nature and meets contradiction.

In or out of Parliament your salvation is to discern the law of the case before you. We dismiss as absurd the theory that Parliament, through its element of talk, fits a man to do good work. Your Potential Chief of Workers, an inarticulate Veracity, most profound of Nature's Facts, will not win the confidence of the electoral world. Wisdom is silent, and Nature's ignobler monitions tempt a man to publish the secret of his soul in words. Words disturb the real answer of fact, and no grand Doer can be

a copious speaker. As to the politeness taught by Parliamentary life, there is risk of confusing preliminaries with intrinsic qualities. If you have the intrinsic qualities you have everything. Rough old Johnson truly defined himself as a polite man, and would not "bandy compliments with his King." A Statesman must indeed know Parliament as a ferryman knows the river, and he may learn manners from Parliament, but much less his intrinsic functions. For these Parliament rather *mistrains* him, by teaching him to talk only and make it *appear* that he has done his work. And when a man is satisfied with "appearances," the moral life is bleeding out of him. Such a man, though he passes Bills in Westminster, is already dead, like the dog that was drowned last summer and floats up and down the Thames with ebb and flow ever since.

A lie is a voluntary spoken divergence from fact ; and the liar has gone over to Satan. But the man who diverges *in thought*, he too is frightful ! And a loose tongue stimulates mendacious thought. He who lies with his tongue has ceased to think truly and becomes a false mirror of the Universe ; but all loose tongues are insincere and leave the thought lying languid behind them. The palpable liar may amend, but not the impalpable who articulates commonplaces, and whose thought is drugged with "Hear, hear !" The faithfulest word is an imperfect image of the thought ; and between man's thought and Nature's Fact—the thought of the Eternal—lies some discrepancy. Instead of your sincerest, speak only your plausiblest, and what will follow ? If you do not image the fact truly, you will vainly try to work upon it. It will resist you with silent invincibility ; and no voting or perorating can make a false image true, or cause fire not to burn. Parliament does not know that spiritual things are equally inflexible and will obey their own law. Surely the grand point is to ascertain what the truth of your question, in Nature, really is ? Nature keeps an exact register in respect to each one of us, and will exact her debt to the last farthing. There is other payment than money ; and as for money, Nature often dooms those she hates to possess money, that they may indulge their bestiality to its full and lose their souls. Nature favours not those who forsake Fact for Phantasm, else were she Chaos rather than Cosmos. She was not made by an impostor, and will settle her account with each one of us : creditor or debtor according to veracities or falsities. Man has forgotten Heaven's office of account ; his soul has sunk to the bottom of his stomach, forgetful of Eternity and Immortality, and all unconnected with the Stock Exchange. He will recover or be ground to powder ; but his recovery will not be effected by the Stump-Orator.

If the ignoble intellect cannot think truth, and even sincere wise speech is an imperfect copy, how are we to arrive at Nature's Fact—the Thought of the Eternal? Your member of Parliament's wisest thought—even had he lived a heroic life—is long infinitudes behind the Thought of God Almighty, the Image of the Fact. . . . A reformer suggests that one generation should remain silent, that even Literature should be prohibited, and men should *do* as truly as they can. This might winnow whirlwinds of chaff out of the world. Let the young lay this to heart: that the idea once spoken is gone out of them, and so much strength withdrawn from their vital circulation. Incontinence is half of all the sins of man. . . . Brave young British man, appeal by silent work to the gods, and think not of seats in the Cabinet and Literature. The best talent for Literature was primarily a talent of the silent kind.

PARLIAMENTS.—A reformed Parliament will not save us from anarchy, but rather a *King*, made in God's image, over Downing Street, who can interpret the People's dumb wants. Some men say, If the end is to come, let it be soon !—but have they computed the horrors of Continental revolution? If a phantasm Captain tries to get round such a Cape Horn by old Whig charts, and steers into the mouth of Chaos, no wonder the crew invoke Chartism and invite iceberg counsellors to nudge him. Parliament was once an actuality where King and Barons discussed the arduous matters of the nation in a human manner. It gradually accumulated new modes and practices down to the time of Charles I. In the Long Parliament the system reached its acme. . . . But the object of all Parliaments was to get definite business done. . . . In modern times there has been decline of veracity and confusion of functions, till Parliament is grown a National Palaver.

Two facts have made Parliament a new creature: the unfettered Press, and the absence of the King. Men vent their opinions in the newspapers and need not enter Parliament to appeal to all. The only thing of importance transacted in St. Stephen's is the voting *Aye* or *No*. The King's absence makes Parliament itself the sovereign ruler; and it has not succeeded over-well as guide of twenty-seven millions. Complaints are heard that business is obstructed by talking: and how can it be otherwise with an attendant Press? Parliament also represents a Nation no longer in earnest except about moneymaking. As an Advising Body it did its work well, but has now become a solecism: a many-headed sovereign talking in the presence of twenty-seven millions. The Press has usurped its first function of stating grievances: its second, of ruling, it cannot do. The French National Convention, and the British Long Parliament, did succeed in ruling; but they were "dreadfully in earnest." England was then

devout, as she still is intrinsically, and Parliament was holy ground to the people, like their Temple to the Hebrews. Secondly, the Long Parliament had no reporters, and its proceedings were secret under penalties. Thirdly, its "eloquence" was curtailed by the disappearance of the Opposition. . . . As for the French Convention, it abated eloquence with the guillotine. . . . These are the only two instances of efficient Parliamentary government, and we do not wish for a third. . . . It is serious news for the constitutional man that Parliaments cannot govern, and that we need some reality of a Ruling Sovereign to preside over Parliament.

The object of all Collective Wisdoms is to ascertain the will of the Eternal. The Laws of the Universe are not to be modified by the voting of majorities. No voting can make three and three seven : and is arithmetic more fixed by God than the laws of justice ? Wisdom ordained the world ; and there is no pin's point within the wide circle of the all where God's Laws are not. . . . Parliaments have sanctioned things which Nature did not approve, and the result has been Chartism, etc. . . . If nine men out of ten are fools, how will you get wisdom from a ballot-box ?

We would not abolish Parliaments but restrict them to their true functions. They must surrender their claim to "collective wisdom," but may be useful as registers of men's instincts, which, unlike their opinions, are wise and human. For the Governor must know what the mass of men think on public questions. As to universal suffrage, it never yet selected the worthiest. Milton received £5 for *Paradise Lost* : George Hudson, for his services on the railways, £1,500,000. The lot of Christ was Death on the gallows ! . . . A constitutional King must ascertain all men's votes, but cannot transform them into acts. There are certain things in which even the fool's opinion is worth having ; but in matters of a high order it is superfluous ; and his expressions of volition need often to be contradicted. Cromwell and his Puritans were a minority, yet they did the real will of the Universe in respect to this Nation. Minorities will ultimately prevail, if they do the commandment of Heaven, for they are backed by the whole Universe. . . .

A reformed Downing Street may give us real Kingship, a Parliament reduced to its right function, and cessation of anarchy. Enfranchisement is concerned with these reforms, and it must be remembered that Heaven has made some men slaves and others free. A slave's vote is a nuisance, and slaves are now in the majority. Could you admit only the heroic man's vote, the New Era would come. This will be in time, if the world is to be saved. The free man is he who is loyal to the Laws of this Universe, who knows that injustice cannot befall him, or any

evil except by sloth and cowardly falsity. The essence of all religion is to make men free. Through deserts and tumults such a man has a loadstar, and his path is towards the Eternal. These men, once well known, have become rare, but on their being found and got to rule depends salvation or destruction. No People, forgetful of this, can escape the fire that burns under this green earth-rind, that can make London pavements—as in Paris—start up into sea-ridges. . . .

HUDSON'S STATUE.—The question of a Statue to Cromwell has lately been raised ; it leads to a deeper one : are the People worthy to raise a statue to Cromwell, or only to Hudson ? How deeply the English mind in things spiritual and moral has parted company with fact, shows itself in the affair of public statues. The man you honour shows me the kind of man you are yourself. Why was not Hudson's statue, for which £25,000 was subscribed, completed and set up ? The practical English mind accorded something of real worship to Hudson : an ideal hero who found a dying railway and made it blossom anew with scrip. Why was not the Pyramid of Copper shaped and set on the pinnacle of England ? Because the national soul is not quite dead, and a growl arose of inarticulate amazement. . . . It is a solemn question who is to be set on a high column as an example. A man can bestow nothing greater than his reverence, if he is a man, and not a greedy animal, when his "reverence" will be worth so many pounds sterling. Give every man the meed of honour he has merited, and you have the ideal world of poets. It can never be achieved, but must always be striven for: indeed, we have no other aim. To give our approval aright is the sum of social morality ; and a world where this is not done at all will burst out into street-barricades. . . . The statues that now deface the English towns have largely sprung from the efforts of rich dilettanti in want of work. Of their offence against beauty and reduction of the Universe to a Cockney Nightmare, we will say nothing. Melted into warming-pans they might be of some use. . . .

These brass statues, standing aloft like the flower of the Chaos into which our spiritual affairs have fallen, are a sad omen of Popular Suffrage, if from that source is to spring our new Aristocracy of fact. . . . Hudson produced the desire of every heart : scrip out of which profit could be made. By purchasing his scrip men gave him more than a mere hustings vote ; they gave him sincere, silently-acted votes, the distillation of their souls. He may or may not have served mankind in making railways, but he has shifted all the towns of Britain into new places, and their future is still uncertain. A Reading tradesman, who had anchored himself in that pleasant place, finds his business gone up to London.

Many like results spring from a hasty instead of gradual construction of railways. Hudson's worth to railways was that he completed them in five years instead of fifty-five, with endless confusion to individuals ; and the railway people gave him two million sterling, and would have added a statue. Fact and Suffrage : what a discrepancy !

An American Editor complains of our Dukes and Bishops, forgetting his own Monsters of Wealth, made by dealing in bacon, jobbing scrip, etc.—coarse ornamental idols with nothing of intrinsic value. The abuses of Feudalism in its dotage are nothing to those of modern "Freedom." Bobus makes double our Bishop's income by selling sausages which, it is whispered, show symptoms of horseflesh or worse. The Bishop has sense and breeding, knows Greek, and is a gentleman—which is no small thing. . . . If this is the result of acted Suffrage, what kind of "new Aristocracy" will spoken Suffrage yield us ? Men think that we can do without Governors, that a Parliament based on Universal Suffrage is all we need. Reformers aim at justice, as opposed to class legislation. Could we indeed get laws which were the clear transcript of the Divine Laws of the Universe, Earth would be brought nearer to Heaven. The Bravest man would rule, and not the petty thief would swing, but the Supreme Scoundrel who had hoodwinked the world for the sake of scrip, social honour, etc. But how can extension of suffrage—vamping together hostile voracities and opacities—help to attain this ? How by enlargement of ingredients can you better distil wisdom ? Universal Suffrage is a kind of abdication. In every department of life a man with a choice of his own is called dissocial. Peace is good, but not on cowardly terms. . . .

The Apotheosis of Hudson leads us to enquire into the nature of worship. To the primitive man all Forces of Nature were divine, but especially the Noble Human Soul. Hence arose Hero-worship, and the conception of this Universe presided over by an Infinite Hero, friendly to the noble, hostile to the ignoble : our one *indubitable* "Intuition into Nature." The primitive man rightly saw God's presence in every event. It is not that God has now withdrawn, but men's minds have fallen hebetated and their eyes blinkard. Railways may be much improved, but are useless if they do not carry me to the Throne. Odin taught men to despise death, and Hudson to get rich suddenly by scrip. The epochs in which two such men were worshipped differ : and the latter epoch, which pretends to worship the old Gods but truly worships scrip, adds Hypocrisy, quintessence of all idolatries, to its sins. . . . A man's real religion is *practical* Hero-worship : whom he admires and strives to imitate. Nations that do their Hero-worship ill, degenerate and explode in revo-

lution. Be right in that, and you read the Universe tolerably aright ; but if you are wrong no liturgies can help you. Do not say with Heavyside, "It was always so." After Hudson and other idols have become warming-pans, think what centuries await us before we get a new real Aristocracy : centuries of wrestle against Earth and Hell by brave men : marching fight along the edge of Red Republic and the Abyss ! . . .

If the Peerage is our National Bible, and such a book is the authentic biography of its Heroic Souls, into what a state has ours fallen ! Yet you do see, as through a window, an old sunk world, built on veracity and full of rugged nobleness. These ancient peerages had authentic heroes and real governors for their founders. Till the time of James I the origin of peerages was merit ; but the evil practice of bargain, once admitted, spread rapidly, till now our menagerie of live Peers resembles the Brazen Statues. Stump-Orators in the Lawyer department abound, with a talent of lying in a way that cannot be laid hold of. From such men cannot be expected much "revelation of the Beautiful." Not one of these Chancellors deserves love or honour. . . . England is indeed no Hierarchy, but Hero and Scoundrel have become indistinguishable, and universal suffrage is proved to be worth zero.

Government forbids dung-heaps in the streets, yet allows columns raised by prurient stupidity to blockheads. Nature is Destiny and will exact a rigorous account from those who honour swollen gamblers. The fruit of unwisdom is not less certain than the fall of a stone. Have modern comforts and improvements blinded you to the fact that the Universe has *laws* of right and wrong ? . . . For two centuries men have been steeped in Hypocrisy and taught that the vice which is the deepest in Gehenna is the virtue highest in Heaven. . . . No wonder the world bristles with insurrection, and Kings and Popes fly like detected coiners. . . .

As to the statue we ask two questions. Does the hero's memory deserve a high column ? Is the Statue a worthy commemoration of a sacred man ? To the latter we answer that the damage to men from Cockney Sootikins posing as models of beauty is incalculable. . . . Cannot the misguided subscribers at least be compelled to hide their statue and worship in secret ? . . .

JESUITISM.—The present may loosely be called the Age of Jesuitism, the fatalest gospel ever preached under the sun. Though we hated the *name* of St. Ignatius, from the time of the "ever-blessed Restoration" we have adopted his gospel : that we shall please the Supreme Power by believing what the soul finds incredible ; that Symbols are higher than God's facts ;

that formulas can save us when the facts are fled. . . . This Infinite of woe and guilt lies deeper than all those yet set forth in this offensive set of *Pamphlets*. . . . May one in a thousand see what I have long seen, and fly to another kind of life. . . .

The Spiritual is first-cause of the Practical, and sad external condition is evidence of sadder internal. What notion each forms of the Universe is the all-regulating fact with regard to him. If it is a true notion, we shall reduce it to practice and blessings will attend us. If a false notion which we only pretend to believe, it will be the father of falsity : and the result Ambiguity, Hypocrisy, Cant. . . . At present we see sansculottic Insurrections, degradation of the millions, pampered frivolity of the units, injustice decreed by law. Something must be wrong with the world's inner man since its outer is terribly out of square. The true deliverer were he who showed the world the nightmares resting over its soul : the universal prevalence of the "doctrine of devils," Jesuitism.

This Ignatius has been admired, even canonised, like Hudson and other strange gods, or, more truly, beatified Prize-oxen. May the millions whom he has reduced to spiritual mummyhood not curse me when I say he has done more mischief in the Earth than any man born since. A man whose greatness lay in his appetite, a young Spanish soldier and hidalgo, noted for sensuality, looking upon the Universe as a Cookery-shop and Bordel. When the cannon shot missed his head and shattered both legs, reducing him for many weeks to a horizontal position, he underwent a different series of reflections : that he was a degraded ferocious Human Pig, destined for Hell. This was true, and promised spiritual new-birth ; but he should have cowered silent and ashamed in a dim corner, and thus reconquered all the virtues. He should have consented to be damned, as he deserved, and thus accomplished one transcendent act of virtue : Annihilation of Self in its highest form. But no, he must still assert his *Ego*, and could not attain to sincerity. He must make his *Ego* still available on Earth, and still keep Heaven open for him. He claimed that the Virgin had saved him, and, as lately in Germany a revolt had risen against the Virgin and the Pope, the task he undertook was to oppose this revolt. If the cause he warred against was good, his late Pighood was trivial in comparison with this sin of committing High-treason against the Universe.

For three hundred years his black militia have been campaigning over all the world ; and where you meet a man who thinks that to serve the Good Cause he must call the Devil to his aid, there is a follower of Ignatius. To him was due the Thirty-Years' War, when victory was only just wrested from him, thanks to Gustavus and Cromwell. When the work of Protestantism

was done, Sansculottism, with pike and paving-stone, rose up against the domination of Ignatius. He is now sure to die, and much that was once beautiful will die with him. Yet Jesuitism requires a quantity of killing, and even in this year 1850, by means of galvanism, shows some quivering in its fingers and toes. . . . Obedience and loyalty are good, but not obedience to what is wrong, and loyalty to Beelzebub. It is the greatest proof of caitiffhood to think God can be served by believing what is not true, and to put out the sacred lamp of intellect which God Himself has given you with silent but awful charge. . . . We long ago expelled the Jesuit Body from England, but the *Soul* is everywhere. The heritage of Ignatius is that every man lies and does not know that he is lying. It is "Cant and even sincere Cant," among traditions grown old and conventionalities inevitably false. Liars have always been in the world, but Ignatius was the apotheosis of falsity. To serve God by taking the Devil into partnership, became the Jesuit faith. It is indeed the deadliest high treason against God which man's soul could commit. To this we owe the prevailing belief of those accounted our best men, that an amalgam of truth and falsity is the safe thing: a more deadly state than open lying. False speech falsifies all things, and destroys the intellect's power of distinguishing truth. Thanks to the French Revolution we are awake—the one divine Gospel of these bad ages, though preached in thunder and terror! The world under Jesuitism had grown horrible like the Valley of Jehosaphat.

A man's religion is what he believes without effort, and with which he fronts the eternities. In these strange modern ages he has little religion apart from purse and stomach. We recall our friend Sauerteig's exposition of Pig-Philosophy. The Universe is a Swine's-trough; the Whole Duty of Pigs is to increase the quantity of attainable; Justice exists to prevent quarrelling and loss of Hog's-wash; the share of each is what he can contrive to get without being hanged, etc., etc. . . .

Some call the Fine Arts religion, and in these the world's chosen souls do take refuge. But if men's practical faith has become Pig-Philosophy and their divine worship Mumbo-jumboism, their art also is tainted with Jesuitism. The practical man feels the Fine Arts to be a pretentious nothingness; and indeed they have become the Throne of a Hypocrisy worse because voluntary. Art is divorced from Truth and Fact, and men praise a building like the new St. Stephen's simply because it cost two millions. The *Iliad*, the Bible, were no fictions, but expressed the *belief* of human souls. All early Nations know their history to be divine, and they honour the poet who disenthral the divine image and presents it to them clearly. For God

made every Nation and every man, and the great Nations are those that lay this well to heart. The History of England is the record of the Divine Appearances among us, of the Heaven's brightnesses that have spanned our seas of trouble with celestial rainbows and symbols of eternal covenants. Let each ask himself what is the eternal covenant which he dare not but believe? Is his Bible a God's or Devil's Worship? Is it heroic acts and blessed arts, or scrip and Cotton Trade, ending at last in insurrections? Does he see no meaning in Norman Conquests, etc.? . . . All History is an inarticulate Bible, and every biography a message out of Heaven. But the rubbish mountains we call History must be burnt up in the fire of the human soul till the ingot disclose itself. Shakespeare did see the melodious ideals in human actualities, and might have made History a Bible. . . . But we must not blame the Fine Arts for taking to fiction, since, thanks to Ignatius, the world accepted fiction in far higher things. Luxurious Europe has become a bloated Nawaub who, in his hours of rumination, is pleased to let his heavy-laden eye rest on supple dancing-girls. . . . From a Psalm of David to our opera is a long road, and till we reach another Psalm of David what centuries of agonistic welter, what a long *Scavenger Age* must be endured.

We do not deny some virtues to the Jesuits, such as missionary zeal, contempt of danger, and—what the rest of the world lack—obedience. From the ashes of Jesuitism, as from the Jew old-clothes, we will gather what remains of enduring metal. . . . Our friend Gathercoal remarks that Time rests on Eternity, and that, with no vision of Eternity, one will never get a hold of Time. Only Apes do not recognise that the Godlike lies in man's life, and his Time-history is an emblem of some Eternal. The Church, he continues, has grown up like a tree overshadowing the whole Heaven and Earth; but if its roots are now dead it will be shaken by Jesuitisms, etc., till it fall. . . . Men clamour for a new religion and lament old faiths; but forget it is their falsity which makes the Universe incredible. It is the counterpart of the human soul, and to the brute-soul Nature is brutal. The first heroic soul, struck dumb with wonder, deciphered something of the open secret, "Do nobly, thou shalt resemble the Maker of all this; do ignobly, the Enemy of the Maker." This is the divine sense of Right and Wrong in man, the God's message still legible in every heart.

Surely this indifference to all but Mammon is not man's natural state and will not be his final one. The ennui in the lives of those surfeited with money is to their credit. It is the painful cry of imprisoned heroism, the last mark of manhood. They ask for happiness; and the Devils hand them new varieties of covering

for the skin, new kinds of supply for the digestive apparatus. This ocean-voice of ennui, coming from Phlegethon and the gates of the Abyss, will pursue them should they mount to the stars and do yacht-voyages under the belts of Jupiter, or stalk deer on the ring of Saturn. . . .

SHOOTING NIAGARA; AND AFTER? (1867).¹—The present is a hugely critical epoch. Democracy, or rule by count of heads, must now complete itself. Religion is becoming "Liberty of Conscience," Philanthropy, etc. Free Trade is to be in all senses, including things spiritual and eternal. Events move swiftly, and prophecies are fulfilled. That of the honourable Prussianisation of Germany has been accomplished in a few weeks. It was also prophesied that England would take the Niagara leap of completed Democracy.

Swarmery, or the "Gathering of Men in Swarms," disposes them to the reception of any absurd belief. The late American War, with Settlement of the Nigger Question for result, was an instance of Swarmery. The Nigger is no bad man, but he is appointed by the Maker to be a servant; and servanthip on the nomadic principle is a thing misdome. In our own country Swarmery has played a great part of recent years. "Liberty," for instance, may be a blessing when extended to a good man, but to a bad man it is the fatalest curse, on all including himself. The tendency of all legislation is to emancipate the Devil, and all Reform consists in "Extension of the Suffrage."

The one good is that we shall arrive soon at the Niagara Rapids. It will be thanks to Dizzy, the Hebrew conjuror, who has spell-bound all the great Parties and Interests of England. We have a Lord Chief Justice denying Martial Law: as if it were not anterior to all written laws and coeval with Human Society. We have Governor Eyre surrendered to Nigger-Philanthropists. Our social affairs, except money, have become a Falsehood; and officials find it safer to humour the mob. Since 1660 we have been saturated to the bone with Hypocrisy.

If the fall is inevitable, what are the chances of recovery: or what will become the duties of good citizens? Supposing a Republic established, the Aristocracy will not immediately disappear. They are still granted a vulgarly human admiration, and are indeed the most valuable class. A body of brave men and beautiful polite women should be of use in our vulgar chaotic society. Why should not younger sons, if they have the great gift of governing, be sent to administer Colonies?

When the Niagara leap is once made, our Nobility will more and more abandon politics, feeling that speech without action is contemptible. The English nobleman has much chivalry and

¹ *Miscellanies*, vol. v.

magnanimity, and is polite in the finest form. His wife is the politest and gracefulest kind of woman in any country. This is an immense aid to *kingship*, and the outcome of every kingly faculty. In the crude form, all "men of genius," such as old Johnson, have it. . . . The present is an era of vulgarity, and, since 1660, we have used *varnish* only to repair our wrongs, instead of honest *carpentry*. A low *beaverish* population is the result, incapable of revolutionary transports. If a few heroic men are not found, all hope is indeed gone. An interesting question is that of the Aristocracy of Nature. How many will survive the bewilderments and impediments and seductions of the age? Will a small nucleus fight for the Good Cause till they die? If so, they will increase, and in time take this slave Nation by the beard and say, "Behold we will all die rather than that this lasts."

They are of two kinds, Speculative and Practical. Many will waste themselves in Literature. Poetry is well for persons sitting at their ease, but not for those wrestling with deadly chaos. Genuine "Art" is a synonym for God's Facts, and the function of the better intellect is to interpret these. Every word of the Bible springs from intensest conviction; it is the truest and most "successful" of books. Fiction has cousinship to lying; therefore let the *Aristos* avoid it. . . . Indeed, all serious souls will have quitted Literature in fifty years. Shakespeare no doubt was the highest speaking genius, but his Fact is more admirable than his Fiction. He might have made English History into an *Iliad*, or even *Bible*: and this were work for the highest *Aristos*. . . . These Heroes must also extinguish Swarmeries and give us new definitions of Liberty. They must show us whom to enfranchise; for our present sins are political, and their poison is torpid unverity of heart. Let them eradicate the idle habit of "accounting for" the perennial Miracle of Man's Moral Sense: for it leads to Moral *Ruin*. . . . They will prove that Christianity is not dead but only its rotting body getting burial. The Godlike in Mankind's traditions, that existed independent of Hebrew garnitures, will be restored.

The second Hero is of the Industrial kind, and he is already almost an Aristocrat by class. As his chivalry is still in the *Orson* form, he had better unite with the naturally noble Aristocrat. He must change *nomadic* contract to *permanent*, and annihilate the soot and dirt now defacing England, once so clean and comely while it was poor. He must deal with the question of "Cheap and Nasty" goods: that is, cheapness at the cost of *unfitness* and hypocrisy. Bricks, for instance, should endure for six thousand years, and England might be built for ever at a cost of fifty per cent. more, instead of needing to be rebuilt every seventy years. Here would be a saving of money and improve-

ment to souls. The essence of all religion is, To do one's work faithfully. . . . "Cheap and Nasty" and other such things all imply clutchings at money without just work done. . . .

Our Aristocrat is still king in his own domain, and can work at making all things comely and decorous round him, and fostering human worth. Fulfilment of this beautiful ideal might bring return of all his ancient privileges. Alas, few would do it, and fewer still to much purpose; for it is no easy thing to recognise true merit. In schools they might find scope—in teaching the young not only to speak but behave and do. *Non-vocal* schools wisely administered might do much; for every generation is born to us out of Heaven, white as paper whereon we may write what we please; and we blotch and scrawl it.

One would like to see Drill applied to the whole Population; for commanding and obeying is the basis of all human culture. The Drill-Sergeant alone is no humbug: he of the type of Turenne and Frederick the Great. Let there be universal Drill, military and human. Consociated Discipline in symbolical action is one of man's noblest capabilities, and fulfils the most deep-seated desire in all rhythmic social creatures next to Song. This rich mine has hitherto been overlooked except for the Fighting purpose. Even a Cockney crowd would quit its foolery for rhythmic human companionship: proof of man's brotherhood. . . . Every Disciplined Man is an enemy to Anarchy. . . .

Let "Sanitary regulation" be another break in the cloud, let "Healthy" again be one with "Holy." . . . Practical and Titular Aristocrat in combination may do much to make Chaos Cosmos. Men in touch with fact can better advise Parliament what laws to make. For we do require laws against Industries that pollute the rivers, and railways that shake our houses. . . . The Aristocracy has not yet resigned the sorry Parliamentary game, but cannot bridle the wild horse of a Plebs any longer. Let him quit this, even if he stay at home and hunt rats. . . .

CHAPTER XXXI

“LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS”

WE are told by the Indian philosophers that spiritual enlargement is withheld from those who have not established a command over the emotional nature, because of the consequences attending an explosion of earthly fury from one who has traversed several planes. The book before us is an instructive commentary on their doctrine, for the anger that blazes up was kindled by the spark brought down from heaven. In early manhood, living solitary among the moors, Carlyle had detached his soul and renewed his outworn inherited religion by realising the wonders of the Universe; and, as a result, he created the mystery-world of *Sartor*, which dawned like a new star on the few who looked upward from the absorbing battle of material life. Removal to London brought social distractions and contiguity to the world, at the period of middle age when, even in the poet, the outer world tends to replace the inner. He was thus drawn into the vortex of men's affairs, and to one with poetic sensibility the true work seemed to be the regeneration of the world and alleviation of the sufferings of the masses. But in our modern era, the worst equipment for dealing with practical problems is vast spiritual experience; and though Carlyle, like Milton, struck hard, it may be said that he also was eventually beaten. *Frederick*, the work of his last years, he wrote in a kind of retirement, and it was, to some extent, the building in ideal stories of a house he failed to see upon the living earth; but had he resisted the lure of London and politics, and continued in his mountain settlement, *Sartor* might have been the porch to a purer Temple of Beauty.

If the prevailing mood of the *Pamphlets* is anger, it is the anger which springs from love. Carlyle, with his knowledge of God and belief in Justice, pointed out to the world the way it should

go, and the inevitable penalties of breaking the laws of the Universe, and the world heeded him not. The great message of *Sartor* is that man is a spirit, and, of his later teaching, that the spirit declares itself on earth by work. By the law of his own nature, by the favour of circumstances, and also by an immense effort of will, Carlyle had grown more acclimatised to the spiritual world than the material. In his opinion, the last chance of realising the heroic on earth had vanished with Cromwell; and the “blessed Restoration,” nearly two hundred years ago, had inaugurated the reign of materialism. Centuries must elapse before the world could grow young again, and the present might well be called a *scavenger* age¹—that is, an age devoted to the removal of abuses. It is therefore plain that his anger did not spring from disappointed expectation of any sudden change in men’s affairs. He realised that his own lot was cast in a degenerate age, when the only direct link between God and man was Hero-worship, or perception of the divine in your fellow-pilgrim through the desert.

With *Latter-Day Pamphlets* more than any other of Carlyle’s works it is important that we realise the region of his mind whence it came; for it is the misunderstanding of it—perhaps through rumour only—that has caused charges of intolerance, even of cruelty, to be made against him. The truth is that he was like an adventurer in a foreign country, speaking in imperfect accents; for his home was in the land of the spirit, and he had come down to earth. In *Chartism* and *Past and Present* we spoke of the awkwardness of the great spirit on earth; but in these he had still enough native buoyancy to offer resistance to the law of gravitation. Visions of beauty yet haunted him from the land of his birth, and he transferred them to the land of his adoption. In *Latter-Day Pamphlets* the increasing burden of age and care has done its work, and his feet are planted firmly upon the earth. Or the two worlds have approached so nearly that the sun of the spirit is eclipsed, and on earth there is darkness and panic. And the result of striking human antagonists with Ithuriel javelins is disastrous. The identity of Might and Right, of Intellect and Virtue, the sinfulness of scruples, apply not to this little speck of Earth.

¹ “New Downing Street.”

And besides anger there always lurked in Carlyle's mind fear, uneasiness, anxiety. If the study of the French Revolution had generated such thoughts in his solitude, how much more now that he stood at the centre of things and saw for himself the abuses that result in revolution ! Sporadic manifestations of the revolutionary spirit, such as Chartism, Peterloo, etc., seemed to him precursors of a fire-deluge that was to envelop the world. The impact upon weakened nerves of the events in Europe of 1848 forced home the conviction that here in the present, not in some far-off future, lay the danger ; that our own society, of which we were actually members, rested upon a powder-mine, or lay like a thin crust over abysses of Jacobinism. Even in *Past and Present* he was haunted by the imminence of a catastrophe : as proved by his suggestion to the Governors of England to make good use of the twenty years that the repeal of the Corn Laws would guarantee. And his own position in the world gave to this fear a horrible accentuation. We remember how he wrote in *Past and Present* that isolation, the consciousness of the world around you as a hostile camp, is the sum-total of wretchedness to man. Such to a certain extent was his position ; for the literary profession is an unorganised one ; and in the modern world men are organised by community of interest, from the Trade Union upwards. One of the difficulties that beset Teufelsdröckh, on the threshold of life, was how to unite with a body of men.¹ In *Sartor* also² we recall a lament that so-called friends have become mere dinner-guests : for the poet conceives of society as a meeting-place of souls, a Temple of Hero-worship and admiration for the godlike and unworldly in your fellow-creature. Carlyle clung closely to the members of his family, and, during his life, he had two true friends, Irving and Sterling. In the world beyond, he most affected the society of the high-born, because there at least, by refinement of manners and dismissal of the material side of life, the externals of friendship were preserved : though he may have been conscious that he and others were like actors in a play. As years went on his complaints of loneliness increased, especially after his mother's death ; and he felt like a growing burden this fearsome isolation in presence of a world knitted into vast organisations, but without a soul.

¹ *Sartor*, ii. 4.

² II. 3.

It is from this feeling, that he had no place in the world, that there springs a disharmony in Carlyle's treatment of his subject. We cannot accept *Latter-Day Pamphlets* as an exact picture of the England of his day because to some extent the giants against whom he tilted were the windmills of his imagination. That the abuses of which he wrote existed, and that Mammon-worship had done much to petrify the nobler part of the human spirit, we do not contravene; but he tended to transfer to the individual those characteristics which appear only in mankind in the mass. The poet, like Shakespeare, is concerned not with men in the aggregate, but with the soul of the individual man; and its interaction with its material environment provides the thought that clothes his religion of love. Carlyle's conception of history as the essence of innumerable biographies was poetic; but the golden key would not open the gate of the political world.

The greater the crowd of men, the more predominant is their earthiness, and the more impossible becomes the life of the spirit. According to numbers springs the necessity for harsh discipline: from the army with its punishment of death, down to the perfect family which knows no law but love. The poet among men cannot accept their relations of indifference, toleration, veiled hostility; he wishes to substitute the laws of heaven for those of earth, and incurs the world's ridicule or persecution. We know that Carlyle himself was unhappy at school; and the schooldays of many poets, notoriously those of Shelley, were unfortunate. The fury of Milton's political pamphlets, the madness that blazes up towards the close of *Gulliver's Travels*, prove the poet's need for seclusion from the materialistic modern world. It was well for Carlyle that he failed in his attempts to enter professional life; for, like all who cannot brook contradiction, he would not have continued among men. But let it always be remembered that the fault is with the poet as much as the world, only with him it is the fault of his nobility. His mistake of judgment is, when he turns against the world, like Swift with his Yahoos or Carlyle in the present *Pamphlets*, to confuse the individual and the crowd.

In speaking of *Past and Present* we gave reasons why the poet is drawn from isolation into the vortex of affairs. He cannot, at least in middle life, spend his hours in communion with nature while his fellow-creatures are toiling in mines and factories, and

the air is filled with their wail. Carlyle's generation had witnessed the eclipse of English rural life and the intensified industrialism with its inevitable crimes and miseries. We can trace in his writings the gradual merging of the poetic sense in the social, the advance of the concrete upon the abstract and imaginative, till in the present volume, despite an occasional far-glancing metaphor, he assumes the part of pleader in the human marketplace against definite abuses. The anger that distorts his vision is the anger of baffled love, of disappointment with his brethren who have betrayed their Father's trust. But we repeat that he misunderstood associated men, that he was as if drugged by the atmosphere of earthiness which they exhaled, and in his fear and horror he imagined the vices of men in the mass to belong to the individual.

That society reacts upon the individual we do not dispute, and of the effect of Mammon worship on the soul there will be much to say later. But as Myers, in an inspired moment, affirmed that no wound which man inflicts on the beauty of nature is permanent,¹ so Carlyle, in his early masterpiece *Characteristics*, pointed out that, beneath the crust of modern fashions, extended as before the unfathomable depths of the soul, that each could descend into these depths through the gate of silence, and initiate upon himself a reform to which all public reform was subordinate. In *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, too great stress is laid upon the mountains of rubbish which the demands of modern life have piled upon the soul, and too little to the central depths which remain unpolluted. To Carlyle, in his earlier, more hopeful days, when he dwelt, as a poet should, apart from the crowd, the world was transparent; as he approached nearer to the centre it became more and more opaque; till now, surrounded by the press of men, with all escape cut off, he saw only the horror of modern competition, and love, truth, sincerity, seemed withdrawn from the individual.

But Carlyle's progress as practical reformer may be compared to that of a person not native to the earth yet doomed to walk the earth, and hence apt to infringe its cardinal laws, such as that of gravitation. He has forgotten the golden maxim that the poet can best serve the world by renouncing it; he has let

¹ *Life of Wordsworth.*

his keen social sense spur him into assuming the ill-fitting armour of the politician ; and his career resembles that of the Knight of La Mancha. The abuses against which he levelled his lance were no fabulous ones, such as the cant engendered by Stump-oratory, or the effect of Democracy in subjugating the few wise to the many foolish. But his true knowledge was of the spiritual world and the individual soul, and coming down to earth, and seeing men whirled hither and thither in crowds, he failed to discriminate between the vices of men together and man singly.

He has come down to earth but he cannot refashion his whole mind, and must solve the problems of earth according to his predetermined habit of thought. In his opinion, the Restoration had obliterated the last trace of the heroic in England, and decided that the reign of Christ among men was not to be. Two of the articles of Carlyle's faith were the identity of Might and Right, of Intellect and Virtue ; but how apply these to a world which for nearly two hundred years has been becoming more and more subservient to Mammon ? Their misapplication betrayed him into some excesses which make the *Pamphlets* terrible to read and have injured his fame. He inveighs against " Model Prisons," and declares that even the best men cannot be ruled by love ; he recommends the formation of able-bodied paupers into industrial regiments under stern drill-sergeants with power to lash or shoot those who refused to work.¹

But here we must enter a warning against the literal acceptance of these outbursts, or the theory that Carlyle was in agreement with the Prussian doctrine of Work, Discipline, Efficiency. He himself was the most tender-natured of men, his ebullitions of irritability were superficial, and largely the result of dyspepsia ; and of conscious and deliberate cruelty he was incapable. We may believe Froude's statement that he had never seen Carlyle so much affected as by a story which he told him of his Oxford days : how, when some hunting men could not find a fox, one of the whips caught a sheep-dog and rubbed its feet with aniseed, and the hounds gave chase and tore it to pieces.² About the same time Froude records that it was Carlyle's habit to give money freely to street beggars, and to deprecate the hardening effect of institutional charity. If we compare this with his fierce denuncia-

¹ " Present Time."

² Froude, iv. 256.

tions of " philanthropy " and " rose-water " methods in the volume under discussion, we conclude that he failed graciously to practise what he preached. None the less, any such gulf between theory and practice is, from the psychological standpoint, unsatisfactory, and affects the value of a book : whether we believe with Carlyle himself that literature is but the shadow of life, or with Froude that the greatest literature can reproduce not only the stories of actions but the actions themselves with their accompanying emotions.¹ There is something unsatisfactory, for example, in the gulf between the scepticism of Hume's writings and his private admission that his manner of thinking on religious matters did not differ widely from that of ordinary men : or between the ideal perfection of Rafael's Florentine art and his questionable correspondence. We feel that the roots of a great book or picture should be in the whole mental and moral nature, and not in one or another section of the mind.

Moreover, as we have often remarked, Carlyle was a poet ; and to the poet words have the same importance as things : though no one would have denied this more strenuously than he with his counter-theory of literature being the shadow of life. It would therefore seem to him that by calling his antagonists hard names, and pointing out the terrible penalties they deserved, he had obtained full quittance of his score. The composition of the *Pamphlets*, we remember, had enabled him to get rid of the " black electricities " which had been accumulating upon him for years. On the subject of " Stump Orator " we now find him writing : " Do you want a man *not* to practise what he believes, then encourage him to keep often speaking it in words. Every time he speaks it, the tendency to do it will grow less." We may truly say that he was hoist with his own petard !

No accusation of insincerity is hereby made against Carlyle ; but the fault lies in his desertion of the spiritual world, proper to the poet, for the material world proper to the politician. The motive for this desertion was love for his fellow-creatures and anxiety to serve them by other methods than the slow shaping of abstract thought. But his movements were too rapid, and at variance with the ordinary laws of nature, for this pedestrian world : like the refined bodies of earth-revisiting spirits, which,

¹ *Short Studies ; " Homer."*

if we may credit the ghost-seers, have the power of passing through walls or other obstacles. The incompatibility of good and evil is a belief native to the world of the spirit ; but from his studies of Cromwell it seemed to Carlyle that it might take root on earth. For this reason he praised a deed of Cromwell's which the modern world holds in abhorrence—the extermination of the Tredah garrison—and we read nothing in his pages of any remorse on the part of Cromwell. According to some writers, Cromwell did suffer from remorse in his last years, but at the moment, as we see from his letters, it affected him slightly, and was probably dismissed by him as an inevitable accident of war. Carlyle had lived imaginatively in the age of Cromwell ; the identity of the human spirit in all times revealed itself to him ; and therefore the "terrible surgery" seemed as applicable now as then. But between himself and Cromwell lay two hundred years of cant and Mammon-worship, and no one, as he knew well, can escape the influence of his age.¹ Even the noblest cannot walk in security over the marshes of sense which have eaten up the habitable globe. Carlyle's struggle to extricate his soul far exceeded in severity that of Cromwell, and at all points of his career the element of slime threatened to return and re-engulf him. Convinced as much as Cromwell himself, or Dante or Bunyan, or the Hebrew Prophets, that good and evil are incompatible, he was yet a child of the modern world. He knew death to be a fearful thing, and would not, in practice, have caused its infliction upon the veriest scoundrel.

The objective interest of the book is therefore inferior to the subjective—to the revelation of a soul surrounded by a hostile world. If isolation, as he affirmed, is the sum-total of human misery, such is the fate of the poet in modern times, cut off from the love which is the law of his being. Something has been said of Carlyle's unhappiness at school ; and his present attitude resembles that of the unpopular boy among his fellows. Each of his persecutors may have private affections and a heart as warm as his own ; but he sees only the effluence of their united worldly natures. When Carlyle visited the "Model Prison," he was struck by the "ape-faces" and "angry dog-faces" of the prisoners. Let the word "angry" be well meditated, and the chill which

¹ See essay on Diderot.

such a sight struck into Carlyle's heart. Or we may gauge his extraordinary sensitiveness to the personalities of those with whom he came into contact by recalling his scant liking for literary folk—notably Thomas Campbell—on his first visit to London. "The aspect of that man," he wrote, "jarred the music of my mind for a whole day."¹

He himself speaks of the "black electricities" accumulating for years in his mind, of which the composition of this book was the means of getting him delivered;² and we can imagine the long brooding in face of a world that seemed organised into hostile camps against him. The ruthless measures he recommends for men with "angry dog-faces" express the confused wrath of one whose love is rejected with mockery; but otherwise it must be noted that his reforms are based on love. When he pleads for the retention of slavery, it is to preserve the human relation, violated by month-long contract, between master and servant. Men were once bound together in manifold ways: Gurth was Cedric's thrall for life, an outer member of his family, not to be dismissed at a moment's notice and all relation terminated with the payment of wages. As in marriage, when the contract is for life, the two parties will study to overcome superficial differences, and learn other things than how to give notice. Likewise would he restore the human touch to Parliament, once consisting of a friendly conference between King and Barons for the people's welfare, now become fixed in formulas, to the atrophy of the spirit. It is on a world that once might have enacted God's will on earth, but has chosen the worser part, that he gazes in despair: despair tinged with horror at the thought that the flames of revolution may burst through the solid-seeming pavements and engulf guilty and innocent.

In *Past and Present* the repeal of the Corn-Laws might promise another twenty years; but in the *Pamphlets* the world is rocking and swaying and the catastrophe is imminent. Hence he cannot open wide horizons, but must propose definite reforms to be accomplished here and now. And the result is violence to his finer nature and grotesque refraction of his celestial light-beams in the foul waters of modern politics. He were better employed in proving, as in *Sartor*, how all cities have been built to the

¹ Froude, i. 220-1.

² *Reminiscences*, i. 190.

music of wisdom, whether in two hours by Orpheus, or two million, than how the Augean Stable of Downing Street should be cleansed and the foundations laid of a “Scavenger Age.” Similarly, his doctrine of work, initiating in man’s highest spiritual requirements, like a river descending from the mountains, and doomed to pass through cities, has undergone a kind of pollution.

In the days of *Sartor* man’s prime object was to free his soul from earthly entanglements, that it might float in its native æther, obedient to its own laws : and work was a means to this end. Therefore Carlyle insistently preferred the spirit in which a man worked to the work itself. Work was a cure for self-consciousness, for vain inward babblement, for mental and physical restlessness : in fine, it was the beginning of Silence, without which there can be no life of the spirit. We have already indicated the trembling of the material and immaterial scales against each other, as experience of life, through books or otherwise, modified Carlyle’s views : till now, when he stands at the centre of things, preoccupied with the problems of his own living generation, the immaterial all but kicks the beam. We took exception to his doctrine of work in *Past and Present*, noble though his vision was of the regimented workers of the future. Though we are in agreement that this world is no continuing city, yet neither is it wholly a symbol ; there are moments even here on earth when poor ephemeral man is one of the immortals. The true object of work is leisure, and of education to teach the right use of leisure, and its right use is, by art, by courteous manners, by healthful bodily exercise, to promote the growth of the soul : and thus by a more circular route we return to Carlyle’s starting-point. Had his own early years been passed in cramping toil, had he never dwelt on the Craigenputtock moors, he could not have accumulated those vast spiritual reserves, which, though much drawn upon by the cares of modern life, did persist to the end. We will accept his precept that man should work ; but, by his example, let each of us find his Craigenputtock.

Whatever charges are brought against our present era, slackness in work is not one of them ; and therefore strenuous work is compatible with diminished spirituality. Carlyle did not lavish praise on the money-making, or what he called the “beaver,” faculty, but he exempted it from the cant which had invaded

religion, politics, law, even medicine. The money-maker must at least be loyal to fact ; and since his day the race has become fiercer, and a larger proportion of men have joined in it, till the predominant character of the world has grown commercial. In *Past and Present* Carlyle prophesied that the "shrewd Working Aristocracy" would reform itself, that the Master-worker would seek a chivalrous rather than a savage victory. Also that Labour would find its soul and then possess the earth. That the exact opposite has come to pass is proof of his noble but mistaken optimism. The industrial or commercial magnate has descended into lower depths of greed and savagery ; and Labour, so far from finding its soul, has become openly materialistic in its aims, seeking nothing but higher wages through the spoliation of the classes above. On the other hand, the beneficent changes that have come about—such as the prevention of child-labour, the limitation of hours of work, etc.—have been effected by the Parliamentary system which he despised.

It appeared to Carlyle that the world could be saved by strenuous work because through work he had himself attained to Silence and spiritual enlargement. His faith, based on personal experience, in the power of man's soul to reassert itself over matter was unquenchable, so that he minimised the effort of will required from each. The causes of his failure as practical reformer are partly his optimism, derived from a spiritual experience in advance of his fellows, and partly the asphyxiating effect on his poet's soul of the earthly effluence from brutalised competing men. To these we trace a kind of inconsistent dualism in his thought. He advocates strenuous work : but it is this which has built industrial cities and blackened the country's fair face. He praises the politeness and good breeding of the nobleman but laments his want of work, and would therefore replunge him into competition. To the latter criticism he would reply by pointing to the work of the nobleman in the past, and the place he filled in the national life ; but the ease with which he leaps the centuries is unsuited to immediate practical reform.

Thus we find in *Latter-Day Pamphlets* a failure to realise the power of matter to oppose spirit, and anger when this failure is suddenly revealed by some sore of modern life such as Mammon-worship, insincere speech, misplaced reverence, bad relations

between master and servant. It is the confused anger of one who proffers love in good faith and is repelled with mockery or unmerited insult. But his concern for the world is not limited to any sense of personal rebuff. In England, he says, we have not computed the horrors of continental revolution. We have formed no picture to ourselves of those called suddenly from peaceful lives to the supreme ordeal of the guillotine, or the noyading and fusillading !

If the event has not borne out Carlyle's prophecies, it is the fault of his own nobility of nature : his unquenchable faith in the power of man's soul to revolt against matter. He never doubted but that his own age was on the crest of the wave of materialism, that henceforth there would be a diminution : yet time has shown that the ruffian billows have continued to swell till indeed sea and sky are confused. To his past assurance of the coming reform of the "shrewd Working Aristocracy" we will add another example from the last of the *Pamphlets* : the beneficent results from the "honourable Prussianisation of Germany" under Bismarck. That Work, Discipline and Efficiency can lead a nation away from God, our own age will have cause to remember.

In spite of the disturbing effect of "Swarmery,"¹ or the gathering of men in Swarms, on Carlyle, we do find, as the root of his teaching, faith in the ultimate recuperating power of the spirit. His anger blazes forth in this book because it has led him further than either *Chartism* or *Past and Present* into uncongenial climes and arctic regions where love cannot thrive. But we divine the continuance of this faith from the nature of the remedies which he suggests for the abuses. He would fight Democracy and the evils of the ballot-box with increase of Wisdom :² and indeed all wise men would agree with him on the desirability of curtailing rather than extending the franchise. But who will undertake to prove to the millions that they are "mostly fools" and must disfranchise themselves ? Here again his prophetic bark has met the opposing currents of modern tendencies : for recent legislation has added millions to the electorate and taken the grave step of conferring the franchise upon women. Even if a true "King" appeared, with power to interpret the people's

¹ "Shooting Niagara."

² "Downing Street."

dumb wants—a Cromwell, a Francia, a Frederick-William—how would he prosper in the England of to-day? Two hundred years of cant have made the world-machine stiff and added to its strength of recoil. Carlyle believed in the power of the spirit to obey its own laws, and therefore he preached such a doctrine as the identity of Might and Right: but he preached it only to the released spirit, not even to the half-released, or those with doubts and scruples—and the unconquerable strength of his faith prevented any suspicion in him of its misapplication.

Although Carlyle, like every poet-politician, is a trespasser in regions where men obey earth-born laws, we do not wish his words unsaid. Nor must the impression be left that the interest is entirely psychological, and his mind, like a broken mirror, reflected an image of the world distorted beyond recognition. A certain measure of exaggeration must be conceded to his writings, as to his speech; and more than one of his contemporaries have agreed how he would suddenly cut short a burst of invective by a laugh at himself. With a few deductions we may accept his picture of the outer life of associated men in those years as substantially true. In *Sartor* he was at pains to show how man, by the use of volition, can arrive at inward Silence and ensure direct communication with God, as a preface to his work in the world. In *Latter-Day Pamphlets* we see souls that have neglected their mystic education, that have taken the wrong road and encumbered themselves with the slime of earth: hypocritical, Mammon-worshipping souls, given to insincere speech and thought. But *Sartor* was a book evolved from the inner consciousness; the Pamphlets were provoked by the contemplation of a world unsuited to the poet's eye. *Sartor* was written for all time; the *Pamphlets* include names of contemporary men and places, and belong to the year 1850. Let us once more repeat Wordsworth's lines:

We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

But restriction to the particular and exclusion of the universal was impossible to a mind like Carlyle's. In the dark overgrown forest through which he strives to cut his way, clearings appear with glimpses of the far-off mountains and the sky. The real sways and totters before his hammer-strokes, but the ideal waits

to replace it. And amid the confusion of these very hammer-strokes, as we listen, sounds a strange unearthly music. It is because earth and heaven have moved so far apart that the spiritual stimulation of the Pamphlets exceeds that of his other books. Like the service held in Newgate for the rogues and felons by the good Dr. Primrose,¹ it offers one more chance when we thought all was over. The laws of the Universe are immutable, he contends, and they can only be deciphered by the wise. The world must exalt her wise men, for the voting of majorities cannot cause fire not to burn, and equally inflexible are the laws of the spirit.²

Another reason against shifting the entire weight of interest to the subjective side claims our attention. The Russian Revolution of 1917-18 has vindicated many of Carlyle's prophecies of the consequences of corruption in Governments. In his essay on Voltaire he told us how the lingering influences of Christianity made the French Revolution a comparatively limited thing, and prevented the wholesale cataclysms that attended the disruption of the Roman Empire. That the Russian Reign of Terror has surpassed the French, because the mass of men were in a more spiritually sunk condition, bears out the truth of his warning.

Of the literary quality of this book we need say little, except that while the metaphors diminish in quantity and brightness, it is not because the poetry has left Carlyle. It is merely held in abeyance, and ready to start forth with a more favouring subject, as in his next work, the *Life of Sterling*. The metaphors which he does give us illuminate as with a flash of lightning the sombre world into which he has strayed : a world of barren steppes or rocky wildernesses inhospitable to the soul. In sheer power of mind to discriminate his thoughts he perhaps surpasses himself, kneading the world's iron formulas into Jove's thunderbolts, or uprooting the long-grown trees of plausibility. The reader, following in his track, finds himself irresistibly blown forward to the edge of an abyss, or lifted as by a giant's hand up the face of a perpendicular crag, or hurried to and away from the window of an ancient castle opening on raging seas or landscapes of lunar desolation.

¹ *Vicar of Wakefield*.

² “Stump Orator.”

Carlyle disclaimed the character of literary artist and wrote to instruct rather than please. To abolish cant by restoring the life of the soul was his definite remedy for the evils of mistaken philanthropy, of ignorant democracy, of government that did not govern. Mammon-worship, much as he hated it, was at least free from cant, for "in the cotton-spinning department we dare not introduce falsehoods."¹ At the present day it seems to us that the evils of Industrialism and Commercialism have increased a thousandfold and interposed a far thicker cloud between Earth and Heaven than Philanthropy or Stump Oratory. Yet we make no reflection on Carlyle's prophetic power, for all his teaching ultimately implies that man's rediscovery of his soul must precede any earthly reform. That Work, Discipline and Efficiency could have the reverse effect was incompatible with his fundamental optimism and faith in man. None the less it behoves us to examine the causes of the great descent and the heathen temples which the money-changers have erected on the site of the human soul.

And we ascribe the cause to that very adherence to the Fact, in support of which Carlyle levelled the thunders of *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. As the Prussian Junker discovered that Might is Right, so did the Mammon-worshipper discover that money is omnipotent: and in both cases the result of this applied logic was neglect of the finer things of life and its courtesies and delicacies. Nor must we forget the part played by women in advancing the claims of Mammon, with their closer grasp of detail, the extremes to which they carry their theories, and their immediate influence over the family and hence over the developing thought of the world. It was truly condemned by Ruskin as a form of asceticism—the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for the sake of money—comparable to the two other chief forms of asceticism that have possessed the world: the religious and military.²

The object of life is to promote the growth of the soul; and not in its close neighbourhood to the fact but in the extent of its rebound from the fact does the intrinsic quality of the mind declare itself: for which reason Meredith once said that a nation's progress may be tested by its achievements in comedy.³ It is not in work

¹ "New Downing Street."

² *Modern Painters*, V. ix. 11.

³ *Essay on Comedy*.

that we see hope for man, but in the right use of such leisure as falls to his share : in meditation, solitary communion with nature, the reading of great poetry. . . . But let it not be thought that anything of the above is said in condemnation of Carlyle, for it was the spiritual world of which he alone spoke with authority, and his doctrines have been misapplied to the material world. To the seer who pierces through the shows of things into things themselves, the Idea becomes the Fact. When, for instance, he approved the invincible phalanxes of militarised Prussia it was because he saw only the capacity for order and self-control which God has implanted in the heart of man.

CHAPTER XXXII

"LIFE OF JOHN STERLING": ANALYSIS

I. 1. Shortly before his death in 1844 Sterling confided his papers to Archdeacon Hare and myself. The little that remained he wished to be wisely settled. He had burnt much, with the strict judgment of a man on his own sorry work in Time, when faced with Death and Eternity. The task of reprinting and writing a biography eventually became Mr. Hare's, but unfortunately it was performed with too great emphasis on Sterling's religious heterodoxy. The noble Sterling, clad in bright auroral hues in the memory of all that know him, has become involved in unfitting controversies. He was a curate for eight months, a man with relations to the Universe for thirty-eight years, and fought other battles except with Hebrew old clothes. Let a man be forgotten but not misremembered: for no one would here recognise the brilliant, beautiful and cheerful John Sterling. . . .

Surely that man is happy of whom no biography is written, who can return with his foiled bit of work to the Supreme Silences. Sterling would have had this privilege, as his character was not supremely original, his fate was not wonderful, and he did little: but this is now impossible owing to the tumult round his name. . . . It therefore seemed right that I should give my testimony of this friendly human soul who walked with me for a season. . . . He was no sceptic or diseased self-listener, but rather inclined to headlong belief. Indeed, he was no thinker; his faculties were of the active sort. He sought his religion victoriously, and is an example to all of us of a vanquisher of doubt. That he failed to achieve greatness is no drawback, for the scene of the smallest man's pilgrimage through life is of interest to the highest.

2. He was born at Kaimes Castle in the Isle of Bute on July 20, 1806. His parents were Irish by birth, Scotch by extraction, English by residence and habit. He was brought up on a farm amid Nature's doings little touched by Art. His family was from Waterford, and one of his ancestors was heard of in the Civil War. His father, Captain Edward Sterling, afterwards of *Times* celebrity, was a kind of Captain Whirlwind who transacted everything with the maximum of fuss and noise. He

had exchanged the Irish Bar for the more congenial life of a soldier : and in 1803, being quartered at Derry, he married the reigning beauty, Hester Coningham. She proved an exemplary wife and mother, a tremulously sensitive nature, strong chiefly in the affections and graceful insights. From her John inherited the delicate *aroma* of his nature, as from his father the audacities and impetuosities. Their first son, Anthony, was born in 1805, and soon after, his regiment being broken, Captain Sterling settled to farm Kaimes Castle.

3. He never took much to farming, or tried it except in fits, varied with flights to London and Dublin in search of something better. In 1809 he removed to Llanblethian, overlooking the pleasant Vale of Glamorgan, like a little sleeping cataract of white houses on the slope of the hill. There John lived for five years, and he has left reminiscences of his childish impressions of the place, school, etc. The father's affairs were still unsettled ; he would await anxiously the London mail, and regret enforced idleness in the prime of his years. In 1812 he wrote a series of Letters on public affairs to the *Times*, under the signature *Vetus*. The connection widened and deepened, from voluntary passed to remunerated, and eventually became the true arena for his faculties. In 1814 he took up his residence at Passy, near Paris ; and John was introduced to a new school of experience. This nomadic life ill-suited his nature : only his gentle pious-hearted mother supplied the counteracting element. The return of Napoleon from Elba sent them hastily to London the following year. For some years Captain Sterling's course was not clear, till the *Times* connection became fixed and permanent. He changed several residences, so that John had many schoolmasters. Five other children were born, but all died between the ages of two and eleven : leaving tears and pangs and soft infinite regrets. John's progress at school was rapid ; a winged soul looked out of his eyes. He was less steady than Anthony, and once in petulant humour he ran away to Dover.

4. At sixteen, apart from the knowledge derived from grammar schools, John had become a voracious reader and observer. Family economics being more propitious, he was sent to Glasgow University, but this he quitted in a year, and in 1824 proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. His brother had entered the army, and, though their paths diverged, strong fraternal attachment endured through life. His Cambridge tutor was Archdeacon Hare, who celebrates his wonderful gifts, and records one notable instance of his readiness to be the first in danger. He was not an exact scholar, but read freely in Greek and Latin ; and his early writings retained a classical tinge. His studies were discursive, towards new spiritual Delphis rather than along the beaten track to

College honours. Help lay for him, as for many others, in rebellion against the prescribed course: a strange condition of our schools with their monkish practices in this unmonkish age. One advantage they have surpassing all others: the communication afforded between young souls, so valuable are the rules of human behaviour. . . . Sterling had a wide circle of friends, and was acknowledged chief at the Union among men who have since attained eminence. He was a Radical, with much hope and little anticipation of difficulty in burning up the hypocrisies of the world. He had not yet thought out a positive basis for his life, or asked himself, What *is* the eternal fact on which a man may front the Destinies? . . . In 1827 he left Cambridge after two years' residence.

5. What shall a gifted young soul do in this bewildered epoch? At no time had the world been reduced to such a state of chaos, with glares of revolutionary lightning, and all stars blotted out. A handy world for the money-maker, but not for one with noble aim. Church, Law, Medicine, appeared to him built on speciosity: and he was himself unsuited to steady pulling, with his far-darting brilliances and nomadic desultory ways. Parliament might have been his arena, with its opportunities of eloquence and argument. So ready lay his store of knowledge that he could argue with four or five at once. With a view to this, he became Secretary to an Association, but it had no continuance. The decisive bar to Parliament was the fragile hectic body in which the coruscating soul was imprisoned.

6. Literature remained: the one unconditional form of public life: chaotic haven of frustrate activities, where many good gifts go up in smoke. With Maurice he purchased the newly risen *Athenæum*, and wrote papers in it of superior brilliancy. But while the point of view was noble, and the surface opulent, the heart remained cold. A mirage in the wilderness.

7. The *Athenæum* was a financial failure and had to be transferred, but it brought Sterling into the thick of London Literature. He lodged in Regent Street, and daily visited his father's now flourishing house in Knightsbridge, where the society was chiefly political. Open, guileless, fearless, perhaps with a childlike touch of ostentation, he was a first favourite among his friends. His acquaintance enlarged, he saw Wordsworth, Coleridge, made visits to country houses. . . . He and his circle were for progress and liberalism, and against the old hidebound Toryism then cracking towards disruption. They desired root and branch reform by aid of hustings and ballot-box. His aim was a speedy end to Superstition—of imaginations that do not correspond to fact. His religion was Heathen, without relation to the Church.

It was the monition of his natal genius, Heaven's message through him ; and as such he was compelled to utter it.

8. Among young men, Coleridge enjoyed a prophetic character. He alone could call himself orthodox when Hume and Voltaire had done their worst. Access to him was not difficult at Mr. Gilman's Highgate house, with its glorious view towards London ; and he, as the most surprising talker in the world, liked a patient listener. . . . He was now about sixty, eyes as full of sorrow as inspiration, amiable but irresolute, with shuffling walk.

His talk was a monologue, allowing no interruptions, spreading out like a lake, without definite aim. You must sit and be pumped into like a bucket, for he would talk for hours and communicate no meaning. The smallest thing would turn him aside into all the Universe. His talk always led to the hazy infinitudes of Kantian transcendentalism ; and out of it rose now and then glorious islets, soon to be wrapt in mist again. Sympathy for concrete human things was absent from his haze-world ; for he had passed his life in abstract thinking. To young Radicals he seemed a prophet, for the gist of his talk was the sunk condition of the world, given up to Atheism and Materialism. His remedy was to restore the Church, to lift it into a higher sphere of argument, by means of the "reason" as opposed to the "understanding." He would distil an "Astral Spirit" from the ashes of the Church. . . . His doctrine did contain a truth : that man is essentially divine. But what one's God-inspired mind pronounces incredible, is best left uncredited. In his talk, as in himself, a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled with weak flesh and blood. His was the sad story of high endowment and insufficient will. He abhorred pain, danger, and steady slaving toil, and so smothered his empyrean element under the terrene. But the greater a man is the heavier is the penalty, and to attempt to *steal* into Heaven is high treason.

9. Sterling was a regular attendant at Highgate, and the transcendental moonshine powerfully influenced his novel of *Arthur Coningsby* (1829-30). . . . At this time he much frequented the family of his former fellow-student, Charles Barton. . . . Democratic Radicalism was still the grand element in his creed, but it was now approaching consummation. . . . He had become intimate with General Torrijos, a Spanish Political Exile of the 1823 swarm : one of many succeeding swarms in these last sixty revolutionary years. The Spaniards, from fifty to a hundred stately tragic figures in proud threadbare cloaks, could be seen daily perambulating the broad pavements of Euston Square.

10. Torrijos alone found welcome and companionship in English society : an accomplished man of chivalrous character, grounded on rugged veracity. The poor Spaniards treated him

as a leader, and applied to him for charitable help of all kinds : in which enterprises Sterling and the Bartons expended much money and energy. Torrijos had often repressed the unreasonable schemes of his followers, but in 1829, after seven years, he too began to think that death in battle were better than slow mouldering away. A small patriot band landing in the south might kindle all inflammable Spain. There was much consulting in Regent Street at this chance of wedding enthusiasm and fact. A certain Irish cousin of Sterling's, by name Boyd, had just left the army, was searching for adventure, and possessed £5,000. Introduced by Sterling to Torrijos, he agreed to purchase and equip a ship ; and Sterling and many of his friends subscribed money and offered their services. . . . Some doubts on Sterling's health were expressed by doctors ; and he regretted literature : for you cannot act your romance and write it. The ship was fast getting ready, and he went to bid farewell to Miss Barton, his friend's sister. She burst into tears at the thought of his weak health and the perils of insurrection he was about to face. It ended with the offer of his hand and abandonment of the enterprise. The presence of no Englishman but Boyd was vital ; and his excuse was readily accepted. . . . Meanwhile notice of what was in progress had reached the Spanish Envoy : and the ship was seized. . . . Torrijos, with his fifty Spaniards, Boyd, and a few young democrats, contrived to reach Gibraltar as private passengers in the earlier part of 1830.

11. Sterling was about to marry, had no profession, and his health signs were ominous. . . . From Torrijos came discouraging news. . . . On November 2nd his marriage took place ; friends were bountiful and hopeful ; and he never suffered much in financial matters. His wife could not much support him, but loyally marched by his side. . . . But the result of accumulated agitations was that soon after marriage he fell dangerously ill, and there was no doubt of consumption. . . . The following year, a son having been born, he sailed for St. Vincent in the West Indies, where his family had property and the climate favoured pulmonary complaints.

12. Sterling found a pleasant home in the "volcanic Isle," set under magnificent skies, in the mirror of the summer seas. He was cheerful, pensive, with thunderclouds sleeping in the distance. . . . His letter of August 1831 describes a tornado of astonishing severity, when the roof was blown off the house, and he and his family were saved from death by sheltering in the cellar. . . . He bears witness to the good conduct of the Negroes and their devotion to his cause. . . . In this year I first heard of Sterling from Mill and Mrs. Austin, as gifted and amiable, perhaps too thin and diffusive.

13. Early in 1832 a still more fatal hurricane smote on the four corners of his inner world. Torrijos had been held painfully in Gibraltar, officially watched, and no Spaniards had joined him. The young Englishmen had gone on tours, spent their money and returned home. The British Governor was at length compelled to signify to Torrijos that his warlike preparations were improper, and he must leave. Torrijos, declining passports, set sail with his band for Malaga. Spanish guardships gave chase, ran him ashore, forced him to surrender at discretion. Express from Madrid ordered instant military execution to all, including Boyd. So ended the affair, and the actors were rapt away as in black clouds of fate (December 1831). . . . Sterling's misery was immense, and the name of Torrijos was never after mentioned in his hearing. His imagination was overpowered by the fatal scene of man-hunting, and the thought that the victims were his late friends. And it was he who had caused Boyd to embark in the enterprise. . . .

14. An important spiritual crisis had come in a very sad form. His past life was in ruins; radicalism was falling away, finally condemned as a rule of noble conduct. He must find a new guidance other than a Philosophy of Denial. He studied religion earnestly, and longed, even like Coleridge, to believe in a Church while finding it incredible. At one time Philanthropism attracted him, as a new chivalry of life. . . . One thing was clear—that he must leave the West Indies.

15. In August '32 Sterling reappeared in England, to the joy of his friends, but a few months later he undertook a tour in Germany. Before leaving, he published his novel of *Arthur Coningsby*, which reached me in the heathy wildernesses, sent by Mill. The hero (Sterling himself), like Coleridge, wishes to prove the old Church substance instead of shadow. A lovable young fellow-soul struggling amid the tumults and not yet got to land. . . . In June '33 he met his old tutor Julius Hare at Bonn. He had already determined to become a clergyman, and, abandoning his first intention of meditating the step for a year, with characteristic impetuosity he accepted Hare's offer of a curacy under him at Herstmonceaux. The following year he was ordained: thanks to Coleridgean moonshine.

Cant and Atheism have indeed darkened our way to the Eternal Kingdoms. We mistake will-o'-wisps for loadstars, and think there never were stars except the old Jew ones which have now gone out. . . . My opinion on this action of his is flat reproof. We cannot wed God's Truth to the world's Untruth. Religion is no doubt, but a certainty. The thing that must be proved to us in the face of doubt is a hypocrisy. The time had done its worst for Sterling; but happily the error lasted only from June '34 to the following February.

II. 1. Sterling prosecuted his Curate's work with the utmost energy. His model was St. Paul : each house of his Parish was to him as a city to St. Paul. His aim was to awaken conscience and lead to recognition of the Divine Love which offers redemption. . . . Hare records the joy to himself of having Sterling for a daily friend, and how he took the place of his lost brother. . . . In the summer of 1834, soon after arriving in London, I first saw Sterling's father at Mrs. Austin's in Bayswater. As such he was interesting to me ; and also the mysterious nimbus of the *Times* hung over him.

2. Clouds of misgiving had appeared on Sterling's sky, and, with his childlike faculty of self-deception, he gave as reason for resigning his curacy in February '35 the doctor's order that one with his tendency to pulmonary ailments must abstain from preaching for a year. It was the second grand crisis of his History, for although ill-health was a cause, it was not the primary one. English Priesthood, which had risen like a sun over the ruins of the Radical world, was also dead. Again he must seek his way through our confused epoch. . . . His clerical aberration was partly due to Coleridge ; but also to the conditions of modern warfare : Radicalism against Church, the new and the old.

My first meeting with Sterling was this February, at the India House, in company with Mill. We walked westward together, talking and arguing copiously, and, *except* in opinion, not disagreeing. His friendship and that of his family was an acquisition which grew richer every year. He still retained his Herstmonceaux residence, whence in May he wrote me a letter of criticism on *Sartor Resartus*. He compares it to the works of Rabelais and Montaigne, and gives reasons for their popularity and its cold reception. He then discovers some barbarisms and German-made sentences in the style, and the basis of strangeness which makes it hard for the reader to get at the philosophical result. He finds the spirit marred by the author's lack of true sympathy with others : and the reason of this is his belief in a formless Infinite rather than a Personal God. . . . Here are points of "discrepancy with agreement," and matter for talk and argument.

3. Through the spring and summer he made brief visits to London, coruscating among his friends like a meteor. I remember a talk with him in the Park one fine June evening, on the faults of my style, as above. The only sermon of his that I heard impressed me for its artistic excellence. This autumn (1835) he settled in Orme Square, Bayswater. His income was not large, but he lived safely within it, and was always bountiful. Here he would welcome friends to give and take an hour's good talk. But how unfold his talent, now that public life was closed to him and the Church proved abortive ? It was plain he was

gravitating towards literature, the resource of all the foiled. He had not consciously quitted the Church, and at times, to the detriment of his health, did duty for a sickly young clerical neighbour. When Literature had become all his world, his health required that the rest of his days must be spent in continued flight for existence. . . .

In those months I saw much of him and loved him more and more. He gave you little idea of ill-health; it was excess of *life* that brought on disease. Our chief topic was religion, and he spoke much in the Coleridge dialect. Though vehement and eager to convince, he showed no anger at contradiction. He recognised the worth of Christianity, but had no real belief in it. His mind was not intrinsically devotional; its true bent was artistic. No richer soul for joyful activity, as far as strength allowed, could be met with. . . .

He was now engaged in translating German theologians; and these writers bounded his knowledge of the literature. At first he disparaged Goethe, but eventually got his works fairly studied. He had wit but little humour—yet his laugh was true, if limited in compass. He was frank in talk, and might offend elderly men of reputation; for he judged men by their spiritual cash, not by their reputed account in the bank of wit. Yet he had a fine courtesy, and his apologies on occasion were full of naivety. His circle of friends was wide, and included many of Cambridge days. With literary notabilities he remained unacquainted, and was not the least a tuft-hunter.

4. In February 1836 Sterling and I walked out to Eltham to visit Edgeworth, an Irish friend of his, of philosophic turn, a follower of Kant, who therefore ignored the necessity of progress from “Knowing to Being.” The walk was rainy, and brought on an alarming crisis of health. Tender messages passed between us, but we saw him not again till the days of summer brilliancy. . . . In August he started for Bordeaux—his second health-journey—where a large mansion had been lent by his wife’s uncle. . . . His health prospered; he had his books and the world of his own thoughts: and the question as ever was, how to regulate that? . . . Kind and happy-looking letters reached me, describing the scenery, telling of a visit to Montaigne’s house, of the books he read, prophesying of meetings to come. . . . The still hermit-life in the Gironde helped to abate the theological tumult. Instead of articles and rubrics, Nature’s eternal verities could reach his heart. Literature dawned on him as the true goal to aim at; and he composed the *Sexton’s Daughter*, a poem of no great intrinsic merit, but a symptom of spiritual return to the open air. . . . In the autumn of ’37 he returned to England, and joined his brother Anthony in a touching pilgrimage to their early home. . . .

5. Cholera prevented return to Bordeaux, and Sterling settled in a little cottage on Blackheath. I remember a dinner there, which his father peppered with abundant jolly satire. He was ardently prosecuting literature, and at this time read to us the *Sexton's Daughter*. We were friendly but not encouraging, finding the piece deficient in human fervour and depth of melody—inclined to the "goody-good," and still shadowed by the surplice. All this he accepted in the mildest humour. . . . He passed the winter alone at Madeira, much pleased with the climate and life there. He rode daily, wrote for *Blackwood*, and strove to reconcile his Christian views with, what he called, Goethe's pagan ones. . . . Professor Wilson, the presiding spirit of *Blackwood*, lavished torrents of praise on him. It was an important fact for Sterling to be called noble by the noble, and it encouraged him toward new activity without turning his head. His tale, the *Onyx Ring*, showed great promise, but lacked patience and steady depth. . . . As usual he fell into a pleasant circle of society. With Dr. Calvert he formed a close friendship, their bond of union being incurable malady. Calvert, as a man of speculation, incited Sterling's outpourings; and each was a great possession to the other.

6. Sterling adjusted himself to circumstances with facility, as if he would have had them so. The bodily disease was the expression of his too vehement mental life. He could never rest; rapidity was his characteristic; and though his bane, it was also his antidote, enabling him to love change. . . . He had an incredible facility of labour, an *improviser* genius like his father's. He may have written little, but who else in his place could have done more? In his two volumes is a real seer-glance: glance of an eye that is human. Many reputations have been gained on a less basis.

We need not dwell on his further journeyings; the one last epoch of his life was his internal change towards Literature. . . . Friends hoped his restlessness would abate with years; and doctors even surmised the disease might quit his lungs at a maturer age.

. . . A grimmer shade might be detected in him, but neither did his activity lessen nor his composure give way. . . . On returning from Madeira in the spring of '38 he resided at Hastings and worked hard for *Blackwood*, and Mill's Review, the *London and Westminster*. He often visited London, and contrived the scheme of a little club of his friends with monthly meetings. . . . With the autumn it was decided that, in company with Calvert, Rome should be his goal.

7. Letters to his mother from various stages of the journey present vividly his delight in the scenery—especially the Simplon Pass—and the art treasures of the Italian towns. In Rome

he studied art with thoroughness, and also nursed Calvert, who fell ill. The Papacy struck him as a piece of showy stage-declamation, and morals generally at a low ebb. . . . A delightful and characteristic letter to his eldest child Edward, aged seven, is extant : unfolding in such manner as to be received by a child-mind the kinds of knowledge contained in books, and ending with the inculcation of the moral duty to mind other people's pleasure rather than one's own. . . . To all artistic shrines Sterling was a zealous pilgrim, but his love seems not so much genuine as assumed at the bidding of our poor Century, which demands that every man should do his duty as a worshipper of Art. . . . More substantial was his description of the Pope as “a mere lie in livery.” . . . He was present at the Carnival, and shocked by the frivolity of grown people who derived amusement from pelting each other with confetti. . . . In May '39 he returned to find his wife ill at Hastings : himself improved in health, but little enriched in real culture or spiritual strength.

III. 1. It was now thought he might settle in England, and he fixed on Clifton, by Bristol, with its soft Southern winds. He soon established methods of work and attracted friends. Reduced to be a dweller in tents, he accommodated himself in a manner beautiful and pathetic. . . . Mrs. Strachey, Francis Newman were among his Clifton friends. . . . But in six months the old enemy reappeared, and he must fly. . . . He had previously made visits of two or three days to London ; and though our walks could not be renewed, our intimacy deepened and widened. Our talks never paused, though sometimes carried on in cabs, in loud voices from the roaring traffic. Once only we rode together, in the leafy lanes beyond Hampstead and Highgate : one of the cheerfulest days I have known. . . . This autumn his article on *Carlyle* in *Mill's Review* filled me with deep silent joy, as the first generous human recognition that one's poor battle in this world is not quite a mad and futile one. . . .

On some points he gainsaid me stiffly—such as the fruitfulness of Silence, the identity of Intellect and Virtue, of Might and Right. . . . But of such candour was his soul that, if he became convinced you were in the right, he would admit it and bury all hostilities under foot. . . . In literature he was now divided between poetry and prose ; for, though high judges praised his verse, he himself had misgivings on it. My own advice against poetry must have tried his patience. Why *sing* your thought if you can speak it ? Besides, he had no depth of tune, no music deeper than the rub-a-dub of a drum. The Age demanded clear speech, and he could speak with supreme excellence. There is no time for song amid these wild revolutionary overturnings. Homer is only welcome when Troy is taken. . . . He resolved

to appeal to the public, and printed a volume of poems at his own expense : but it met with discouraging neglect.

2. In November '39 bad and worse symptoms had arisen, including spitting of blood ; and he prepared to visit Madeira again with Calvert. Detained by weather at Falmouth, they found the climate favourable and decided to winter there. Sterling took long walks, enlivened by a newly-born interest in geology, continued his poetical work, and formed an intimacy with the rich and cultivated Quaker family of the Foxes. . . . In April '40 he was home again at Clifton pursuing his old labours, struggling valiantly to save every available working hour from the wreck of so many that were unavailable. One still hoped that his downbreaks were due to excess of self-exertion, and that increase of years, by deadening his over-energy, would make him secure of life. . . . His grand business was now poetry, and by September he completed the *Election*. There was improved power of execution, but our stingy verdict had to be, "Better, but still not good enough. . . ." He took his failures in the kindest manner and bated no jot of hope. I might have admired this more and dissuaded less : but at the cost of sincerity. . . . This winter he retired to Torquay, and worked at his tragedy of *Strafford*, returning with the new year to Clifton. But the rude weather soon drove him south, and by June he had made a permanent removal to Falmouth.

3. The Fox family was his great social resource, but he also felt attracted towards the healthy population of the clean and industrious little fishing, trading and packet town. . . . *Strafford* filled his working hours, and he uttered some worthy thoughts on the supreme difficulty of succeeding in the art of Sophocles. . . . He took part in the meetings of the Polytechnic Society, and himself lectured there on art. . . . Some eminent men attended these meetings : among them Professor Owen, the great anatomist, whom Sterling preferred for the simplicity and frankness which he combined with his talents. . . . Towards the end of '41 appeared the *Election*—again to little purpose. A small piece, it aims at containing great things, and meets at times with undeniable success. The difficult amalgam of mockery on the surface and earnestness within is not ill done. Crude in parts, it has the grand merit of brevity in everything. . . . It met with no recognition, yet, in his brave struggle, it was the highest point he lived to see attained. . . . His fellow-pilgrim Calvert died in the beginning of '42, the man he had been most intimate with of late years. . . . He never complained of the world's coldness, but pursued his task of *Strafford*, and always interested himself in the spiritual condition of the world. In estimating modern writers, Tennyson and Thackeray, then

slightly known to fame, are two he praises. . . . He listens also to public events, to the ticking of the great World-Horologe. . . .

4. The rigours of spring ('42) caused Sterling to fulfil his wish of visiting Naples. He sailed to Gibraltar, and thence along the African coast to Malta. At Naples he admired the sceneries and antiquities, especially Pompeii; and in Rome, on his return, he remarked the increased power of observation (through the mind's freedom from its usual occupations) which added significance to objects and promoted artistic enthusiasm. Pompeii had taught him greater reverence for the Greeks, but he became convinced that they lacked the devotional feeling of Christianity. . . . In June, after his fifth and last journey, he was again at Falmouth, and the medical authorities reported cheerfully on his health. He had become acquainted with Lockhart in London, and praised his knowledge, good-nature and liberalism. . . . Having completed *Strafford*, he worked with all his energies on *Cœur-de-Lion*—once more in the mock-heroic vein. . . . *Strafford* was as yet unlaunched, and, though Lockhart and others praised it, I had again been compelled to afflict the good brave soul with an unfavourable verdict: to which he answered that he was grieved, but much obliged. . . .

5. All these years his father's house, increasing in prosperity, was a fixed sunny islet for him, or open port of refuge. The elder Sterling had wealth, influence, position; and, under his confused utterances, was instinctive sense of what was manful. The sudden changes of doctrine in the *Times* lay in his nature: the mere scorix and pumice wreck of a steady central lava-flood, volcanic and explosive, but truly resting on the grand fire-depths of the world. Great sensibility lay in him: at times expressed by tears. He could be loud and braggart, and this was the alloy of the abundant gold in his nature. With women he was most gallant; his laugh had sincerity in banter, but no real depth of sense for the ludicrous. A remarkable man, he played in those years 1830-40 a remarkable part in the world.

The *Times* was the express emblem of Sterling, and he thundered through it to the shaking of the spheres. His conclusions gravitated towards the right; wherefore the *Times* oratory found acceptance and influential audience. He would rush out into clubs and society, and then redact this multifarious babblement into a leading article. An unparalleled improvising faculty was his: developed in a nobler figure with the son. . . . Peel, on retiring, acknowledged the value of his support in the *Times*, and its lofty impersonal nature. . . . His admiration of Peel and Wellington was among his opinions that did not change, neither did his contempt for O'Connell, the commonplace Demagogue. . . . These ten years were his culminating period; his

life was built at last on the high table-land of sunshine and success. He had health, work, wages ; his equipage recalled *Times* thunder ; he consorted after a fashion with the powerful. He liked pleasant parties, garnished by a lord ; but he loved men of worth and intellect, and recognised them in all spheres : and this was his own patent of worth. So rolled his days in manifold commerce with men ; and twice or thrice a week he launched the bolts that shook the high places of the world. John's relations to him were frank, joyful and amiable. He ignored the *Times* thunder ; and there was a pleasant half-bantering dialect between them. The sunny islet was about to break and go down. . . .

Early in '43 John Sterling met with an accident that caused hemorrhage, and his mother was seized with a painful disease. He improved, but she suffered and grew weaker ; and, though his wife was nearing her confinement, he left Falmouth to visit his mother in London. When I met him, he was kind and gracefully affectionate, but with a certain grimness of mood. For the first time I had a twinge of misgiving as to his health: having before been used to ascribe his fits of illness to over-activity, and blame him for them. Returned to Falmouth, he wrote hopeful letters to his mother, enlarging on the beauty of the season, and expressing love through tender memories of infancy and childhood. . . . His wife got happily through her confinement, but a few days later came a change for the worst. On April 18th the post brought tidings that his mother was dead, and within half an hour his wife also died. Mother and Wife were both suddenly snatched away. . . . The shrine of Mother's love and blessed soft affections is closed in the Eternities ; and his poor Life-partner, his other self, sinks at his side and can follow him no further in his pilgrimings.

6. Sterling was now alone with six children ; and his own health was precarious. He exchanged Falmouth with its haggard memories for the still softer climate of Ventnor. About a year before he had sent me a Canto of *Cœur-de-Lion* : and this time I was right glad to be able to praise. But with or without encouragement he was ready to persevere silently in Poetry, and stand single against the whole world. *Strafford*, which he now published, fell dead-born, but he cheerfully took his disappointment, and devoted all his available days to *Cœur-de-Lion*. In June '43 he came to London, where his brother Anthony had now relieved the sorrowing father of the big Knightsbridge house. I remember a sad dinner there, as in a ruin or crypt, with some American friends. . . . Our last meeting was at his hotel in the Strand, when he escorted me to the door, and we took leave for ever under the dim skies. . . .

Through the summer he worked at his task, and though his mood of mind was sombre, it excluded hypochondria. . . . There was no bad news of his health till April 4, 1844, when he broke a bloodvessel ; but the alarms had been so many that it was long before we realised this time there could be no improvement. For six months he looked steadfastly into the eyes of Death, methodically arranging his affairs, day by day completing some portion of his adjustments. He took leave of his father, admitted only his brother and the Maurices, read much in the Bible, even wrote a little. The letters to his eldest boy reflect his noblest image : the face we had long known, but painted on the azure of Eternity. He wrote once on the wickedness of frittering life away, and the need to bend all one's strength to perform a task. . . . The hours he spent in his library grew less but never ended : such an unsuspected fund of mild stoicism dwelt in him. He controlled his sufferings and marched loyally into the dread Kingdoms. He had struggled much and gained little, but he did gain to be a brave man. To me he wrote that he had hope and no fear, but not certainty. It was his last letter, but four days before his death came some verses written as in star-fire and immortal tears. . . . On September 18th the struggles and often-foiled endeavours of thirty-eight years lay hushed in death.

7. . . . Sterling's sympathies were with the high and sublime rather than the low or ludicrous ; and perhaps he had little humour. . . . His fidelity to Truth and loyalty to the Highest were perfect ; and he comported himself in the Universe as a son, not a rebel, with no weak and impious questionings of the divine power. He was devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme : the highest and sole essential form of Religion. But artistic admiration rather than religious devotion was the deepest element in one of his joyful, light and hoping nature. Born a poet, it was after wanderings in our confused age that he discovered his true sacred hill. His fault was over-haste, and want of strength from want of due *inertia*. . . . A transparent soul, the interior movements of which it was beautiful to read : so naive and childlike that the very faults grew beautiful. . . . His works contain only the promise of greatness. . . . He himself was a man of infinite susceptibility, who caught everywhere more than others the colour of the element he lived in : and he is therefore emblematic of his time. . . . With all his instincts he said to himself, What is the chief end of man ? How can a noble life be led ? . . . To myself he was a brilliant human presence, a beautiful human soul. . . .

CHAPTER XXXIII

LIFE OF JOHN STERLING

THIS beautiful book adds to its prime interest of portraying a human soul the secondary interest of its author's conception and practice of friendship. The beginning of all thought is love, as Carlyle maintained, and it is to love that we not only owe the insight into Sterling's character and the gathering of the facts of his life, but the existence of the book itself ; despite the alleged controversial motive of presenting to the world a more faithful record of the man than that of Archdeacon Hare. When his father died, Carlyle set himself to writing his reminiscences, and the same thing occurred after the first numbing shock of his wife's death. Sterling died in 1844, and it was not until 1851 that Carlyle produced his biography ; but, reading between the lines, we gather that he wrote rather for his own comfort than to correct any public misapprehension.

Yet it is true that he makes Hare's book the means of introducing his chief motive. Carlyle reversed the doctrine of modern life by judging a man according to his soul. On this he based Hero-worship ; and its opposite—the homage accorded by the world to those with great possessions—he called Devil-worship. His first care is to disentangle Sterling's reputation from the charges of scepticism and "diseased self-listening" ; for these are the traits of a soul that has not freed itself from earth and is still subject to the laws of earthly gravitation. Doubts and scruples denote egotism, or bonds of clay restraining the spirit, which—aided by a whole volition—should have taken flight into the empyrean and discovered and obeyed its own laws. It is important that we recognise the peculiar spiritual difficulties encountered by Sterling in his life-pilgrimage. They were not of the kind recorded of himself by Carlyle in *Sartor*, when the whole Universe appeared a dead place to which the living were banished companion-

less and conscious.¹ This thought, which expresses in its most poignant form the grief of the believing-agnostic, was never present to Sterling. Carlyle rose from his torture-bed by force of will, and, by means of work, achieved Silence, and therefore comparative happiness ; but it does not seem that Sterling ever had to contend with a spiritual crisis of this nature.

If there is a point on which Carlyle insists throughout, it is the healthfulness of Sterling's spiritual life. The soul, though housed in a mortal form, obeyed its own laws, and rather injured the body by its rapid and headlong movements. It was indeed to excess of activity of this nature that the doctors attributed his physical ailments, and on the chance of its relaxation with maturer years, based their hope. And yet, although Sterling's spiritual bark moved in a sea of light, no sooner did he touch earth than he was rapt in a cloud of darkness. In his native element all was well, but the light sufficed not to guide his steps among the paths of men.

It is not implied that he was a believer of the orthodox pattern, for he wrote to Carlyle, at the point of death, that he had hope and no fear, but not certainty.² But the great fact remains that he was spiritually alive and looked upon material life as a mere thing to be set in order by the spirit. He was too selfless to be preoccupied with his own hereafter, but too fulfilled with grace to suspect that his finer life was an illusion. He had no doubts of the goodness of God, whatever might be man's destiny, and no fear for himself. If belief gives strength, such a man should have left his impress upon the world.

We have said that directly Sterling's boat touched land he was enveloped in darkness—and herein lay the tragedy of his life. The bright soul was not eclipsed by earthly fogs : it rather became invisible to others. He was favourably placed by birth and connections, he was without personal ambition, and desired only to spend himself in the service of men. But this was denied him ; or rather, through the strange state into which society had fallen, he was unable to reconcile the inner vision with the outer fact. It was the Times which did their worst for Sterling, the Times which, like Fate in the Greek drama, could make sport with the individual. And the tragedy is deepest where the aim is highest,

¹ *Sartor*, ii. 7.

² III. 6.

where no place is striven for in the world, but claim is made for the privilege to help one's fellow-creatures.

Carlyle admitted that Sterling's intellect was not of the highest, nor his character supremely original, but his soul was of absolute purity. He was a well-wisher of the human species and desired so to use his powers that the world might benefit; but, like Carlyle himself and other lofty-minded men, he was confronted by the locked and bolted doors of social organisations. The pass-word that ensures entrance he knew but would not make use of, to become as other men; and therefore the problem remained—which is hardest for those whose talents are not pre-eminent—of how to bring his spiritual force to bear on a decadent world. A Cromwell will move through it like a thunderbolt; the voice of a Carlyle will shake the spheres; but a Sterling, of equal loyalty of heart, who will not ally himself with others, remains unseen among the crowd.

Sterling's hesitations were due not to scepticism but the difficulty of finding a practicable path through a forest-world. The ways of men, not the ways of God, perplexed him, for he was confident in the inner life of the spirit. But no man can be independent of his generation; and Carlyle has frequently remarked that even Shakespeare's work was profoundly influenced by the necessity for amusing the audience at the Globe Theatre. The significance of man to man is infinite, and Sterling could not fail to be affected by the chaos which had overtaken men's higher life: by the surrounding Cant and Atheism, and the glares of revolutionary lightning through the fog which had blotted out heaven's canopy and the eternal loadstars.¹ Looking into his own heart he was at peace, but looking out upon the world he was confused and distracted; and his duty lay in the world. He could not disunite himself from men, but neither could he find a means of doing spiritual business with them to their advantage.

It was natural that such a one in youth should lean towards Radicalism, until the awful catastrophe of Torrijos laid his world in ruins. This taught him what the French Revolution taught Carlyle: the infinite depth of reality on which man's apparently ephemeral life is based. From Radicalism, or the Philosophy of Denial, he reverted to the old Church with its corporate spiritual

¹ I. 5.

life and definite assurances : and this change was largely due to the influence of Coleridge. In chronicling it, Carlyle for the first and last time explodes into something like anger ; but it is anger against the age which had done its worst for Sterling, not against the man.¹ The "error" only lasted eight months, and thenceforth the current of Sterling's life set definitely towards literature ; and indeed the state of his health, and his enforced journeys in search of health, excluded any active career. We gather from Carlyle's criticism that in literature lay Sterling's strength, but his hand only found its cunning when the disease was in an advanced stage and energy began to fail. And we ascribe this late development to anxiety to serve mankind leading him to search for outer justification for his choice, and to his distrust of inner monitions as the flatterings of self-love.

Had he hearkened at first to the voice of nature which bade him serve an artistic apprenticeship, he would not have dissipated the precious early years in talk and action, and thus had to re-form with some pain his stiffened mental habits : only to ensure their effectual working when the night had come. Yet even in artistic matters he deferred to the judgment of the world ; for, according to Carlyle, when in Rome he pilgrimed to artistic shrines less from genuine love than "at the bidding of our poor Century, which demands that every man should do his duty as a worshipper of Art."² And this diffidence in receiving the divine message, and search for corroboration in a confused outer world, led to the material failure of his life. Only we must not for one moment suffer the true cause of his fall to escape us ; for it was not worldly success which he pursued, or even the salvation of his own soul, but the means of leading a noble life to the advantage of men. And to the difficulties which surround an intensely spiritual nature in an atheistic age must be added the "infinite susceptibility" of the poet, through which he "caught everywhere more than others the colour of the element he lived in."³

Let us now see how far the study of this book advances our excavations into the author's mind. It has been mentioned in the foregoing pages that Carlyle's friends throughout life were Irving, Sterling, and, to a less extent, Lord Ashburton. Irving was the friend of his youth, his fellow-countryman, inheritor

¹ I. 15.

² II. 27.

³ III. 7.

of the same traditions, soother of his first spiritual troubles. They fronted life together, and looked out upon the unborn future while the solidifying process of character was yet incomplete. Sterling was the friend of his choice, the one man whom he met in middle life and could take to his heart as a brother, without the assisting bonds of common youthful memories or mutual help in material difficulties.

Carlyle was a lover of his fellow-creatures, and to his social geniality full justice has now been done. The united testimony of contemporaries held him guiltless of the moroseness and lack of sympathy with which a later generation thought fit to credit him ; and the eliminating process of time is now restoring him to favour. How comes it, then, that with his capacity for friendship, and his wide circle of acquaintances whence to choose, his selection should have been limited to two or three ? It was not that he ceased to desire friendship, for reiterated complaints of loneliness become frequent in later life.

The reason is that the foundation of Carlyle's nature was simplicity, and it was inadequate to support the towering superstructure of intellect. He was unable to achieve in practice his belief that the only valuable thing a man has is his soul. He did not despise undistinguished persons, but it is probable that he was bored by more than the minimum of their society. He loved the country, but continued in London for its opportunities of consorting with highly developed men and women ; since only with those of first-rate intellectual attainments could he speak as an equal. His true self was unworldly, but two hundred years of atheism have made the soul discernible only through its outer expression in finer terms of earth. The contrary winds have blown so much choking drift sand upon the Islands of the Blest that the individual soul is unseen except through scholarly acquirements, or perfect manners, or fair possessions, or personal beauty. Decline of religion and devotion to business have reduced to zero the faculty of the "ordinary man" for speculative and disinterested thought. Carlyle glorified work, but he had little in common with the strenuous worker—except the worker in things of the mind. It was his truer voice which proclaimed good breeding to be one of the finest things in the world, and he seconded it by selecting his friends from the "unworking Aristocracy,"

whose refinement was made possible by the toil of others : even as the resplendent civilization of the Greeks reposed upon a basis of slavery.

But in Sterling he found a friend of transparent simplicity, untrammelled by sordid earthly cares, and with lofty purpose. He was not bent on making his way in the world, and therefore remained uncontaminated by the deceits of men. The absence of a regular profession substituted gentleness for the aggressive qualities developed by competition. A childlike touch of ostentation is one of the traits recorded of him by Carlyle.¹ In his primary unworldliness lay the connecting bond, in the rapid, glancing, “auroral” rays shot forth by the spirit. It may be that without a common intellectual and speculative basis of interest the friendship would have languished ; nevertheless Sterling remains the solitary example of Carlyle’s precept, that the only thing of worth about a man is his soul. It was for his soul that Carlyle loved Sterling, took pleasure in his society, and followed with interest the development of his life-drama.

Of Carlyle’s own conception and practice of friendship, this book is the fullest revelation. Throughout his works he insists that the beginning of all thought is love, that without sympathy there can be no understanding ; and the fairest fruit of his doctrine lies here. Much has been said of his unworldliness, of his dismissal of the charges of imposture brought against Mahomet, Cromwell and others ; of his forgetfulness of Dr. Johnson’s faults in his virtues. And if his own fundamental simplicity was frustrated by a decadent age, he remained mentally true to his nature. We need not repeat the examples copiously given from the essays of his interest in the small things of life and the week-day doings of ordinary people.

The most striking quality in this biography of a friend is his sympathy. Convinced of the goodness of Sterling’s soul, he follows its voyage in the body to its mournful conclusion with an eye made more penetrating by personal love. Had their paths never crossed, and had Sterling’s *Life* yet fallen to his pen, we doubt not that a work the same in all essentials would have been the result. By reading and meditation and his own unflinching reverence for a creature of God he would have come to see into the heart

¹ I. 7.

of his subject. We shudder to think how certain episodes of Sterling's life would have been handled by the worldly-minded Macaulay. With what glee Macaulay would have held up to ridicule Sterling's share in the Torrijos expedition : his exchange at the eleventh hour of its hardships and dangers for the delights of marriage ! But Carlyle knew that man's soul was the work of God, and he treated that over which the world had not drawn its thick veils as a divine revelation. If, as we say, Sterling's life would have shaped itself to a thing of beauty in his hands independent of personal communion, how much greater is the interest when the man was his friend ! Pater regretted the jealous guard held by the ancients over those personal movements of the mind which double the interest of objective informations.¹ Carlyle by the direct touch in his *Life of Sterling* has doubled the interest of his former biographical essays.

The only break in his sympathy is for the episode of the curacy ; and his anger, as we saw, was directed against the age which had done its worst for Sterling. Otherwise he follows out Sterling's desire to lead a noble life for the benefit of humanity, and the causes which baffled him at every turn : from bad health by which a parliamentary career became impossible, to lack of depth of tune in his verse.² He had himself counselled Sterling to speak his thought rather than sing it, as these wild revolutionary days were no time for song ; but he recognised that Sterling's judgment was not deflected from his proper sphere of prose by vanity. It was thus that he thought he could best serve the world, and his chagrin at failure was least of a personal kind. To the purity of his will Carlyle does full justice, and he records his own reluctance to wound Sterling with the unfavourable verdicts on his poems he was obliged in truth to give, and the manly spirit in which they were received. Also the delight with which he hailed the merit of his latest work,³ which, alas, the advancing shadow enwrapped before completion. He is at pains to elucidate that the true bent of Sterling's mind was artistic rather than devotional ;⁴ but through self-sacrifice he had exchanged the monitions of nature for the hearsays of the world, and returned to his appointed course too late. Yet never had Carlyle's doctrine of the

¹ *Marius the Epicurean*, ch. 25.

² III. 6.

³ III. 1.

⁴ II. 3.

superiority of the spirit to the work found more triumphant vindication.

Carlyle's practice of friendship is likewise illuminated by the perusal of this book. He valued a friend as the companion of his soul, detached from all worldly considerations; and it was this basis of unworldliness which supported for him Sterling's further qualities of refined breeding and developed intellect, and admitted him only to the centre out of the hundreds of other gifted men and women who thronged the porches of his mind. It was through him that Carlyle tasted the pleasures of disinterested conversation; and the world became more beautiful to him in the Sterling years—more worthy of love for its own sake and less of a vanishing mirage on the bosom of night. We surmise that the neighbourhood of a sympathetic spirit caused an abatement of the nervous fear which hindered enjoyment of the present. We recall his vision of Kensington Gardens in the summer twilight as he passed to Sterling's house in Bayswater;¹ and many another touch brings home to us the lessened loneliness of the soul.

He sees in the present what hitherto he has seen only in the past; and in this may be included the famous description of Coleridge; for he had himself attended Coleridge's informal “lecture,” on one of his first visits to London. Whence he derived the material with which he created the portrait of Torrijos and his unfortunate followers, we do not know; for he says distinctly that the name of Torrijos might never afterwards be mentioned in Sterling's presence.² But we can hardly think that such a portrait originated in scraps of biographical information, and did not rather unconsciously grow up in his mind from the cherished memories of inspired friendly communion. The origin of the third wonderful portrait, that of Captain Edward Sterling,³ father of John, lies open to all. It rivals his best historical portraits, with the added psychological interest of living personal touch.

And this touch extends to the background and setting of Sterling's life: to the far-off countries where he journeyed in search of health, or the native scenes where he pitched his tent for a while; from the volcanic island of St. Vincent, in its mirror of summer seas, to idealised Bayswater; from the Gironde with

¹ II. 4.

² I. 13.

³ III. 5.

its associations of Montaigne to the clean little packet town of Falmouth. The world had indeed grown more beautiful to Carlyle in the Sterling years. . . .

Moreover, he emphasises a lesson we are prone to forget in these days of collective movements of men on an unprecedented scale : the infinite importance of the single human spirit. The fate of France in the Revolution, of England under Cromwell, does not concern us more strongly than this of the individual John Sterling. He was of no surpassing talent ; he did no great thing in the world ; and, apart from the present volume, he would have been forgotten. But Carlyle has penetrated to the depth necessary to prove him a brother man, and we are therefore entranced by his spiritual vicissitudes : awestruck at the recoil on his mind of the Torrijos catastrophe ; deeply moved by the stilling of the theological tumult effected by hermit life in the Gironde ; hoping or sorrowing at the rise and failure of his poetical compositions.

CHAPTER XXXIV

BEGINNING OF "FREDERICK"—TRAVELS IN GERMANY—MOTHER'S DEATH—WORK AT "FREDERICK" IN SOUND-PROOF ROOM—RAILWAY-CARRIAGE INCIDENT—DEATH OF LADY ASHBURTON—PROGRESS OF "FREDERICK"

1852-62

ON his return from the Grange Carlyle settled to read books on Frederick, but the subject as yet had far from gripped him, and he seemed to make no progress.¹ The first months of the year were uneventful; only in June certain outpourings of his sombre mood to Emerson deserve recollection. He feels that he has become a grim Ishmaelite, dreads the gloom of approaching old age, is solitary and heavy-laden. "For the rest . . . I cannot part with *you* . . . and so . . . you must get into the way of holding yourself obliged . . . to a kind of *dialogue* with me." Writing of his work, he regrets that he cannot *love* Frederick, or even *see* him clearly. . . ."²

In July the house in Cheyne Row was subjected to a "new-modelling,"³ which included such large items as enlargement of the library, shifting of chimneys, improvement of windows. . . . The presence of workmen was aggravated by excessive heat, and Mrs. Carlyle soon despatched her husband on a visit to Erskine at Linlathen, and "found herself," as she expressed it, "in the career open to her particular talents." The horrible confusion threatened to protract itself indefinitely, and servant troubles supervened, till the advent of "Irish Fanny" brought peace for a time. More than once she collapsed from over-exertion or

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 125.

² Correspondence Carlyle and Emerson, ii. 211-16.

³ *Reminiscences*, i. 193-4.

1852 the effect of the smell of paint, and she would shift her sleeping
(56) quarters according to the exigencies of the situation.¹ Looking back in after years, Carlyle fully recognised the heroic nature of her struggle.

From Linlathen he had journeyed to Scotsbrig, and was meditating a tour in Germany connected with his work on *Frederick*. He wished his wife, who had never been abroad, to accompany him "You surely deserve this one little pleasure ; there are so few you can get from me in this world," he wrote.² But with the house in its unfinished condition she preferred to remain, and urged him to go alone.³ On August 29th he embarked at Leith in a Rotterdam steamer, and safely reached Bonn, where the faithful Joseph Neuberger awaited him. Neuberger was a retired merchant, a man of "perfect integrity and serious reflective temper," whom Carlyle had known since 1840 ; who had often been his voluntary amanuensis ; and who now in the matter of *Frederick* proved himself invaluable, and worth "ten couriers."⁴ He travelled down the Rhine, visited Weimar, where he saw the houses of Goethe and Schiller, and dined with the Grand Duchess. Lobositz in the "Saxon Switzerland," near Dresden, was one of the battle scenes which he viewed, and also Kunersdorf, on his way to Berlin, where Frederick sustained his severest defeat from the Russians. From Berlin he saw Potsdam and Sans Souci, and, through the influence of the Ambassador, obtained leave to read the Library books at home. Laments were not wanting in moments of depression, and great emphasis was laid on the shortcomings of the German beds, and their effect on a "thin-skinned sleeper."⁵ To his wife he wrote, "Oh, I do wish these sleepless, joyless, sad and weary wanderings were at an end. . . . And you too, poor little weary soul ! You are quite worn out with that accursed 'thorough repair.' . . . Driven out of the house again, and sleeping solitary in a little lodging ! I declare it makes me quite sad to think of it. . . ." ⁶ "I have seen many curious and pleasant things," he had written in a previous letter ; and yet,

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 131-3. Letters J.W.C., ii. 157-8, 174-5, 183-4, 197. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 37-41, 46.

² Froude, iv. 96.

³ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 42, 43.

⁴ *Reminiscences*, i. 191-2, *note*.

⁵ Letters J.W.C., ii. 180. New Letters T.C., ii. 134-7.

⁶ Froude, iv. 117.

when the journey was over, he recurred to it in his gloomiest strain : " It was . . . done as in some shirt of Nessus ; misery and dyspeptic degradation, inflammation, and insomnia tracking every step of me. . . . " ^{1852 (56)}

It was the middle of October when Carlyle returned to Chelsea, and the painting was still unfinished. With his wife he visited the Ashburtons at the Grange, and finally settled at home in November. On the 12th we find him writing to his neighbour, Mr. Remington, requesting with much courtesy the removal of a crowing cock, and allotting the blame more to his own weak health and nerves than any excess on the part of the cock : and his request was at once complied with.² *Frederick* still continued a "questionable" subject ; his heart was not in it ; and his hero seemed as deep buried in the "slough of nonsense" as Cromwell, while not one tenth part as worthy the toil of exhumation.³

The tough, unpleasing nature of his subject continued to be Carlyle's theme, and we see the beginning of the seclusion which was to be total before the completion of his vast undertaking. He now read no books unrelated to his work, and ceased not to lament that no *genial* book existed on *Frederick*, and that he himself lacked sufficient *love* for him.⁴ In May he wrote to Emerson : " You shall not know all the sad reflections I have made upon your silence within the last year. I never doubted your fidelity of heart . . . but it seemed as if practically *Old Age* had come upon the scene here too. . . . In fact, I have properly no voice at all ; and yours . . . was the unique among my fellow-creatures, from which came full response and discourse of reason." ^{1853 (57)}

In the first days of July Mrs. Carlyle paid a week's visit to her uncle at Liverpool, and thence journeyed to Moffat, Dumfriesshire, to stay with John Carlyle, who, the preceding autumn, had married a widowed lady—Mrs. Phœbe Watt.⁶ Her next destination was Scotsbrig, after which, as she wrote to Mrs. Russell, there was a chance that she might summon up courage to revisit Templand for the first time since her mother's death. But about

¹ Froude, iv. 116, 120.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 139-40.

³ Letters J.W.C., ii. 209. New Letters T.C., ii. 142.

⁴ New Letters T.C., ii. 148, 149.

⁵ Correspondence Carlyle and Emerson, ii. 220-1.

⁶ New Letters T.C., ii. 146, *note*. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 61.

1853
(57)

the middle of July came disquieting news of the health of Carlyle's mother, and she resolved to return to her husband after Scotsbrig.¹

For some time the elder Mrs. Carlyle had been ailing, and at the end of June Carlyle had written to John : " The thing that I have feared, all my life ever since consciousness arose in me, is now inevitably not distant. . . . No sterner thought ever fixed itself in my mind. . . . The Past is now all that we have ; in the Future there *can* be rationally no store of hope for us." ² To his mother he wrote a few days later : " Whatever other things have gone wrong with me, the love of my true Mother never went wrong. . . . Oh thank you, thank you, dear pious-hearted Mother, for the precious breeding you gave me. . . . I think, the older I grow, the more entirely I feel myself my Father's and my Mother's Son ; and have more and more reason to be thankful, and piously proud, that I had such Parents." ³

In the third week of July Mrs. Carlyle arrived at Scotsbrig, and her mother-in-law for the last time rose and dressed to receive her. " My Jane," wrote Carlyle, " she had always honoured as queen of us all." ⁴ The visit only lasted a few days, during which the elder Mrs. Carlyle lapsed into a trance and recovered from it to the removal of all immediate anxiety.⁵ Mrs. Carlyle appears to have left Scotsbrig prematurely, to the regret of the assembled family, and to have stayed rather more than a week at Liverpool before her return to Chelsea on August 1st.⁶ It was her last visit to Liverpool, as her uncle died in October.⁷

Carlyle had not left London, but with his wife he spent the last three weeks of September at Addiscombe, lent by the Ashburtons. At Chelsea another upheaval was in progress—the construction of the " sound-proof " room, which belied its name, on the roof, as a study, where he wrote nearly the whole of *Frederick*.⁸

- (58) December was spent at the Grange with the Ashburtons and a large party. News from Scotsbrig ill disposed Carlyle for brilliant social functions, and Mrs. Carlyle was preoccupied with one of the minor annoyances of their life. This was the

¹ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 63-4. Letters J.W.C., ii. 219-20.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 151.

³ Ibid., ii. 152-3.

⁴ Letters J.W.C., ii. 221.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 221-30.

⁶ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 65-7.

⁷ Letters J.W.C., ii. 233.

⁸ Ibid., ii. 235-6.

presence of poultry, with the inevitable noise, at 6, Cheyne Row ; and she made a journey from the Grange to London to effect a settlement of the nuisance. She records that Lady Ashburton and some others asked her husband why he did not order the affair himself, and his answer: " Oh, I should only spoil the thing; she is sure to manage it." His faith was justified, and, at the cost of £5, she succeeded in getting the people bound down legally, under a penalty of £10 and immediate notice to quit, never to keep fowls again on the premises.¹

While still in London she was joined by Carlyle, who on December 20th had heard worse news from Scotsbrig, and was about to travel thither to see his mother before she died. Froude makes the strange remark that he wrote as if Lady Ashburton had given him leave to go.² We would rather suggest that he was pleased to let it appear thus to a kind hostess, whose party he was making incomplete, with the true politeness, which, as he says himself, belonged to Dr. Johnson and all men of genius.³ On the 23rd he reached Scotsbrig, and found to his great relief that his mother yet lived. " It was my Mother, and not my Mother," he wrote in after years ; " the last pale *rim* or sickle of the moon, which had once been *full*, now sinking in the dark seas." ⁴ It was on Friday when Carlyle reached her, and she lived till the Sunday afternoon. Her mind wandered at times, but was clear at others, and she recognized her children about her. When told that Tom had come to bid her good-night, she said, in the last words she ever spoke to him : " I'm muckle obliged t'ye." She died about four in the afternoon of the 25th, aged eighty-three.⁵

" Your grief for your mother must be altogether sweet and soft," wrote Mrs. Carlyle. " You must feel that you have always been a good son to her ; that you have always appreciated her as she deserved, and that she knew this, and loved you to the last moment. . . . I was not the dutiful child to my mother that you have been to yours."⁶

Carlyle returned to Chelsea at the beginning of January and spent the following weeks in seclusion. The entire year tended

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 237-40.

² Froude, iv. 141.

³ See " Shooting Niagara."

⁴ *Reminiscences*, i. 195.

⁵ Letters J.W.C., ii. 242-3. New Letters T.C., ii. 159-63.

⁶ Letters J.W.C., ii. 243-4.

1854
(58)

to be uneventful, being passed in London, engaged in the sad task of beginning the intractable *Frederick*. Not till the autumn could he report that "the heavy wheels are going round at last, and the big wagon making some way through its sea of quagmires."¹ "The insuperable difficulty of Frederick," he wrote to Emerson, "is that he, the genuine little ray of Veritable and Eternal that was in him, lay imbedded in the putrid Eighteenth Century, such an Ocean of sordid nothingness, shams and scandalous hypocrisies, as never weltered in the world before."² On November 8th, while at Windsor inspecting engravings connected with his subject, he was sought out by Prince Albert and engaged in conversation on the portraits of Frederick.³ To turn to lighter matters, it was this October that he first grew a beard: at the instance of Lord Ashburton, who combined with Mrs. Carlyle to remove his razors. Carlyle was an unwilling convert, but pleased by the daily economy of half an hour.

Earlier in the year a remarkable interview had occurred between Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Montagu, the "Noble Lady." Mrs. Montagu had befriended the Carlyles when they first lived in London, but being of a whimsical disposition, had taken offence because they received a servant discharged by her daughter-in-law; and their paths had diverged. She now impressed Mrs. Carlyle as awaiting death with a kind of Pagan grandeur, and her talk was of Edward Irving and the past.⁴

The news of the death of old Mary, her mother's dependent, reached Mrs. Carlyle in the autumn.⁵ Another death of the same period was John Carlyle's wife, after two years of marriage, largely caused by imprudent railway excursions.⁶

In his Journal of February 28th Carlyle had written: "Oh pious Mother! kind, good, brave and truthful soul as I have ever found in this world, your poor Tom, long out of his school-days now, has fallen very lonely, very lame and broken in this pilgrimage of his; and you cannot help him or cheer him by a kind word any more."⁷ On the anniversary we find him writing

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 169.

² Correspondence Carlyle and Emerson, ii. 239.

³ New Letters T.C., ii. 167-9.

⁴ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 75-7.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 77.

⁶ New Letters T.C., ii. 166. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 78.

⁷ Froude, iv. 149.

to his sister Mrs. Aitken, once "Craw" Jean: "To you who have children of your own, and are so many years younger, the breach will gradually heal itself: but for me, I feel constantly as if I were henceforth irrecoverably an impoverished man." 1854
(58)

We must picture Carlyle in these years sitting in his upper room—which some later improvements had made more worthy its name of "sound-proof"—absorbed in his gigantic task. The sorest of all his tasks, it equalled *Cromwell* for drudgery, and infinitely surpassed it in length; while the "desperate dead-lift pull" ² required to keep it in motion taxed almost to extinction the failing vitality of age. He restricted his correspondence, withdrew from his friends, and conserved horse exercise alone as relaxation and means to health. He reckoned in the thirteen years covered by *Frederick* to have ridden 30,000 miles.³ 1855
(59)

The writer of a work of the highest order of genius, however, while his base is the Earth, must pay his way like an ordinary mortal, and Carlyle was not immune from financial claims. His income, derived from his books, his savings (of about £2,000), and the rent of Craigenputtock, is reckoned at £400.⁴ He had been used to allow his wife £200 for the housekeeping, but the universal rise in prices had made this sum insufficient; and on February 12th she drafted her famous "Budget of a Femme Incomprise."⁵ As with her soliloquy at Haddington, no quotation could do justice to the cumulative effect of the telling sentences of this little piece. The gist of it is that she was tired of hearing in answer to spoken requests that "she pestered his life out about money." She had therefore drawn up a statement showing with invincible logic the advance of claims upon resources. Her request was for £30 a year, and she pointed out sources whence the money might be drawn: one was the curtailment of her own dress allowance, and another, the suspension of the £5 which he expended in presents for her.

Carlyle accepted his rebuke with the utmost good-humour, and wrote in answer: "Excellent, my dear clever Goody, thriftiest, wittiest, and cleverest of women. I will set thee up again to a certainty, and thy £30 more shall be granted, thy bits of debts paid, and thy will be done."⁶

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 170.

² Ibid., i. 201.

³ Ibid., iv. 162-70.

⁴ *Reminiscences*, i. 200.

Froude, iv. 160-2.

Ibid., iv. 170.

1855
(59)

The Crimean War, which he looked upon as a huge blunder, was now in progress; and the failure in organisation inclined many to admit the truth of his "Latter-Day" prophecies.¹

In August he spent ten days at Woodbridge, Suffolk, with Edward FitzGerald, the famous translator of Omar, with whom he had explored Naseby field in *Gromwell* days. He enjoyed some good bathing, was pleased with the simple farm life, and extended his visit to Aldborough, where he became acquainted with the poet Crabbe's son. He summarised FitzGerald as "an excellent, modest and affectionate character."²

Addiscombe having again been placed at the Carlyles' disposal, they moved thither on August 30th. Carlyle remained for three weeks fixed at his work, but Mrs. Carlyle preferred to return to London and visit him at intervals.³

We have now reached the period of Mrs. Carlyle's Journal, which represents her moods of exhaustion at their lowest, and, for the sake of fairness, we must quote one or two characteristic extracts.

"Oct. 22. . . . That eternal Bath House. I wonder how many thousand miles Mr. C. has walked between there and here, putting it all together; setting up always another milestone and another betwixt himself and me. Oh, good gracious! when I first noticed that heavy yellow house without knowing, or caring to know, who it belonged to, how far I was from dreaming that through years and years I should carry every stone's weight of it on my heart. . . ."

"Nov. 6. . . . They must be comfortable people who have leisure to think about going to Heaven! My most constant and pressing anxiety is to keep out of Bedlam. . . ."

"Nov. 7. . . . What a sick day this has been with me. Oh, my mother! nobody sees when I am suffering now; and I have learnt to suffer 'all to myself.' . . ."

"Dec. 11. . . . I wish this Grange business were well over. . . . To have to care for my dress at this time of day more than I ever did when young and pretty and happy . . . on penalty of being regarded as a blot on the Grange gold and azure, is really too bad. *Ach Gott!* if we had been left in the sphere

¹ Froude, iv. 173.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 174-5.

³ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 82, *note*. Letters J.W.C., ii. 250.

of life we belong to, how much better it would have been for us in many ways !”¹ 1855 (59)

We have already advanced the opinion that the cause of this anguish of mind was in Mrs. Carlyle herself, and that her husband should be acquitted of any feelings towards Lady Ashburton but those of friendship. It must also be remembered that she persisted in the practice of taking morphia against sleeplessness. But there is one charge brought by Froude against Carlyle that is worth consideration : the charge of want of perception. This he shared with many other men of the imaginative order of genius, whose minds do not move in a line—to and from the fact—but in the circle of ideas suggested by the fact, ever expanding till, like Hamlet, they tend to lose sight of the fact itself. Did not Rossetti absorb himself in his poetry, to the exclusion of concern for the dying condition of his wife ? Was it not impossible to rouse Wordsworth, under the cloud of inspiration, to the danger which threatened his child ? Did not Milton train his daughters, who knew nothing of Greek or Hebrew, to read these languages to him aloud, unconscious of the rage and mutiny he was sowing in their hearts ? Did not Scott, to take a more genial instance, once nearly drive his good-natured wife to despair by failing to notice a revolution in upholstery which had been contrived in his absence ?

Early in January the Carlyles returned to Chelsea after what proved to be their last Grange Christmas under the presidency of Lady Ashburton.² Mrs. Carlyle's Journal extends through the first half of the year ; and, although mental prostration seems to have given place to physical, and the complaint most heard is “weakness,” its tone becomes less despairing, and it passes into a chronicle of her social doings. In April she records a sudden meeting with George Rennie, one of her earliest admirers : how it brought back her youth, conjured away her weakness, and made her a different woman. “I slept all the better for my little bit of happiness,” she wrote next day.³ 1856 (60)

In May Carlyle wrote to his sister Mrs. Aitken that he was advancing in his task with less of despair and hoped to send some volumes to press in the autumn.

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 254-69.

² Ibid., ii. 278.

³ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 94.

1856
(60)

From the decision to go north by the middle of July, owing to excessive heat, has sprung the much-discussed "railway-carriage incident." Lady Ashburton, who was travelling to Ross-shire, had engaged a kind of royal saloon, and offered accommodation to the Carlyles. Froude implies that Mrs. Carlyle was subjected to humiliation because she was placed in the adjoining compartment with her husband, the family doctor, and the maid ; while Lady Ashburton occupied the saloon alone. Of Lady Ashburton's illness at the time he makes no mention. Carlyle supplies this fact, and also writes of the heat and dust, describing the journey as "physically almost the most uncomfortable he ever made." The saloon proved a failure, and its axle took fire, but apart from this, writes Carlyle, "we had suffered much from dust and even from foul air, so that, at last, I got the door opened, and sat with my head and shoulders stretched out backward, into the wind." We may therefore infer that if Mrs. Carlyle's memories of the journey were unpleasant, the reason was physical rather than moral. Writing to Mrs. Russell within the next fortnight, she speaks of the journey and the saloon engaged by Lady Ashburton : "So having lots of room to spare, she offered one day to carry both Mr. C. and me along with her free of all trouble and expense ; and the offer was both too kind and too convenient to be refused." ¹

Carlyle left Edinburgh to visit his sister Mary Austin at the Gill, near Annan, about ten miles from Scotsbrig. He was much soothed by her kindness, by the silence and solitude of the country, and the opportunities for riding and bathing. At the beginning of September he travelled far north to the Ashburtons, who were "deer-stalking" in a country "thrice as wild as Craigenputtock." Thence he returned to Scotsbrig, where his youngest brother, Jamie, and Isabella now became his hosts in place of the departed Mother. He writes to Alick in Canada how, with Jamie, he visited Ecclefechan Churchyard. "There they all lay ; Father, Mother, and Margaret's grave between them ; silent now, they that were wont to be so speechful when one came among them after an absence. . . . Your little Bairns lie near on the right. . . ." ²

¹ Froude, iv. 181-2. *Reminiscences*, i. 204-6. Letters J.W.C., ii. 278. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 115-17.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 180-2.

Mrs. Carlyle proceeded to pay a number of visits : to her 1856
 cousins at Auchtertool, her aunts in Edinburgh, the Miss Donald- (60)
 sons at Haddington, Scotsbrig, and Mrs. Russell at Thornhill
 —where she at last made up her mind to venture for the first
 time since her mother's death. On August 8th she was at Sunny
 Bank, Haddington, with the two dear old women—reduced to
 two since the death of their sister Kate. Her godmother, Miss
 Donaldson, now nearly blind, and the sister Miss Jess, greeted
 her with cries of “Jeannie, Jeannie !” “Oh, my own bairn !”
 “My angel !” Their chief employment was to search for gifts
 to bestow upon her, until she left them on the 18th, to return
 to her aunts. Between herself and these latter relations the gulf
 of orthodoxy had lain in former days, but no hint of disagreement
 now was heard. “I am glad I stayed,” she writes, “for henceforth
 I shall feel to have aunts, which is a gain to one who has no
 brothers or sisters. . . .” Her love went out towards the homely,
 and she declined a visit to a Castle where the motive was “the
 honour of the thing.” It sounded too icy “with all those tears
 and kisses I brought away from Haddington, still moist and warm
 on my heart, tears and kisses bestowed on me for the sake of my
 dead father and mother.” She must have reached Thornhill
 about September 23rd, and though we have no letters, the un-
 qualified success of the visit may be inferred from the heightened
 affection in her subsequent correspondence with Mrs. Russell.
 From it we learn that Dr. Russell gave his advice against
 morphia.¹

Autumn saw a recurrence of servant troubles, the first cause
 of which was the detection by Mrs. Carlyle of certain insects
 against which she had warred heroically in the past. She again
 fell ill, and was subjected to the rather overwhelming ministrations
 of Miss Jewsbury, who now lived in London. The horse pur-
 chased by Carlyle in November he named Fritz, after the hero of
 his great work.²

The *undoable* task which Carlyle lamented had fallen to him 1857
 in old age, with hope much dead in him, began to show signs (61)
 of progress this year ; and in May he could announce that two
 volumes were going to press.³ He had seen Lady Ashburton

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 278–303. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 115–24.

² Letters J.W.C., ii. 304–6. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 126–8.

³ New Letters T.C., ii. 184–5.

1857 (61) the preceding October before her departure for Nice. She had there suffered from illness, and on May 4th she died suddenly in Paris.¹ "The honour of her constant regard had for ten years back been among my proudest and most valued possessions," he wrote. . . . "In no society, English or other, had I seen the equal or the second of this great lady."² Mrs. Carlyle also describes the event as shocking by its suddenness, and the miserable effect Addiscombe made on her at her next visit: "Everything exactly as she had left it; and yet such a difference!"³

Carlyle was too busy with the printing of *Frederick* to leave London, but Mrs. Carlyle, whose influenza had extended over the first four months of the year, was sadly in need of change. In the middle of July she was despatched to Scotland to visit her "Cousins and Aunts and dear old Friends at Haddington."⁴ Thornhill she could not face again, because of the intensity of the emotions which it generated. At Haddington she drove out with the beloved Miss Donaldsons, and read to them in the evenings till she was as "hoarse as a crow." She confessed herself as content as she could ever hope to be in this world: the cause of it, we must add, was the love poured out upon her by these saint-like old ladies. At the least hint of departure they "fluttered" on their chairs like frightened birds and uttered plaintive sobbing protests. Of her visits to Auchtertool, and her aunts at Edinburgh, there is little to record, save that with the latter, on Sunday, five sermons were read to her. Of her husband's letters, which she anxiously awaited, she wrote: "The last two or three letters I turned quite sick at the sight of, and had to catch at a chair and sit down trembling before I could open and read them."—"Oh, I was blind," wrote Carlyle in after years, "not to see how *brittle* was that thread of noble celestial (almost more than terrestrial) life; how much it was all in all to me, and how impossible it should long be left with me."⁵ He was delighted by her approval of *Frederick*, which she pronounced the best of all his books. This was to him "the one bit of pure sunshine" in that "dismal and inexpressible enterprise."⁶

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 184-5.

² Letters J.W.C., ii. 310.

³ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 135, 139.

⁴ Ibid., ii. 158.

⁵ *Reminiscences*, i. 208.

⁶ New Letters T.C., ii. 186. Letters J.W.C., ii. 310-42. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 140-57.

"By God's favour," he had written soon after her departure, 1857
 "I will get rid of this deplorable task in not a disgraceful manner. (61)
Then for the rest of our life we will be more to one another than
 ever we were, if it please Heaven." ¹ We must include a sentence
 from another of his letters of this period: "I know you for an
 honest soul, far too sharp-tempered, but *true* to the bone; and
 if ever I am or was unkind to you, God knows it was very far
 against my purpose." ²

She returned on September 7th, to be welcomed by her husband
 and Nero: though the latter, aroused from slumber, fell short
 in enthusiasm. But Carlyle has recorded that, during her absence,
 when returning from a walk, he would run up to her room
 —with the result that he himself became *wae*.³

As usual, Mrs. Carlyle fell a victim to influenza in the winter, 1858
 and a purposed visit of a few days to the Grange in January had (62)
 to be undertaken by Carlyle alone. The death of Lady Ashburton
 had left such a blank that she did not regret this, and in a letter to
 Mrs. Russell described the reluctance with which she had faced
 the prospect: "The same houseful of visitors; the same elaborate
 apparatus for living; and the life of the whole thing gone out
 of it!" ⁴ Again her confinement to the house extended over
 months, and a letter of February gives a summary of the day.
 She preferred to utilise the time between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.
 in writing or sewing or other private matters. "I dine between
 two and three; and from three till six I am seldom without callers.
 Then comes Mr. C.'s dinner, at which I look on, and tell him
 the news of the day. . . ." ⁵ Carlyle has also left a picture of
 his day during these toilsome *Frederick* years. "She was habitually
 in the feeblest health; often, for long whiles, grievously ill.
 Yet by an alchemy all her own, she had extracted grains as of
 gold out of every day, and seldom or never failed to have something
 bright and pleasant to tell me, when I reached home after my
 evening ride, the most foredone of men. . . . All the rest of
 the day, I sat silent aloft, insisting upon work. . . . Home
 between five and six. . . . I tried for an hour's sleep before my
 . . . bit of dinner; but first *always* came up for half an hour
 to the drawing-room and Her; where a bright kindly fire was

¹ Froude, iv. 190.

² *Ibid.*, iv. 193.

³ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 158-9. Froude, iv. 190.

⁴ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 172.

⁵ *Ibid.*, ii. 176.

1858
(62) sure to be burning. . . . Oh those evening half-hours, how beautiful and blessed they were, not awaiting me now on my home-coming. . . . She was oftenest reclining on the sofa ; wearied enough, she too, with her day's doings and endurings. But her history, even of what was bad, had such grace and truth, and spontaneous tinkling melody of a naturally cheerful and loving heart, I never anywhere enjoyed the like. . . ." ¹

On June 12th Carlyle wrote that the printing of the first two volumes was completed ; ² and on the 24th he started for Scotland to stay with his sister at the Gill.³ The strain of the book had been severe upon him, and a kind of collapse now set in. Some noteworthy passages occur in the first letters exchanged between husband and wife. She writes : " To see you constantly discontented, and as much so with me, apparently, as with all other things, when I have neither the strength and spirits to bear up against your discontent, nor the obtuseness to be indifferent to it—that has done me more harm than you have the least notion of." ⁴ And Carlyle : " I lay awake all last night, and never had I such a series of hours filled altogether with you. . . . Alas ! and I had to say to myself, ' This is something like what she has suffered 700 times within the last two years.' My poor, heavy-laden, brave, uncomplaining Jeannie ! Oh, forgive me, forgive me for the much I have thoughtlessly done and omitted, far, far, at all times, from the poor purpose of my mind. . . ." ⁵ Further proof of his weakened state is the confession that if mention was made of any tragic topic, he nearly broke down and became inarticulate with emotion.⁶

In the last days of July Mrs. Carlyle left London for Bay House, Alverstoke, where she was the guest of the Miss Barings—sisters of Lord Ashburton—till August 24th. Her health improved, thanks to the nearness of the sea, the beautiful grounds, and long drives in an open carriage ; and her hostesses were " quiet, kind, clever people to live with." ⁷ On the 27th she left London for Scotland, and stayed with Mrs. Pringle, Lann Hall, Dumfriesshire. She took the opportunity to revisit Craigenputtock, which produced " ghastly sensations," but for the most part she thoroughly

¹ *Reminiscences*, i. 201-2.

² *Letters J.W.C.*, ii. 346.

³ *Froude*, iv. 211.

⁷ *Letters J.W.C.*, ii. 367-74. *New Letters J.W.C.*, ii. 192-5.

⁴ *New Letters T.C.*, ii. 192.

⁵ *Ibid.*, ii. 348.

⁶ *Ibid.*, iv. 212.

enjoyed the hearty hospitality of the north—the “explosion of lunches” in her honour—and confessed to feeling twenty years younger. The vicinity of Thornhill tempted her to visit Mrs. Russell for the second time; though “the dreadful need of her Mother”¹ had made such a step seem improbable when discussed from London.²

1858
(62)

Carlyle was enduring his second German tour, undertaken with the purpose of viewing the Silesian battlefields. He reached Hamburg on August 24th, and, after some wanderings, met Neuberg in Berlin. He had taken cold from bathing in the Baltic, and this aggravated the horrors of the journey to Berlin. Thence he started southward; and names of towns like Breslau and Prag, or fields like Molwitz and Leuthen, familiar to the reader of *Frederick*, succeed each other in his letters. He makes discriminating remarks on peoples and scenery: describing the Bohemians, for instance, as “Irish with the addition of ill-nature.” Hardships were not wanting, such as a fearful inn at Prag, “a bed . . . eighteen inches too short, and a mattress forced into it which cocked up at both ends as if you had been in the trough of a saddle. . . . We left it at 4 a.m. to do the hardest day’s work of any . . . in a wicked vehicle with a spavined horse, amid clouds of dust, under a blazing sun. . . .”³

On September 23rd he was again in Cheyne Row; and Mrs. Carlyle followed on the 29th.⁴ At the beginning of October the two volumes of *Frederick* were published with resounding success: dismissed by their writer as “noise.”⁵ Lord Ashburton now married a second time: his bride being Miss Stuart Mackenzie—and the friendship with the Carlyles continued unbroken.⁶ Before the close of the year we hear of an “expensive luxury,” in the form of a hired brougham, which Carlyle provided for his wife twice a week.⁷

The strain of the second half of *Frederick* was not likely to prove lighter than the first; for, as Mrs. Carlyle said, he had never taken heartily to the subject and never loved it.⁸ Towards the end of April she again succumbed to illness, and, Carlyle still

1859
(63)

¹ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 183.

² Letters J.W.C., ii. 377–81. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 195–200.

³ Froude, iv. 216–27.

⁴ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 198–200.

⁵ New Letters T.C., ii. 193–4.

⁶ Froude, iv. 229–30.

⁷ Letters J.W.C., ii. 393.

⁸ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 201.

1859 (63) feeling the effect of his German tour and making ill progress with his work, it was decided to go north before the end of June.¹

About this time died Isabella Carlyle, wife of Jamie, the youngest brother, of whom we know least. The approach of their marriage had drawn forth the one recorded unkind communication from Carlyle to a member of his family.² We know that his forebodings were not justified, and Isabella and the Mother "did very handsomely together." Indeed, six years previously, on her death-bed, the Mother told Mrs. Carlyle that Isabella had often been kind to her, and always kindest when they were alone together and she had no one else to depend on.³ But all doings, handsome or otherwise, were concluded now that both parties had relinquished their place in life. Of Isabella we are told little, save that Mrs. Carlyle praises her attentions and politeness.⁴ She fills but a small space in the Carlyle picture; but the great central figure has taught us the superiority of fact to fiction, and the profound interest in every life; and hence we linger for a moment over her passing.

Mrs. Carlyle left London on June 23rd for Haddington, and, after a visit of a few days to her dear old ladies, joined her husband, who had travelled to Scotland by steamer. They took up their residence at a farmhouse called Humble, near Aberdour, on the coast of the Forth. Carlyle began a vigorous course of riding and bathing, and adopted a diet of "soft food"; the last time that he tried the "boy method" of reviving his sunken energies. For Mrs. Carlyle, who was still weak, he procured a donkey, known as a "cuddy," from Dumfriesshire. She pays tribute to the purity of the air, the beauty of the view, the comfort of the rooms, but concludes: "Decidedly there is everything here needed for happiness, but just *one* thing—the faculty of being happy." Fife, to Carlyle, was rather peopled with ghosts of the past, especially Kirkcaldy with its Irving associations. He seems to have indulged to excess in bathing, and brought on a bilious crisis: with the result that Mrs. Carlyle again lets the simile of keeping a madhouse escape her. At the close of the period of rustication, Carlyle spent three weeks in Annandale, and Mrs. Carlyle what proved to be her last days with the Miss Donaldsons. She

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 202.

² Letters J.W.C., ii. 223.

³ See Chapter XI.

⁴ Ibid., ii. 223, 226.

arrived in London on September 23rd, having broken the journey at York and slept alone at an inn for the second time in her life : the first being her memorable experience in the George Inn, Haddington.¹ 1859
(63)

Soon after settling at home she complained that the "terrific" journey from Scotland—as indeed it was to one with her sensitive organisation—undid the benefit from the pure air of Fife. She found a remedy for depression in "housemaiding"—that is, dusting books and making chair-covers, before her husband's return in October.² A sad accident to Nero occurred this month, the ultimate cause of his death, though he now appeared to recover. A butcher's cart passed over his throat, and it was ten days before he could "raise a bark."³

Carlyle re-started work with a frantic effort to drive a road by sheer force through the immense mountains of rubbish. All these chaotic masses, he knew well, had to be smelted in the furnace of his own soul to yield their precious ore. But after six months' "dreadful tugging" he had to abate his pace.⁴

We must find space for a eulogy on Dickens in a letter to Forster of this autumn. The *Tale of Two Cities* he declared to be "wonderful." Of Thackeray's writings we hear little, but of the man himself he spoke in depreciatory key, using such epithets as "vain" or "sentimental."⁵

The labour of *Frederick* and the decline in Mrs. Carlyle's health now dominate increasingly all other events at Cheyne Row. That Mrs. Carlyle felt the strain of *Frederick* vicariously, her husband afterwards acknowledged, and described it as cruel but, alas! inevitable.⁶ A visit to the Grange in January, when the second Lady Ashburton impressed her as "kindness' self," was a short respite from the "valley of the shadow";⁷ but then the steep ascent of the winter months had to be faced as usual; and on February 1st died poor little Nero, to her immense grief, as the following extracts from her letters testify: "My inseparable companion during eleven years, ever doing his little best to keep me from feeling sad and lonely. Docile, affectionate, loyal 1860
(64)

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 395-9; iii. 4-8, 11-12. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 214-18. New Letters T.C., ii. 196-204.

² Letters J.W.C., iii. 16-17.

³ Ibid., iii. 11-14.

⁴ Ibid., iii. 17-18.

⁵ New Letters T.C., ii. 205, 122.

⁶ Letters J.W.C., iii. 18.

⁷ Ibid., iii. 21-2. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 221-2.

1860 up to his last hour. When weak and full of pain, he offered
(64) himself to go out with me, seeing my bonnet on. . . . I wouldn't be at home for visitors to criticise my swollen eyes and smile at grief 'about a dog' . . ." ¹ "His patience and gentleness, and loving struggle to do all his bits of duties under his painful illness, up to the last hour of his life, was very strange and touching to see, and had so endeared him to everybody in the house, that I was happily spared all reproaches for wasting so much feeling on a dog. Mr. C. couldn't have reproached me, for he himself was in tears at the poor little thing's end." ² Carlyle writes : "I could not have believed my grief then and since would have been the twentieth part of what it was." The very day before his death he had insisted on accompanying Carlyle as usual in his midnight walk.³

By June the dear old Miss Donaldsons had passed away, within two months of each other ; for, as Mrs. Carlyle had foretold, the survivor quickly followed her sister to the grave : and so the last link with Haddington was broken.⁴

The increasing burden of *Frederick* began to tell upon Carlyle during the summer. He suffered from sleeplessness and depression ; and the thought that he might never finish his book entered his mind. John recommended a sea voyage, and he accordingly journeyed by steamer to Thurso, the northernmost point of Scotland, in the neighbourhood of John o' Groats, where for four or five weeks he was the guest of Sir George Sinclair. He was able to accomplish some work daily, and much enjoyed bathing and walking, and the view from his windows directly over the ocean, besides the freedom from cocks and hackney-cabs.⁵

Mrs. Carlyle had felt the strain, as we said, vicariously, and her worry and anxiety about him had reduced her to the brink of a nervous fever. She claimed for her sleeplessness a severer character than Carlyle's—viz. lying awake all night, while his included dozing.⁶ Some repairs to the house and servant negotiations detained her in London till August 22nd, and then she accepted Lady Stanley's invitation to Alderley Park, Cheshire : whence she intended to proceed north to the Gill, and perhaps

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 23-4.

² New Letters J.W.C., ii. 223-4.

³ Letters J.W.C., ii. 91-2.

⁴ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 225.

⁵ Letters J.W.C., iii. 25-7. New Letters T.C., ii. 208.

⁶ Letters J.W.C., iii. 30.

Thornhill to be the guest of Mrs. Russell. In the bustle of her many activities before leaving London, she had failed to communicate her intentions to her husband; and, the posts from far-off Thurso being irregular, some time elapsed before he received her letter from Alderley. Meanwhile he had written that he was about to sail south; and, though his destination was only Aberdeen, it conveyed to Mrs. Carlyle the impression that he was about to return to London. Her omission to announce her departure, and his to state the limit of his sailing, have produced another famous nerve-centre in the Carlyle misunderstandings.

1860
(64)

That her husband should return alone to a disorganised house and unreliable servant was clearly impossible. She therefore hurried back to London, only to learn that his return was to be a "gradual" one. Letters of explanation succeeded each other, marked on Mrs. Carlyle's side by a certain vehemence, of which the following is an example: "Nor do I deign to accept the very beggarly apology you make for my 'infatuated conduct,' that I had myself lost heart for the Dumfriesshire visits. . . . On the contrary, feeling myself at Alderley half-way—all the hateful preparatory lockings up and packings well over—nothing to do but go north at Crewe instead of south, and Mary Austin and Mrs. Russell promising me the very warmest welcome, far from losing heart, I had for the first time gained heart for the further enterprise. . . ." ¹

Carlyle reached Chelsea on September 22nd, having halted on his return at Scotsbrig, the Gill, and Alderley. A letter from Sir George Sinclair to Mrs. Carlyle records the impression left by his late guest: "He has rendered himself a universal favourite with all the inmates of this house. . . . For *all* he had a kind word and a willing ear, and could accommodate his conversation, with equal capacity and cheerfulness, to the habits, occupations and predilections of auditors the most widely differing from each other. . . ." ²

Later in the autumn Mrs. Carlyle added a second servant to the establishment: a change which she by no means approved at first, as it seemed to deprive the house of its former unity and divide it into two families. ³

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 37-54. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 228-31.

² New Letters J.W.C., ii. 231-2.

³ Letters J.W.C., iii. 63. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 237.

1861
(65)

There is little to record of this year, Carlyle remaining spell-bound at his task, and more pleased with its progress, though the end was more remote than he fancied.¹ Mrs. Carlyle was again disappointed of a visit to Scotland by the illness of a servant, in July; and she reckoned it would take months to make a new one efficient enough to minister to Carlyle in her absence.² Early in August she visited Ramsgate for a week, in company with Geraldine Jewsbury; and the experiment, as regards her husband's capacity for being left alone, was a failure. "He is much more like a spoiled baby than like other men," she wrote to Mrs. Russell; "the letter that came from him every morning was like the letter of a Babe in the Wood."³ In mid September the two paid a visit of about twelve days to Lady Sandwich, mother of the first Lady Ashburton, at a villa on the edge of Windsor Forest: an old lady of "stately and courteous appearance," who felt "this was likely to be her last autumn in this world." Carlyle rode there and back, and, in place of sylvan solitude, was disgusted by "Cockneydom unchained." An imprudence brought on lumbago, resulting in daily anxiety to be gone before the term of the visit: thereby hindering Mrs. Carlyle's enjoyment of it, as she complained, by causing a sense of insecurity.⁴

1862
(66)

Before the middle of '62, death removed Lady Sandwich, the only person whom Carlyle visited regularly.⁵ In October Lord Ashburton, on his way to Nice, was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs. For many weeks his condition was serious, and in Cheyne Row the strain of anxiety was acute. Mrs. Carlyle wrote that her husband "will lose in him the only friend he has left in the world, and the world will lose in him one of the purest-hearted, most chivalrous men that it contained."⁶ The danger was averted for the moment, but apparently Lord Ashburton's restoration to health was not complete.

For Carlyle the year again was one of seclusion and toil in his sound-proof room at the top of the house, beyond the reach of visitors.⁷ Mrs. Carlyle was absent for a month in Scotland—11th August to 11th September—three weeks of which she spent with Mrs. Russell, whom she adored for her mother's sake. Some letters which she exchanged with Mrs. Russell, previous

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 210.² Letters J.W.C., iii. 74-5.³ Letters J.W.C., iii. 85-6.⁴ Ibid., iii. 88-91.⁵ Ibid., iii. 98-9.⁶ Ibid., iii. 135.⁷ Ibid., iii. 99.

to the visit, speak of her hesitation in leaving her husband with the servants, and the doubtful nature of the "permission" which he accorded her. "Alas!" writes Carlyle in a note to this letter, "how little did I ever *know* of these secret wishes and necessities—now or ever!"¹ When staying at Thornhill she had revisited Crawford, where her mother lay buried; and from Edinburgh she wrote to Mrs. Russell: "Shall I ever forget these green hills, and that lonely churchyard, and your dear, gentle face! Oh, how I wish I had a sleep!" She was indeed sorely plagued by sleeplessness throughout her travels, and only after taking a dose of morphia could she report a really sound sleep. She complained again of the religiosity of her aunts, but was careful to state "religiosity," not "religion," to be the object of her dislike. She found Betty Braid, her mother's old retainer, with her hair white as snow and face faded away, but the same warm, loyal heart. Perhaps a note of cheerfulness, unheard for some years, sounds in these letters, one of which she sent daily to Carlyle.²

Besides the anxiety of Lord Ashburton's illness in the autumn, and the dead-weight of *Frederick*, we hear of further changes of servants. The subject being within the danger zone, the latter-day biographer, who derives his knowledge from books, can only give both sides and add a kind of casting-vote. Mrs. Carlyle writes of "Mr. C.'s frightful impatience with any new servant untrained to his ways, which would drive a woman out of the house with her hair on end if allowed to act *directly* upon her! So that I have to stand between them. . . ." Mr. Alexander Carlyle calls this the language of exaggeration, and adduces the written testimony of several servants who lived at 5, Cheyne Row to a kindness and sympathy on the part of their master surpassing Mrs. Carlyle's. We suggest that Carlyle's irritability was superficial, that he let it appear only among those he knew well, of whose understanding he was assured, and hence he may have concealed it from the servants and made his wife the repository of his complaints. The acuteness with which at times she felt this, and her anxiety on the subject of his diet,³ were due to her own feebly-resisting nerves.

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 106.

² Ibid., iii. 108-23. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 249-66.

³ Letters J.W.C., iii. 140.

1862
(67)

On December 4th Carlyle wrote to John : " This day is my sixty-seventh birthday. Time, Death, Eternity : what an *element* this is that all of us have ! . . . In my utter solitude I live much in these contemplations ; which are not joyous, but perhaps better, and have a grandly quieting character, and lift one above the world and its beggarhoods. If I were only done with my Book ! . . My weariness of it, occasionally, no tongue can tell. . . . " ¹

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 215.

CHAPTER XXXV

MRS. CARLYLE'S ACCIDENT AND ILLNESS—COMPLETION OF "FREDERICK"—THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY RECTORSHIP—DEATH OF MRS. CARLYLE

1863-6

CARLYLE'S method of life, while struggling with the oppression of *Frederick*, being now familiar to us, we can pass over the months of the present year before the fateful autumn, merely noticing one or two outstanding features. In February his horse Fritz fell and injured its knees, reducing him to walking and riding in omnibuses for air and exercise ; until it was replaced by the gift of another horse from Lady Ashburton.¹ In June reappeared Bessy Barnet, the first Cheyne Row servant, nearly thirty years ago, risen in the world and married to the prosperous Dr. Blakiston of St. Leonards, but unspoilt, and devoted to Mrs. Carlyle, whom she carried off to St. Leonards for a week, ministered to her like a daughter, and liked to talk of nothing better than the days of servanthood.² Lord Ashburton had now recovered sufficiently to travel, and he returned from Paris with his wife. The Carlyles spent three weeks at the Grange in September, where Mrs. Carlyle suffered much from neuralgia in the left arm.³

1863
(67)

It was the evening of one of the first days of October when Mrs. Carlyle, returning from a visit to her cousin Mrs. Godby in the city, met with a serious accident. She was about to enter an omnibus, when a cab rushed between, and, in recoiling, she lost her balance, fell on her useless neuralgic arm, and tore the sinews of her thigh-bone. She reached Cheyne Row in a cab, suffering agony, and invoked the assistance of her neighbour,

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 218. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 286-7.

² Letters J.W.C., iii. 166-70. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 288-91.

³ Letters J.W.C., iii. 172-4. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 291-2.

1863
(67)

Henry Larkin, to break the news to her husband. He was waiting in the drawing-room, having returned from his ride in anticipation of the one pleasant half-hour of the day ; and hearing the sound of wheels, suspecting something amiss, he rushed down. With Larkin he bore her upstairs, and Dr. Barnes was summoned ; but little could be done to alleviate the torment of the next three days. Carlyle writes how during that month she transformed her bedroom into a boudoir ; and we recall Irving's last words that, like Eve, she always made a Paradise of her surroundings. He also tells of her "re-entrance" to him in the drawing-room, in evening dress, leaning on a stick, about the end of October, and how he thought the victory was won. But, alas, it was the prelude to descent into blacker gulfs of pain, misery in every nerve, and no sleep by night or day. Mrs. Carlyle bore her sufferings with heroism, and, according to Carlyle, they were aggravated by the misunderstanding of the doctors. He himself contrived to push forward on his rough road of *Frederick*, for it seemed to him the prime source of all their sorrows, and hope to lie only in its conclusion.¹

"About three times or so," he wrote, "on a morning it struck me, with a cold shudder as of conviction, that here did lie death ; that my world must go to shivers, down to the abyss ; and that 'victory' never so complete, up in my garret, would not save *her*, nor indeed be possible without her. I remember my morning walks, three of them or so, crushed under that ghastly spell. But again I said to myself, 'No man, doctor or other, *knows* anything about it. There is still what *appetite* there was ; that I can myself understand' ; and generally, before the day was done, I had decided to *hope* again, to keep hoping and working."²

1864
(68)

At the beginning of March it was decided to move Mrs. Carlyle to St. Leonards, to the house of Dr. Blakiston and his wife, the faithful Bessy. Carlyle and Maggie Welsh, Mrs. Carlyle's cousin who had nursed her in these months, accompanied her ; but the journey was dismal from the setting-out. The "invalid carriage" was "black, low, base-looking," and entered from the window. Its sinister expression was not lost on Mrs. Carlyle ; often in her letters she described it as "hearse-like," and how she

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 174-81. *Reminiscences*, i. 210-24.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 220.

was "buried from her house" and never thought to see it again. Carlyle returned the same evening to his solitary home and lugubrious task. Maggie Welsh sent daily bulletins, but of an ambiguous nature; and a visit which he paid in the last week of March disclosed to him nothing intimate of her condition.¹ In April the strange nervous disease seems to have reached its height, and a few heart-rending sentences from letters to her husband must be given:

"Oh, my own darling! God have pity on us! Ever since the day after you left, whatever flattering accounts may have been sent you, the truth is I have been wretched—perfectly wretched day and night with that horrible malady."

"Oh my husband! I am suffering torments! Each day I suffer more horribly. Oh, I would like you beside me! I am terribly alone. But I don't want to interrupt your work."²

"Oh, my Dear, my Dear! shall I ever make fun for you again? Or is our life together indeed past and gone? I want so much to *live*, to be to you more than I have ever been; but I fear, I fear!"³

For the two months she remained in their house, the excellent Blakistons did all in their power to alleviate her sufferings, and would accept no remuneration. In the beginning of May Carlyle, with his brother John, arrived at St. Leonards; a furnished house was rented, 117, Marina, overlooking the sea; and thither Mrs. Carlyle was removed. Carlyle transformed the box in which he had packed his books into a press with shelves, had a table wedged in a small back room, and continued his work. In the afternoon they drove out together; and later he would ride alone for three hours, penetrating into old Sussex nooks and comforting his sight with quaint cottages and their inmates, but distressed by signs of railways and cockneydom. Battle, Rye, Winchelsea, Beachy Head were among the places he visited; and we find him speculating on the Conqueror's landing-place, whether at Pevensey or nearer Hastings. Of Herstmonceux he says nothing; and we would like to think that he pilgrimed to the scene of John

¹ *Reminiscences*, i. 224-7. Letters J.W.C., iii. 192-4.

² Letters J.W.C., iii. 196-7.

³ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 294.

1864 Sterling's curacy.¹ His remaining friend, Lord Ashburton,
(68) had died in March, bequeathing him £2,000.²

Summer wore on and brought no real improvement ; and return to the house from which she had been "buried" exceeded Mrs. Carlyle's resolution. At least there must be alterations, at least her bedroom and the drawing-room must be re-papered, before she could set eyes on them again. In June came a spell of burning weather, and for eleven successive nights she did not close her eyes. Next day (June 29th), in a mood of desperation, she set off for London, with John ; spent the night at the house of her friend, Mrs. Forster—for she dared not enter her own house—and the following evening, with John for escort, started by the night train for Scotland. For three weeks she stayed at the Gill with her sister-in-law Mary Austin ; and on July 15th, the day after her sixty-third birthday, we find her writing a description of her journey to Carlyle. She has recovered some slight measure of sleep and ease ; her birthday had been of good omen, and the horrible ailment kept off as by enchantment.³

About the 22nd she removed to Thornhill, to the loving care of Dr. and Mrs. Russell ; but they could not shield her from further terrible visitations of pain, as shown by the following extracts from her letters between now and the close of September : "Oh, my dear, I think how near my mother I am ! How still I should be, laid beside her. But I wish to live for you, if only I could live out of torment. . . ." "When will I be back ? Ah, my God ! when ? for it is no good going back to be a trouble to you and a torment to myself. . . ." "I am cared for here as I have never been since I lost my mother's nursing ; and everything is good for me : the quiet airy bedroom, the new milk, the beautiful drives ; and when all this fails to bring me human sleep or endurable nervousness, can you wonder that I am in the lowest spirits about myself ? . . ." "No sleep at all last night ; had no chance of sleep, for the neuralgic pains piercing me from shoulder to breast like a sword. . . ." "Nobody can help me ! Only God : and can I wonder if God take no heed of me when I have all my life taken so little heed of Him ? . . ." "If *the misery* would but fall into abeyance again ! . . . I can bear all the rest—my

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 198–200. *Reminiscences*, i. 227–31.

² Froude, iv. 275.

³ Letters J.W.C., iii. 200–3. *Reminiscences*, i. 232–5.

neuralgic pains, etc. . . . but *that* seems to be connected with the nerves of my brain ! I go wild under it." ¹

1864
(68)

Carlyle had returned to London from St. Leonards, where he laboured at his writing, saw no one, and took his solitary mid-night walks. On August 3rd, in response to one of these piteous letters, he wrote : " Your poor nervous system ruined, not by these late months only, but by long years of more or less the like ! Oh, you have had a hard life ! I, too, not a soft one : but yours beside me ! " ²

As late as the last days of September, even after her return had been decided upon, the despairing note sounds in Mrs. Carlyle's letters. Now came a night with some hours of sleep bringing hope of recovery ; but sleeplessness and recurrence of pain would follow it, and whirl her back into the abyss. Death, madness, the prospect of another winter like the last, were the spectres she had to contend with. It does not appear that the scale had definitely turned in her favour ; and yet, in Carlyle's letter to her of September 29th occurs the passage : " How to thank Dr. and Mrs. Russell for what they have done for you, much more how to repay them, beats all my ingenuity." ³ He had himself superintended the re-papering of her bedroom and the drawing-room, that the house might appear other to her than when she left it in the hearse-like vehicle. To John, who was again to be her escort, he wrote : " I need not advise you . . . to be gentle, *patient*, and *soft* and yielding in all respects, as towards a creature *without skin*. . . ." ⁴ We regret to hear that on the journey to Scotland Mrs. Carlyle and John had quarrelled incessantly, and she never forgot a certain speech of his which she records : " Fancy him telling me in my agony yesterday that if I had ever done anything in my life this would not have been ; that no poor woman with work to mind had ever such an ailment as this of mine since the world began ! " ⁵

On Saturday morning, October 1st, after travelling all night, Mrs. Carlyle reached Cheyne Row at half-past eleven. Carlyle rushed out in his dressing-gown, kissed and wept over her ; and she was likewise embraced and kissed by the maids. And during the following days this action was repeated by several of her

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 204-11. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 300.

² Froude, iv. 278.

³ Ibid., iv. 282.

⁴ New Letters T.C., ii. 223.

⁵ Letters J.W.C., iii. 202, 204.

1864 masculine friends, to her evident pleasure : among them were
(68) Lord Houghton (Richard Milnes), Woolner the sculptor, and John Forster. A definite improvement now set in ; her nerves became stronger than they had been for years ; she confessed that her husband studied her comfort and peace as never before ; and friends of all grades, from Lady Ashburton downwards, vied with each other to supply her with new-laid eggs and milk fresh from the cow.¹ To Mrs. Russell, the unique in her affection, she wrote : " I shall always feel as if I owed my life chiefly to your husband and you, who procured me such rest as I could have had nowhere else in the world." ²

But the crowning luxury was Carlyle's gift to her of a brougham : and the memory of this kindness was one of his few comforts in after years. He had formerly persuaded her to take two drives a week in a hired fly : and he found it more difficult to persuade her into expense than other men to persuade their wives against it.³ Doubtless for the same reason she had received in pleased grateful silence his suggestion that she should have her own brougham ; but before the end of October, though still " smothered under *Frederick*," he himself proceeded in the matter, and the purchase was made. Thenceforth she drove daily from 1 o'clock to 4, and found it the great comfort and support of her life.⁴ In a letter of December she writes : " What a different state of things from last year at Christmas !" ⁵

1865 On January 5th Carlyle concluded *Frederick*, and therefore
(69) put the coping-stone on his vast life-work. Of Neuberg's assistance as guide in the German tours something has been said ; but we must also chronicle that of Henry Larkin. Larkin was a neighbour, and we recall his help on the night of Mrs. Carlyle's accident ; but since 1855 he had served Carlyle as voluntary amanuensis, in the matter of " maps, indexes, summaries, copyings, sortings, miscellanea of every kind." " Never," wrote Carlyle, " had I loyaller or more effective help." ⁶

Delivered from the task of thirteen years, Carlyle underwent a kind of collapse, and all his work on this planet seemed done.⁷

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 214-28. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 302-7.

² Letters J.W.C., iii. 218.

³ *Reminiscences*, i. 213.

⁴ Letters J.W.C., iii. 229-31. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 308.

⁵ New Letters J.W.C., ii. 316.

⁶ Letters J.W.C., ii. 362.

⁷ New Letters T.C., ii. 226.

On March 8th he went to Devonshire with his wife, on a visit of a month to Lady Ashburton at her cottage near Seaton.¹ Mrs. Carlyle compares Lady Ashburton to Mrs. Russell: "the two kindest hostesses on earth."² From Seaton she wrote to Mrs. Russell, anticipating Carlyle's early departure for Scotland, pressing her to visit her in London: and we can indeed echo Carlyle's regret that she never came.³ On May 20th Carlyle left for Scotland, after an absence of some years, and spent several weeks at Dumfries, the Gill, and Scotsbrig.⁴ In one of his comprehensive letters to Alick far off in Canada, he describes the old "Birthland" as changed and solitary, and hardly three people alive in Ecclefechan whom he remembered from his young years. At the Gill he had sauntered about alone full of sad thoughts. "The truth is I am much worn out; also very old; and ought now to know well that the *end* cannot and even should not be far off." With Jamie, who also had become old, grave and sad, he visited Craigenputtock and found it neglected and overgrown. To *Frederick* he alludes only as a hard task accomplished; of its immense success we hear no word.⁵

For the present Mrs. Carlyle remained in London, directing some household matters, among them the rearrangement of her husband's books in the dining-room; for now that his great work was done he shrank from climbing to the sound-proof study. She suffered from a recurrence of sleeplessness; and the neuralgic pain which had formerly crippled her left arm appeared in the right. But there was no return of "the old nervous misery," with the terrible fear of insanity which it provoked; and she professed herself able to bear natural pain as well as most people. A few days after Carlyle's departure she had discovered with a kind of shock the letters she wrote him from Thornhill at the height of her agony; and she calls them "weak and wretched."⁶

As the doctor recommended change for one of her nervous organization, she left London for Dumfriesshire on June 15th. For the last time on earth she became the guest of her beloved Mrs. Russell; and one week she stayed with Mrs. Ewart of Nith Bank. She proposed to pay a day's visit to the Gill, but weakness prevented her further progress than Dumfries. Thither

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 246-7.

² New Letters J.W.C., ii. 321.

³ Letters J.W.C., iii. 248-50.

⁴ Ibid., iii. 254-5.

⁵ New Letters T.C., ii. 228-30.

⁶ Letters J.W.C., iii. 252-8.

1865 came Carlyle to meet her, and he describes how they sat at the
(89) railway station that evening, in the glow of the sinking sun, awaiting her time of departure. a scene that remained grand and solemn in his memory. On July 24th she was on her way home, taking with her, to act as housemaid, Jessie Hiddlestone, the daughter of her mother's old servant Margaret. Better nights and diminution of pain succeeded her return, but such an episode as her failure to reach the Gill points to increasing weakness. It was by contrast with last year's *Inferno* that the symptoms of the present seemed negligible.¹

In the middle of August she was at Folkestone on a visit of a fortnight to her friend Miss Davenport Bromley. She makes the significant remark that, in spite of an unusually liberal allowance of sleep, she is not feeling stronger.² Carlyle, with John, was paying a round of visits in Scotland and the north of England : to his old friend Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, to T. Spedding at Keswick, and some others. Yet he longed for home ; and Mrs. Carlyle, fearful lest he should precede her, enumerates the causes that should have led him to delay rather than rush : " Everything right, seemingly, wherever he went ; the people all kindness for him ; the bedrooms quiet and airy ; horses and carriages at his command. . . ." ³ However, she was at home to await his return in mid September, and of her welcome he writes : " I little knew this was the last of them on Earth." ⁴

Favourable omens seemed to usher in the autumn, although Carlyle was still dazed by the long wrestle with *Frederick*. Mrs. Carlyle was immune from pain in her arm, passed better nights, and enjoyed the brougham ; and twice a week he drove out with her. In November came Edinburgh University's tardy recognition of her great son ; he was appointed Rector in succession to Gladstone, and his address was to be in April of next year.⁵

A recrudescence of minor troubles, like those of past years, threatened the security of Mrs. Carlyle's sleep. Cocks and hens again appeared in a neighbour's garden, and for a week she lived in a state of tension lest a tell-tale cock-crow should reach her husband's ears at night. But, strangely enough, he had returned

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 266-73. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 326-30.

² Letters J.W.C., iii. 280-7. New Letters J.W.C., ii. 335-6.

³ Letters J.W.C., iii. 287-8.

⁴ *Reminiscences*, i. 242.

⁵ Froude, iv. 295-8.

from Dumfries with a horror of railway-whistles, and, in apprehension of these, he let other sounds escape him. Before the spell was broken, her skilful diplomacy secured the abolition of the offending fowls.¹

1865
(69)

Except for the shadow of the coming Inaugural Address, the first three months of the year passed pleasantly. The worrying servant question seemed at last settled, with Mrs. Warren and Jessie Hiddlestone, though the latter mortified Mrs. Carlyle's "romantic hopes" by being less amenable to kindness than snubbing.² A rumour having arisen that the Carlyles proposed to make Edinburgh their home, Mrs. Carlyle repudiated with energy the idea that they were about to tear up the roots of thirty years. "And for Edinburgh people," she concludes, "those I knew are mostly dead and gone; and the new ones would astonish me much if they afforded any shadow of compensation for the people I should leave here."³

1866
(70)

The question that Mrs. Carlyle might accompany her husband to Edinburgh for the Address was decided in the negative by the condition of her health. She already felt intensely anxious, was apprehensive that he might break down in his speech; and the result to herself would be a certain symptom culminating in a fit in the crowded House. This symptom, the significance of which she did not know, was a sharp twinge in the back which seemed to cut her breath and almost stop the heart.⁴

Carlyle left Chelsea on March 29th, anxious for the event but otherwise without forebodings. He was escorted by Professor Tyndall, whose bearing towards him he likens to that of the "loyallest Son." In Edinburgh he stayed with Erskine, and on April 2nd delivered his address, speaking extempore, to a numerous and applauding audience. He was followed by cheering students to his brother's lodging in George Street.⁵

Carlyle had characteristically opened his address by recommending diligence to those in the seed-time of life, whose minds were plastic; and not only diligence but honesty in study: a thing is not known till it has become transparent. Printing has modified the old idea of a University, but its function remains to

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 292-3, 295-6, 301-3.

² Ibid., iii. 310.

³ Ibid., iii. 308-9.

⁴ *Reminiscences*, i. 245. Letters J.W.C., iii. 312.

⁵ *Reminiscences*, i. 246-8.

1866
(70) teach the use of books as means to the mastery of further subjects. Let them read the things they took a real, not an imaginary interest in, and above all remember the importance of history. The Greeks and Romans were two remarkable races with perfect languages. The Romans taught "Valour" to be man's noblest quality; the Greeks, with Sophocles, recognition of the eternal justice of heaven. Britain has produced yet finer men, notably Cromwell. In Scotland, Knox had taught that the nation should be conformable to the Bible; and this made Puritanism possible in England. . . . There are difficulties in the way of knowing real history, but we may learn something from Collins's *Peerage*. Genealogy is important, as a clever man never comes of stupid people. A peer used to have pity for the poor and fine hospitalities. The King would select him from the crowd and give him a district of country where his gifts had play; and that is the grand soul of England's history. In the time of Charles I it began to be said that a man could get a peerage by spending £10,000 judiciously among the courtiers; and this has gone on since at breakneck speed. . . .

To return to books, the object of education should be not merely vocal. Aim to acquire wisdom, justice, candour, loyal adherence to fact. What use is "excellent speech" if it is contrary to fact? If the world is to last, and be ruled by wise men, there must be a scheme of education like that in the ten supreme pages of Meister's *Travels*. We are now living in an age of revolutions, and even places like Oxford are changing. It is Anarchy plus a constable, and man grows more and more the son of Chaos. Our duty is to do with all our strength the work we are most fitted for. Our reward is getting the work done, or even trying to do it; there is not much more reward in the world. Remember, "Seekest thou great things, seek them not." Do not be ambitious or too much in need of success. Also remember health, the highest of temporal things. . . .¹

The effect of this address was to enhance Carlyle's popularity enormously. It set forth his favourite doctrines in a less uncompromising manner than hitherto; and the result was a demand for the first cheap edition of his works.²

Tyndall had written every day to Mrs. Carlyle to report progress,

¹ *Miscellanies*, iv.

² Froude, iv. 306-7.

and immediately after the speech he telegraphed, "A perfect triumph!" The result was an explosion of joy in the Cheyne Row household, consisting of Mrs. Carlyle, her cousin from Liverpool Maggie Welsh, and the two servants—Mrs. Warren and Jessie. The effect of the "sudden solution of the nervous tension" was to throw Mrs. Carlyle into a fit of hysterics; yet she found time to observe, and afterwards she reported in her inimitable way, the characteristic manner in which each of the sharers of the good news expressed her emotion. That evening she dined at Forster's, with Dickens and Wilkie Collins; and her husband's health was drunk with cheers by the assembled guests. What pleased her most was the "hearty personal affection" towards Carlyle that came out on all hands. "No appearance of envy or grudging in anybody, but one general, loving, heartfelt throwing up of caps with young and old, male and female!" Even Silvester, her old coachman, had turned white, with quivering lips, when he tried to express his gladness over the telegram.¹

Tyndall returned alone from Edinburgh, and, missing Mrs. Carlyle in his call at Cheyne Row, left word that her husband was "looking well; and everybody worshipping him." On April 7th Carlyle left for Scotsbrig, and a week later came the news that he had sprained his ankle. He therefore postponed his coming for some days, and ultimately fixed it for the 23rd.

Mrs. Carlyle, whose radiant happiness appears in all her letters, was occupied with a diversity of social engagements down to the eve of his return. On Saturday, April 21st, she lunched at Forster's, and the same afternoon a tea-party was arranged at her house, among the guests being Froude and his wife. She left Forster's at about 3 p.m., and drove through Hyde Park, with her little dog, successor to Nero, of whom we had heard nothing till this fateful day. Near Victoria Gate she put the dog out to run, but, proceeding towards the Marble Arch, it met with a slight accident opposite Stanhope Place. She sprang out, re-ascended into the carriage with the dog, and bade the coachman drive on. He complied, but continuing to drive round the Park and receiving no orders, took alarm and requested a passer-by to look in. The result was a recommendation to hasten over to St. George's Hospital. The "sharp prick in the back" had stopped heart and lungs, and

¹ Letters J.W.C., iii. 317-21.

1866 Mrs. Carlyle was dead.¹ She was within three months of completing her sixty-fifth year.
(70)

By the intervention of Forster and Dr. Quain, the distress of an inquest was averted, and all that remained of Mrs. Carlyle was restored to Cheyne Row.² The concluding paragraph of Miss Jewsbury's letter to Carlyle must here be inserted. He does not denounce it as "mythical," like her Craigenputtock stories of his wife ; but assigns the episode, of which he then knew nothing, to the year 1837, on the occasion of her mother's visit.

"On that miserable night, when we were preparing to receive her, Mrs. Warren came to me and said, that one time when she was very ill, she said to her, that when the last had come, she was to go upstairs into the closet of the spare room and there she would find two wax candles wrapt in paper, and that those were to be lighted and burned. She said that after she came to live in London she wanted to give a party. Her mother was staying with her. Her mother wished everything to be very nice, and went out and bought candles and confectionery ; and set out a table, and lighted up the room quite splendidly, and called her to come and see it, when all was prepared. *She* was angry ; she said people would say she was extravagant, and would ruin her husband. She took away two of the candles and some of the cakes. Her mother was hurt, and began to weep. *She* was pained at once at what she had done ; she tried to comfort her, and was dreadfully sorry. She took the candles and wrapped them up, and put them where they could be easily found. We found them and lighted them, and did as she had desired." ³

On the Saturday night Carlyle was at the house of his sister Jean at Dumfries when the fatal telegram arrived about half-past nine. "It had a kind of *stunning* effect upon me ; not for above two days could I estimate the immeasurable depth of it, or the infinite sorrow which had peeled my life all bare, and, in one moment, shattered my poor world to universal ruin. They took me out next day to wander in the green sunny Sabbath fields ; and ever and anon there rose from my sick heart the ejaculation 'My poor little Woman !'—but no full gush of tears came to my relief, nor has yet come ; will it ever ?" ⁴

¹ *Reminiscences*, i. 250-1. Letters J.W.C., iii. 338-40.

² *Reminiscences*, i. 251.

³ *Ibid.*, i. 255. Letters J.W.C., iii. 340. ⁴ *Reminiscences*, i. 252.

1866
(70)

On Monday morning, the 23rd, he set off with John for London. "I saw her dead face twice," he writes, "beautiful as Eternity, soft as an angel's or as a babe's."¹ Wednesday they were under way for Haddington with the "sacred burden." "I went out to walk in the moonlit silent streets; *not* suffered to go alone: I looked up at the windows of the old Room where I had first seen her—1821, on a Summer evening after Sunset—five-and-forty years ago. Edward Irving had brought me out, walking, to Haddington. . . ." On Thursday the 26th Mrs. Carlyle was buried in the nave of the old Abbey Kirk in the same grave as her father. (The mother sleeps alone in the churchyard of Crawford, Dumfriesshire.) Carlyle returned to London by the night train, and the presence of John, and Maggie Welsh kept the house from being too ghastly to him.²

The following inscription of his composition follows her name on the tombstone:

"She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801, only daughter of the above John Welsh, and of Grace Welsh, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866; suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."³

The Carlyle disciple who starts from Edinburgh to inspect these hallowed scenes, and, after experiencing the truth of Mrs. Carlyle's strictures on the imperfect train-connection at Longniddry junction, at length reaches Haddington, will feel himself drawn nearer to his master as he reads this inscription on the marble tablet, now much weather-worn, that relieves the darkness of the flat tombstone.

In the foregoing biographical chapters, extracts from letters have been allowed to speak for themselves and much comment has been withheld; but the hour has arrived for expressing a final opinion on the much-debated question of Carlyle's relations

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 236.

² *Reminiscences*, i. 253-4. New Letters T.C., ii. 236-7.

³ Letters J.W.C., iii. 341.

1866 with his wife. Let it be at once understood that this is in absolute
(70) disagreement with the views of Froude. That Froude had doubts of his own theory may be suspected from his habit of reiterating his proofs : for instance, the exaggerated horror which he ascribes to Mrs. Carlyle at the suggestion of return to Craigenputtock. But we accept his book rather as an instance of want of tact on a huge scale than purposeful malevolence ; and it may be surmised that the bitterness of his final words on the subject ¹ was aggravated by the attacks upon himself. Baldly stated, his theory is that Mrs. Carlyle's health was undermined by the menial tasks which she performed, at her husband's bidding, at Craigenputtock ; and that her moral life was poisoned by his ungovernable irritability : and he finds direct proof in Carlyle's "remorse" after her death. Yet in fairness we must admit that the reality of Carlyle's love for his wife is conveyed to the reader in the pages of Froude.

The nature of Carlyle's "remorse," properly understood, is enough to shatter the above theory. One effect of his excessively nervous organisation was that he could feel no security in the present. In his life, as in his work, he was drawn to the past and future ; and to this we owe some of the gorgeous effects of sunset-cloud and shadow in his pages. As late as his departure for Edinburgh to deliver his Rector's address we find him writing : " My one wish and hope was to get back to her again, and be in peace under her bright welcome, for the rest of my days. . . ." ² This engrained habit, the result of restless nerves, was the cause of the loss of much innocent happiness throughout life ; and when the chance was gone, he was haunted by the thought that he had deliberately undervalued his blessings.

It is not maintained that their lives were happy, or untouched by troubles internal or external. Of their quarrels and their causes we have spoken ; and it is safe to say that these never rose into the rarefied air of no-forgiveness. The grief of childlessness, the cause of many a lonely hour, was added to Mrs. Carlyle's life. Had their hope of children been fulfilled, Carlyle's absorption in his work would not have been made a reproach against him. We may acquit him of all ground for "remorse"

¹ *My Relations with Carlyle*, by J. A. Froude.

² *Reminiscences*, i. 246.

except on one matter, which the need for refuting unsavoury gossip has forced into light : that for more than twenty years before his wife's death he had, to her secret sorrow, allowed relations between them to become companionship only.¹ 1866 (70)

Before bidding farewell to Mrs. Carlyle we must again draw attention, as we did in the beginning, to the vast depth of her nature, and the foundation of love on which rested her many complexities, rising to the superficial sarcasm which she held nearest to the world. The strength of her home-affections is beyond dispute, the love and regret for both parents that no lapse of time could efface. But to this emotional richness was joined a discriminating intellect, and, with her experience of the true nature of love, and hatred of hypocrisy, she scrupled not to employ her light shafts of sarcasm against pretenders. Thus she more than once held Geraldine Jewsbury up to ridicule because she knew her love to consist largely of windy protestation. As we saw in the years of her courtship by Carlyle, it was perhaps Anteros, or love for love, that turned the scale : perception of his intrinsic goodness and the reality of his love. And this discrimination was heightened by her power of expression, above all by the humour, which, but for its tinge of sarcasm, would have something of Shakespearean breadth. One proof of its rare nature is that Carlyle himself attempted it with ill success in *Sartor Resartus*.

We will give some examples of this faculty for looking at a subject from every point of view. At the age of twenty-one she wrote of an old and persistent admirer : "He has got a house and some money lately, and he wants an agreeable young woman to look after the cooking of his victuals."² And a few months later, of a certain Colonel who had known Byron, whom she met on a tour : "I could have wept at parting with him, but I could not get at my handkerchief without unbuttoning my Boat-cloak, and that was inconvenient."³ A passage that recalls this occurs in a letter written thirty years after. Having lost a clasp, she was alluding to the chance that it had escaped from her handkerchief : "No, I never use one, unless I am crying, or have a cold in my head ; and I don't cry on the streets."⁴ In a somewhat similar strain she writes in 1841 of the most serious of her old

¹ *The Truth about Carlyle*, by David Alec Wilson, 72-4.

² *Love Letters*, i. 61.

³ *Ibid.*, i. 75.

⁴ *Letters J.W.C.*, ii. 202.

1866 admirers : " George Rennie has been here three times within
(70) the last ten days, which I impute to his having had Influenza. Illness softens his heart always, and in rendering the present extremely disgusting to him, inclines him to seek consolation from the *past*. The same phenomenon occurred after his small-pox." ¹

But with all Mrs. Carlyle's power of discrimination we find in her an intense sensitiveness to the good will of her fellow-creatures. As a girl, we remember the keenness with which she felt any estrangement from her mother : how it hindered the studies she was so anxious to prosecute.² Besides the story of her famous reception by her friends on her return to London in the autumn of 1864, we find her recording more than once, with a kind of pleasure, how the servant at Cheyne Row had kissed her from delight at seeing her again after an absence. Of a visit to a lawyer in 1843 she wrote : " This was one of those remarkable instances of fascination which I exercise over gentlemen of a ' certain age ' ; before I had spoken six words to him it was plain to the meanest capacity that he had fallen over head and ears in love with me." ³ She also humorously complains that her house has become a " General Audit Office for all the miseries of the universe " ;⁴ as an instance of which we recall one of her acquaintances who loses his mother, and despite a multiplicity of kindred, flies to her for two or three hours daily.⁵ And the cause of her eagerness to confide these experiences to others was that amiable kind of vanity which Leslie Stephen imputed to craving for sympathy and belief in the sincerity of one's fellow-creatures.

Mrs. Carlyle's relations with her father were perfect ; with her mother less humanly perfect, but equally so from the ideal standpoint. She never outlived her remorse at the small unkindnesses which had passed between herself and her mother ; for she valued love above all else on earth ; and the simple-hearted people who could love, like Betty Braid, were more to her than the fashionable acquaintances in the society secured to her by her husband's fame. The characters that live in her letters are the Miss Donaldsons and Mrs. Russell : with these we fall in love by hearsay, as with the James Spedding of Edward FitzGerald's

¹ Early Letters J.W.C., 300-1.

² Love Letters, i. 345.

³ Letters J.W.C., i. 203-4.

⁴ Ibid., i. 302.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 393.

letters. "My godmother herself," she writes when visiting Haddington, "like the good fairy, so little, oh, so little, she has grown ! and her face so little and round, and so sweet !" ¹ When Dr. and Mrs. Russell are unable to accept her invitation to London in the spring of 1865, her pang of disappointment is indeed shared by the reader.²

Let us therefore take leave of Mrs. Carlyle with the remembrance of her vast capacity for loving : as proved by the ineffaceable nature of the impressions of her childhood, and her appreciation of kindness from the humblest man or woman. Her sarcasm and "brilliance" were superficial phenomena, her habit of complaining was largely due to her literary facility in pointing phrases. For we must not forget that Mrs. Carlyle's original bent was towards a literary life, and the heroic studies of her girlhood were intended to lay the foundation of a career of authorship for herself. She therefore had the peculiar weaknesses of the artist's nature : among them being emotional instability and readiness to seek relief from mental discomfort in confession. Had she survived her husband, we believe she would have undertaken as weighty a burden of "remorse" as fell to him. Many episodes in her life stand out like pictures : we prefer that of July 1849, when she revisits Haddington after twenty years of absence, and gazes from the window of the George Inn down the street of the old place, just as she had seen it at Chelsea in her dreams, but more dream-like.³

¹ Letters J.W.C., ii. 284.

² Ibid., iii. 248-50.

³ Ibid., ii. 58.

CHAPTER XXXVI

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" I: ANALYSIS

I. 1. ABOUT eighty years ago could be seen in the neighbourhood of Potsdam a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure : every inch of him a King, though his vesture was of Spartan simplicity. His mouth was close-shut with thin lips, he had prominent jaws and nose and a receding brow. His head was of long form, with superlative grey eyes in it, and his face bore evidence of many sorrows and much hard labour done in this world. Such a pair of eyes, they were, as no man or lion or lynx of that century bore elsewhere : their habitual expression, vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. In his voice were all tones, from ingenuous enquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter, up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation. By some he is called the Creator of the Prussian Monarchy. He was an original man, whom the world had tried to put down : at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for Seven Years. Who or what else is of notice but an original man, especially if he is a King, whose movements are polar and carry the world along ? When he died in 1786, the enormous Phenomenon since called FRENCH REVOLUTION was already growling audibly in the depths of the world. At the time he was eclipsed by its dust and conflagrations, and also while Napoleon held the stage and played to the shilling gallery. Now all is seen again in its natural size ; it is recognised that the art of war is not merely unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder, and that Rossbach, won by strategy, far excelled Austerlitz and Wagram. But the Revolution was needed as a divine message to the fraudulent-bankrupt eighteenth century.

The books on Friedrich are chaotic rather than cosmic ; for Prussian Dryasdust excels all others. In England, George II called him a robber—but let that idea be dismissed. Voltaire's book on his private character was written in a kind of fury, not intended for publication. Friedrich was a questionable hero, yet he honestly recognised facts, and contrived not to be a liar and charlatan in the eighteenth century. We wish to restore the

man himself, and his strength in wrestling with the mud elements : the one *asbestos*, proof against the fire which engulfs all but an insignificant fraction of the past : and this survives to enrich and nourish us again. A good book on Friedrich from the materials we have is impossible ; for history is neglected by Shakespeare and Goethe and left to Dryasdust, who fails to interpret the Revelation of the Author of this Universe. Perhaps this will not always be, and the man of rhythmic nature will incline more and more towards the Interpretation of Fact.

2. Friedrich was born at Berlin on January 24, 1712 : to the joy of his father, who, having lost two princes, and being left only with the sharp-witted little Wilhelmina, feared for the Hohenzollern lineage. Joy and hope also returned to the old grandfather, the first King of Prussia. A man of genius had been born into the purblind rotting century, with a back which all the world could not succeed in breaking.

3. His father, Friedrich-Wilhelm, was now twenty-four, a brisk young fellow with a jovial laugh, yet of solid grave ways, and at times volcanic. He had served his military apprenticeship under Marlborough and Eugene, and in 1709 had stood the terrible battle of Malplaquet. Soldiering was his main concern, and he strove to make his own regiment a pattern. He had lost his own brave mother and her love ; his ill-natured stepmother was mad ; and he lived with his chagrined, heartworn father, of whose rule he disapproved. He had married his cousin Sophie Dorothee of Hanover ; for he had passed his childhood at Hanover and seen the beginning of the Königsmark tragedy : the wife of Kurprinz George, afterwards George I of England, and mother of George II, abolished alive in the Castle of Ahlden. . . . As a boy he did not improve in breeding, but fought with his cousin George II. Sophie Dorothee, whom he married, was blond, florid, with a temper inclined to obstinate. He was a kind husband, save for a few whiffs of jealousy, and there were no quarrels between them that could not be healed : a unique thing at that epoch. Of their fourteen children ten survived.

4. His mother, Sophie Charlotte, had died in 1705. She had grieved to part with him when he left for Hanover : this rough cub was all she had to love, despite his tendencies to avarice and want of princely graces. She and her mother were distinguished for culture of a French, Versailles kind. They were deep in theological polemics, with a leaning towards scepticism. Sophie Charlotte loved to ask endless questions of Leibnitz ; and also to set divines disputing—when she would preside over the battle of Cloud-Titans and conduct the lightning softly. For her husband, Friedrich I, and the Court with its tedious ceremonials, that were mainly her lot in the world, she had no great veneration.

5. Friedrich I, son of the Great Elector, was a cripple by an accident that seemed also to affect his soul. He grew up amid many troubles with his stepmother, the Electress Dorothee, who planted the first of the famous Lindens in Berlin. In 1683 he married his second wife, Sophie Charlotte, and in 1688 became Elector. It was those who went before him who achieved the Kingship: all he did was to knock at the gate. The Kaiser, with his endless wars, needed the 30,000 Prussian troops; but Ministers objected, and negotiations lasted seven years. . . . At last they set off for Königsberg, through tangled forests, with eighteen hundred carriages: to the ennui of Sophie Charlotte, who took a pinch of snuff at the ceremony (16 Nov. 1700). This symbolic pinch of snuff is fragrant all along in Prussian history.

II. 1. In B.C. 327 Pytheas from Marseilles was the first civilised man to see Germany: a country of lakes and woods, of marshy jungles, sandy wildernesses, with shaggy men of Suevic type. Three hundred years later it possessed men of blond stern aspect and great strength of bone, with a talent for fighting. In A.D. 400 there was a movement south from the Baltic, with Slavonic immigrations, followed by five hundred years of violent unrecorded fighting. In A.D. 928 Henry the Fowler, first sovereign of united Germany, organised the country against anarchy, and the Wends and Huns. He perfected the Markgrafs, or Graf of the Marches (*marked* places or boundaries) on all the frontiers: whence the title "Marquis." A Markgraf who prospered in repelling Wends and Huns could enlarge his boundaries: and thus was Brandenburg first discovered to Christendom by Henry the Fowler in 928.

2. Preussen, or Prussia proper—its name signifying "bordering on Russia"—is 500 miles to the east of Brandenburg: a moory flat country, with lakes, woods, and grassy expanses, but less sand than in Brandenburg. It is part of the great plain or flat from Silesia to the Baltic. The people were heathen, of the strong-boned, iracund, herdsman-and-fisher type. They were averse to missionaries, and in 997 murdered Adalbert for entering the sacred Oak-tree circle.

3. As late as 1023 the Wends would recapture Brandenburg and burn and massacre; but gradually they got converted and lost their type. The English or Saxon breed lasted over a hundred years, and we hear of troubles with plundering Danes. Otherwise all the fighting they undertook to make these lands habitable is forgotten except by the gods. And such will be our lot, despite Morning Newspapers! From 1130, with the Anhalt Markgraves, history grows more reliable.

4. Albert the Bear (1105-70) was the second founder of Brandenburg, who completed Henry the Fowler's work. Under

him it rose to an Electorate ; he converted or dispersed the Wends, and peopled the land with Dutch colonists made homeless by an inroad of the sea. These added to it greenness and cow-pasture.

5. The Castle of Hohenzollern was in Suabia, near Lake Constance and the Black Forest. A human kindred, with some talent for coercing anarchy and guiding men, had centuries ago built its *Burg* there. From this Castle set out Conrad, a junior, intending to seek fortune under Kaiser Barbarossa. He little dreamt of Brandenburg, but proved indeed lineal ancestor, twentieth in direct ascent, of the little boy now sleeping in his cradle at Berlin. Barbarossa was a magnificent and magnanimous man, holding the reins of the world and scourging anarchy down. Through him Conrad married the Vohburg heiress, whose family had been hereditary Burggrafs of Nürnberg. He became Burggraf in 1170, took root there, and in the course of centuries branched high and wide over adjoining countries. No imbecile could have held this office in the old earnest times. Conrad's descendants lived conformably to the laws of this Universe. They were thrifty, pious, prudent, and peaceable, with a very fierce flash of anger.

6. The disaster of Barbarossa's Crusade at Acre led to the formation, for purposes of succour, of the "Teutonic Order." With the passing of the Crusades, it was persuaded by the sagacious Hermann to leave its lodging in Venice and attempt to Christianise Prussia. The Teutsch Ritters built a *Burg* in Prussia and crusaded among the fierce, fanatically anti-Christian people. By degrees they acquired possessions all over Germany, and in about fifty years brought Prussian Heathenism to the ground. A happy time ensued for Prussia ; the ploughshare replaced the sword ; sea-havens flourished ; towns were built ; churches rose. For its first hundred years the Order was the rallying-place of all brave men who had aims other than vulgar : surely a better career than stump-oratory, or puddling away one's poor gift in building the lofty Review Article. . .

7. The Hohenzollerns continued to grow, but Germany, owing to three futile Kaisers, was becoming an anarchic Republic of Princes. Then Friedrich III, Burggraf of Nürnberg, elected as Kaiser Rudolf, Lord of Hapsburg, and saved the situation. The latest Austrian Kaisers and Prussian Kings have descended from these two men.

8. The Electors of Brandenburg were driving back the Wends, reclaiming waste lands, and fighting with the Archbishops of Magdeburg—as between Kaiser and Pope. In 1240 a Markgraf fortified Berlin and made it a German *Burg*. It stood, amid sand and swamp, on a sluggish river the colour of oil, once a fishing hamlet founded on piles. Its waterways facilitated trade to all parts, and in three hundred years it became the capital. . .

9. As yet Brandenburg was unconnected with the Hohenzollerns. . . . In 1291 Rudolf died, and of the eight Kaisers in the next hundred and fifty years only one was a Hapsburger. . . . We may mention Henry VII, chosen in 1308, who might have done well but died prematurely, poisoned by sacramental wine in Italy. . . .

10. In 1320 the Ascanier Markgraves, who had done most for Brandenburg, died out after two hundred years. Kaiser Ludwig considered the Electorate lapsed, and gave it to his son Ludwig. The Bavarian Markgraves, and the Luxemburg who succeeded, were of fatal significance to Brandenburg. Heathen Prussia was at last subdued and colonised, and luxury sprang from riches. The Ritters, no longer clad in austere mail and prayer, swelled into the fatted ox condition.

11. The Brandenburgers submitted ill to Ludwig's rule. They resuscitated an Ascanier Markgraf, and many believed and took up arms. Kaiser Ludwig died in 1347, and his successor Karl IV was enemy to Ludwig of Brandenburg. In 1342 Ludwig had married Margaret with the Pouch-mouth, a terrible dragon of a woman. It was the beginning of bad days for both, and rumour said she poisoned the son born to them, and Ludwig himself.

12. Kaiser Karl IV, son of Johann of Bohemia, was appointed in 1347. Johann was dead and is now remembered by his shield with three ostrich feathers and "Ich dien." It was he who had begged and purchased Silesia from Poland and joined it to Bohemia and Germany. . . . Kaiser Karl took sides with Waldemar, the resuscitated Ascanier Markgraf, in Brandenburg. But Ludwig started an Anti-Kaiser, and by 1349 had got Brandenburg clear and terminated the Devils' dance of five years. Then, wearied out, he retired to Tyrol (the property of his wife, the Pouch-mouthed Margaret) and left his brother Ludwig to rule. This Ludwig died childless in 1365; and his successor Otto abdicated in 1373, on receipt of a sum of money from Kaiser Karl, which he spent in debauchery. Thus ended Brandenburg's fifty years under the unlucky and dissolute Bavarian Electors.

13. It fared still worse in the next forty under the Luxemburg Kurfürsts. There was such Anarchy or Government by Pawnbroker that even Bavarian times were regretted. The one thing Karl had done, which proved the ultimate salvation, was to create friendship and alliance by marriage with the Hohenzollern Burggraves.

14. Karl had three sons: Wenzel who became Kaiser, Sigismund, and Johann; and a nephew Jobst, son of Margaret's (Pouch-mouth) first husband. Wenzel proved one of the worst Kaisers, addicted to beer and girls, and was deposed. He had

II. 14—III. 1. EARLY HISTORY OF PRUSSIA 165

given up Brandenburg to his two brothers ; but Sigismund, to raise money for an expedition to Hungary, pawned it to Jobst. Jobst misgoverned, retired to Moravia, and left Brandenburg in an anarchic condition. Eight years later he reappeared to resume pawning operations. . . . In 1410—soon after the death of Rupert of the Pfalz, a strong, respectable Kaiser—the Ritters, who had engaged in Polish quarrels, were defeated at Tannenberg and terminated their high courses in this world. . . . To Kaiser Rupert succeeded Sigismund, who was always short of money. On April 30, 1415, when the Council of Constance against the Pope was sitting, he sold Brandenburg to Burggraf Friedrich for £200,000. It was a notable event in World-History ; and thus has moribund Brandenburg got its Hohenzollern Kurfürst and started on a new career.

III. 1. Friedrich was well received by the towns when he came to restore law and order, but he was displeasing to the Barons. They lived much by highway robbery in these solitary countries, or as Kings in their own right behind stone walls fourteen feet thick. The Quitzows, a thick-skinned set, with bodies clad in buff leather and minds cased in ill habits of long continuance, defied him : till he invaded their country, and by means of a huge gun demolished their fortress. He was not cruel, but promised fair-play and the social wine-cup or inexorable war. Thus Brandenburg began to be cosmic again. He ruled for nearly thirty years, refused to become Kaiser in his old days, and died in 1440. He knew how to govern men, for, to ensure obedience without mutiny, he made his laws pieces of God's law.

2. Eleven Kurfürsts followed, of whom little worthy has been written. The State grew steadily and illustrated the contrast between guidance and no-guidance or mis-guidance. The theory has been that the Hohenzollerns rose by observing the worship of Beelzebub : as if Beelzebub made the world. To rise you must conform to the laws of the Universe, not evade them. . . .

3. Friedrich II was also a notable manager and governor. He induced the Teutsch Ritters, famishing for money, to sell back Neumark, pledged by Sigismund. . . . In 1464 it had been settled that Brandenburg should have Pomerania if the Wendish Dukes died out. They did so, but the assimilating process was not easy. In the Pommern war, Friedrich's nerves were shattered by a cannon-ball, and he resigned and died a year later.

4. His younger brother Albert succeeded : a fiery and tough fighter, the "Achilles of Germany" ; and thenceforth there was no break in the succession. They were all Hohenzollerns by character and behaviour as well as descent : there was no lack

of quiet energy, thrift, sound sense, fair play. . . . Albert had half a century of fighting in his seventy and odd years. He was a tall aquiline man, with cloudy sorrow in his old eyes. He died in 1486, and the Kaiser attended his funeral. . . . His sons were Johann the Cicero, who had a talent for speech in Latin, and Albert, Archbishop of Mainz, who became memorable through Leo X and the Indulgences.

5. Albert Achilles had held both Brandenburg and Culmbach (Baireuth and Anspach), but there was no formal union till 1791. The Elector left Culmbach to his second son Friedrich, and it fell in time to Johann George (1525-98), who split the territory in two : Brandenburg-Baireuth and Brandenburg-Anspach. In 1598 the *Gera Bond* settled that the Electorate shall continue indivisible, and only Culmbach territory may be split off for younger sons : an excellent piece of Hohenzollern thrift, and important in the Brandenburg annals. . . . Friedrich (1460-1536) founded the Elder Culmbach line, and had three notable sons. *Casimir*, to whom fell Baireuth, was a truculent soldier : in the Revolt of Peasants (1525) he hanged ringleaders by the dozen. *George* of Anspach was given to learning, and played a high part at the Reformation in the cause of Protestantism. He told the Kaiser that he would do his bidding under God, not against God : such a spirit then possessed the nobler kingly mind, unknown to this enlightened gold-nugget generation.

6. The third and younger son, *Albert*, was chosen by the Ritters as Hochmeister of German influence. Since Tannenberg (1410), Ritterdom had sprawled helpless and paid homage to Poland for the eastern part of West Prussia. But murmurs arose that Preussen is a piece of the Reich (German Empire). Albert, chosen in 1511, undertook to refuse homage ; and the Reich and Kaiser Max spoke loosely of encouragement. It was not suspected that the Ritters deserved their down-come because of their insolence and degeneracy. Sigismund would not forego the homage ; Albert moved heaven and earth for supplies to begin war ; and the Reich and the Ritters merely clapped their hands. Albert raised 8,000 German mercenaries and would plunge like a fiery javelin into the heart of Poland : but they were overset by Sigismund's vast clouds of Polish chivalry. In the armistice that followed he consulted Luther, who utterly condemned the Ritters with their high professions and infamous practice. Albert became Duke of Preussen, paying homage to Poland : and it was the end of Ritterdom. . . . He was a man of high bald brow and magnificent spade-beard, profoundly religious, as all thoughtful men then were.

7. Casimir's son Albert exhausted too early his splendid qualities. His profession was war ; with Moritz of Saxony he worsted

the Kaiser, and was virtually King of Germany for seven months. In 1552 he joined Kaiser Karl in his siege of Metz to recover the three bishoprics claimed by Henry II of France. Metz could not be taken, thanks to the valour of Guise—also to iron frosts and sleety rains. Tears ran down Karl's face ; but Albert covered the retreat and outmanœuvred the French. Thenceforth his course was downward, and he died broken and bankrupt : a man of real nobleness but lacking wisdom and good fortune. He might, like a German Cromwell, have prevented the Thirty Years War, and the spiritual atrophy that subsequently possessed Germany.

8. The grand event of the sixteenth century was the Reformation, and men are memorable as they helped or hindered it. Brandenburg was incapable of living on spiritual moonshine, and, in accepting the Reformation, obeyed the audible voice of heaven. Protestant or not meant : is there nobility in a nation ? Are there men who prefer death to falsehood ? Nations are benefited for ages by being thrown thus into divine white-heat. If you try and make a chapman-bargain with Truth, in place of entire surrender, Truth will not live with you. All nations were offered the Reformation, and those that refused are Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland. Italy preferred Dilettantism and the Fine Arts ; France all but accepted : but in 1572 came St. Bartholomew, and in 1792 the account with compound interest.

9. In Brandenburg, Kurfürst Joachim I, a man not beautiful to cross, hesitated about the Reformation. His wife Elizabeth was zealous for it, and domestic difficulties arose. Once she secretly partook of the "communion under both kinds." A daughter told the father, who looked ominous, and Elizabeth fled to her uncle in Saxony : in such haste that on the road her lace veil was used to bind up a broken spoke. He made no attempt to molest her, but on his death warned her against new-fangled heresies.

10. Joachim II formally adopted Protestantism in 1539, to the great joy of Brandenburg. . . . He fought for the Kaiser against the Turks, and in several wars, and he obtained the right of himself and his posterity to the reversion of Preussen, should the Culmbach line of Duke Albert fail. He also made a Pact of Heritage Brotherhood with the Duke of Liegnitz, in which he persisted, though the Duke yielded to opposition and renounced it. And when Ferdinand became Kaiser he made him quit grip of Jägerndorf—part of the spoils of Albert, son of Casimir. He was a conspicuous public man, and also solemnly devout ; deep awe-stricken reverence dwelling in his view of this Universe, Luther and the Bible were his chief reading.

11. Johann George had been under Kaiser Karl's patronage, and accompanied him to the Schmalkaldic Wars. At the siege of Wittenberg he was shot at and narrowly missed by a gunner. Had the shot taken effect, the course of human things would have been altered, and Friedrich the Great never risen above ground. He had twenty-three children, was a prudent, thrifty man, and allowed no luxuries. He founded the younger Culmbach line with important Law of Primogeniture.

12. Duke Albert of Preussen, who died in 1568, left one son, Albert Friedrich, aged 15, of great promise but sensitive and abstruse. The Prussian Raths withstood offers of guardianship, and governed by a clique of their own, in spite of his occasional fiery humours. On the eve of his marriage to Maria Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Cleve, he was seized with incurable depression : not madness but still less sanity. No son was born ; and George Friedrich of Anspach-Baireuth came to rule the country. He proved an excellent Governor for twenty-six years, and made many improvements, dying in 1603. As there were no children, much territory fell to the Elder House, according to the Gera Bond of five years ago. Preussen was to be incorporated with the Electorate—were possession of it once had. . . . The Elector Joachim Friedrich had been careful to make marriage connections with the daughters of Albert the hypochondriac. He became guardian of Preussen, and thereby got hold of it.

13. In 1608 Johann Sigismund, son of Joachim Friedrich, became Kurfürst of Brandenburg. First he settled the affairs of Preussen, then applied himself to the Cleve Heritage. Cleve Proper and the Duchies of Jülich and Berg were rising to be the busiest quarter of Germany. He designed the inheritance to go to his eldest daughter, Maria Eleonora : after which he had a stroke of palsy, lingered twenty years, and relapsed to Papistry. In spite of lawyers there were many claimants, including the other two sisters, for the Cleve country. Neither the Kaiser desired a powerful Protestant there, such as Brandenburg ; nor the Spaniard, in whose road to fight the Dutch lay Cleve.

14. Germany at this time was a continent of sour thick smoke, already breaking out into dull-red flashes here and there, symptoms of the Thirty Years War conflagration. In 1608 Donauörth, the Bavarian Protestant town, was put under a Ban for an offence against a Mass-procession. In Cleve the Protestants strove to agree ; for in default of agreement the Kaiser threatened to take Cleve himself. He took Jülich Castle by force, but it was retaken. An Evangelical Union was formed, also a Catholic League, and Brandenburg joined the first. The Elector Johann Sigismund refused Wolfgang Wilhelm his daughter and claim on Cleve-Jülich—even struck him. On which Wolfgang went to Munich

III. 14. EARLY HISTORY OF PRUSSIA 169

and became Catholic, and Sigismund Calvinist. In 1614 the Spanish and Dutch fronted one another in Jülich-Cleve country like electric clouds. In 1618, at Prag, Bohemian Protestants hurled Officials from a window, and kindled the Thirty Years War. Its causes were the Jesuits' vow to make Europe orthodox again; and Max of Bavaria attempted the enterprise. . . . In 1621 Spaniards and Dutch fought in Jülich-Cleve, and not till 1666 was an effective partition made—nor did it really end till 1815. . . . In 1618 Johann Sigismund got peaceable possession of Prussia, on Albert Friedrich's death.

15. George Wilhelm succeeded Johann Sigismund in 1619. Unluckiest of Electors, under him Brandenburg was merely passive in the war. All Protestant Germany was torpid, and the Evangelical Union did little but issue manifestos. But there was Protestant Europe beyond: a Gustavus Adolphus, an Oliver Cromwell, who could take Lucifer by the beard and force him to withdraw after a tough struggle.

16. From 1620-4, the first of the three chief epochs of the war, the Kaiser was everywhere victorious. Brandenburg could only look on and protest, melted into a deliquium of terror under the thunderbolts that were flying.

1624-9. Except in the north-west, trembling Germany lay ridden over as the Kaiser willed. Brandenburg got a bad stroke through Pommern. The Kaiser seized it, wishing to hold the seaboard so as to extend the blessings of orthodoxy into England, Sweden, Holland, and make all Europe Papist again. But later it was retaken by Gustavus.

The third epoch began with the landing of Gustavus in the Isle of Usedom on June 24, 1630, and continued to the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. George Wilhelm followed his old scheme of peace at any price; but he was fated to stand in the range of these huge collisions. He strove to keep well with the Kaiser, and his Prime Minister was an Austrian secretly in the Kaiser's interest. On the other hand, Gustavus had seized Pommern, and exacted the temporary cession of Spandau and Cüstrin. It was the nadir-point of Brandenburg-Hohenzollern History. In 1629-31 both Brandenburg and Saxony joined Sweden, but their army scattered before Wallenstein, and they made the peace of Prag in 1632. The grand weapon of war was hunger, and each army tried to eat the country and leave nothing eatable in it. All horrors since practised are poor by comparison. Human creatures ate their own children; and all Germany was brayed as in a mortar under the iron mace of war.

17. Pommern was lost, and in 1606 Jägerndorf had been lost by Johann George, son of Elector Joachim Friedrich. He was

ousted by Ferdinand II of the House of Hapsburg ; but in 1740 the account was settled with compound interest.

18. George Wilhelm died in 1640 and was succeeded by the Great Elector, Friedrich Wilhelm, who restored Brandenburg. He found it a mere Protestant appendage dragged about by a Papist Kaiser, but he got the foreign armies pushed out of his country, and proceeded to raise revenue and collect troops. Himself a fighter, he preferred to negotiate rather than fight, and by degrees he collected 24,000 of the best troops. He fought either for Louis XIV or Kaiser Leopold, according as he saw his advantage ; and his army, for which he exacted a high rate, when thrown in at the right time, often turned the balance in great questions. . . . He never abandoned the idea of recovering Pommern, held in pawn by the Swedes after the peace of 1648 . . . In 1666 what seemed an effective partition of Cleve, etc., was arranged between Brandenburg and Neuburg. If either of the lines failed, each should inherit the other, and admit no collateral line : but more will be heard of this. . . .

In 1655-60 he was obliged to take part in the Polish-Swedish war, or little Preussen might have been crushed in the collision. He engaged in the battle of Warsaw, July 1656, when the Polish chivalry was broken at last : after which he changed sides ! Was it treachery ? or his own method of advancing spirally, having a clear private aim ? For this, John Casimir agreed to give up the Homage : and Ducal Prussia became a free sovereignty. From that time he figured in the world, and Kings were anxious to secure him ; though he was essentially an Industrial rather than a Fighting man. He loved to make chaos cosmos, to drain bogs, settle colonies in waste places, cut canals, etc. He welcomed French Protestants expelled by the Edict of Nantes : 20,000 nimble French souls, who turned waste sands into potherb gardens. . . . A shifty, not unjust man ; his face, well-ploughed by time, one of the most potent of the century .

In 1678, while he was fighting for Louis XIV, the Swedes from Pommern, in three parties, invaded his territory. He marched two hundred miles to Magdeburg, struck the midmost party to utter ruin, and ended the Swede domination. Next year, when they invaded again, he journeyed a hundred miles, with four thousand men on sledges, beat and drove them to disastrous retreat, stuck to their skirts, and retook Swedish Pommern : but Louis XIV caused it to be given back. Another miss was the Silesian Duchies, which, with the last Duke's death in 1675, should have been Brandenburg's, according to the Heritage-Fraternity with Liegnitz : but Kaiser Leopold forbade. His domestic life was fine and human, and the love for which he undertook

marriage lasted till death. From the hand of his wife Louisa, at the moment of death, when speech had fled, he felt three slight pressures : " Farewell ! " . . . His second wife was Dorothee, who planted the Lindens.

19. The Great Elector failed to get his Silesian Duchies from Leopold ; Prince Friedrich quarrelled with his Stepmother : and from these two facts sprang a third. The Prince was kept tight in money ; and the Elector, under his wife's influence, broke the Gera Bond for her children. In 1685 Austria needed the Elector's help and gave him Schwiebus in Silesia (about as large as Rutland) to end the dispute of the Duchies ; while Baron Freytag, the Austrian ambassador, courted the young Prince and supplied him with money, on the engagement that he restored Schwiebus when he came to power. Two years later saw him Elector, on his father's death, but he retained Schwiebus for seven years, declaring the matter a swindle—till in the end he had to yield. . . . A spirited man, he fought against Louis XIV, in the wars of Marlborough, who courted him for his army's sake. At Malplaquet the Prussians picked their way through a peat-bog, deemed impassable, and got in on the French wing—to Marlborough's huge comfort. . . . An affable, kindly man, he had a hard life, and his back had been half broken in infancy. No sooner was the Prussian boundary crossed than signs of his good administration appeared : in smooth highways, well-tilled fields, milestones, habitable inns. . . .

20. Louis XIV had shrunk mournfully into the corner, with his Missal and his Maintenon—looking back with just horror on Europe four times set ablaze for the sake of one poor mortal in big periwig, to no purpose. . . . The last adventure of King Friedrich (as he is now called) was the worst. He had lost his wife Sophie Charlotte in 1708 : she who had taken the pinch of snuff at the Coronation in 1700. The Prince Royal, Friedrich-Wilhelm, was married to Sophie Dorothee ; and two of her children had already died. Convinced that no child of hers would live, the King married in 1708, when near fifty, Princess Sophie Louisa of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, aged twenty-four. She was weak and querulous, bore him no children, and finally went mad. Estrangement on religious grounds already existed ; for he was Lutheran and she Calvinist. Though hot-tempered, he always bore himself like a gentleman ; but the fall that had damaged his nerves in infancy prevented the greatness he might have achieved. He died in 1713 from shock caused by the mad Queen, who dashed through the glass door of his room, in deshabille, suggesting the fatal " White Lady " understood to walk the Berlin Schloss and announce death to the Royal inhabitants.

IV. 1 (1713-23). Thanks to Dryasdust we know little interesting of Friedrich's childhood. Only Wilhelmina's book, though flighty and uncertain, is human and not pedant: the expression of a shrill female soul. A veracious book, it may contain exaggerations, but there is no attempt to deceive. In his breeding were two distinct elements—French and German. He showed extraordinary vivacity and quickness of apprehension; and was one of the prettiest and vividest little boys, with eyes, mind and ways of uncommon brilliancy. But he took less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish, and found other things as notable as loud drums and stiff men drawn up in rows. A delicate child, he was entrusted for his first seven years to Madame de Roucoules, the Edict of Nantes lady whom Sophie Charlotte had favoured, and he was always grateful for her services. This French-Protestant element, which set its mark on Friedrich, though clean and pure, was self-conscious, barren, and inclined to vocal piety. The respectable ladies with high head-gear and wide hoops were tight-laced and high-frizzled in mind and body. Friedrich learned to speak and *think* in French; and this left much of his deeper nature unuttered. Of German, which he despised, he learned the corrupt Prussian dialect; and he read only Luther's Bible. Goethe and Lessing were not as yet.

2 (1713-23). The centre of the German element was Papa, now King: an abrupt, peremptory young King, German to the bone. He was attended by a set of rugged German sons of Nature distinct from the French sons of Art. Strange counterpart were they to the French with their nimble tongues and rapiers, and the high-frizzled ladies rustling in stiff silk, with the shadow of Versailles present to them. These others were native products of the rigorous North, grim semi-articulate Prussian men, gone all to pipe-clay and moustache for us. There was Grumkow, cunning, greedy-hearted, long-headed. There was the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, with face the colour of gunpowder, who married an apothecary's daughter, to whom he always remained faithful, and never taught his children to read or write. A man of vast dumb faculty, dumb but fertile; unknown beyond his country, yet the fruit of his activities is now manifest in all. He invented the iron ramrod, the equal step—in fact, the whole of modern military tactics. He is now drilling to perfection, with assiduous rigour, the Prussian infantry to be the wonder of the world. He was at Malplaquet with them, and Blenheim, where he stood at bay till Marlborough and victory relieved him. . . . He can play rough pranks on occasion, and has a big horse-laugh where there is a fop to be roasted. . . . There was no genial-seeing man to paint with his pen these grim hirsute Hyperborean figures that pass mostly mute before us, growling in guttural Teutsch what

little articulate meaning they had. From the times of Tacitus and Pytheas hosts of them have thus marched across Existence. . . . There was a Spartan tone in the breeding and treatment of Fritz, and most important was his unconscious apprenticeship to the King. A harsh master was the King, and almost half-mad, yet his wisdom was worth that of all the others.

3 (1713-23). After his father's death Friedrich-Wilhelm did away with all French fashions and superfluous officials. This rugged young King, with his plangent metallic voice, looked like one dangerous to cross. He reduced the household to the lowest footing of the indispensable, and was ready to save even half a thaler. When he had cut down things to below the fifth, he went through every department of Prussian business—requiring needful work to be rigorously well done and imaginary work pitched out of doors. Thereby he expunged much mendacity, or *dry-rot* of nations—mendacity not only of tongue, but hand, heart and head. He himself was most intent to save money by his reforms, and year by year he pushed his work unweariedly forward, till he had shaped Prussia after his own image—into a thrifty, hardy, rigorous and Spartan country. He that models Nations according to his own image is indeed a King. He did not figure much in public history, and was much laughed at—this wild Son of Nature in an artificial world. He was wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks, with a terrible inner volcanic fire. He became a Master of National Economics, and his semi-articulate writings were as if done by the paw of a bear. He was a just man who would not play false ; to none were shams more hateful ; and what is Justice but another form of the reality we love—a truth acted out ? The good plan is the fruit of “genius,” or transcendent capacity of taking trouble ; and the amount of slow stubborn broad-shouldered strength expended by the man was great.

In ten years things were fairly on the road : bogs drained, colonies planted, manufactures established. A terror to evil-doers, he would not let even Applewomen sit without knitting. He was arbitrary, but much of his *arbitrium* was that of the Eternal Heavens as well. The country grew yearly richer, not only in money, but frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity. Yearly he saved money and deposited it in barrels in his Castle cellars. He was a silent genius, his melodious stanza a rough fact reduced to order. Except Dr. Johnson there was no man of equal veracity in that epoch. He was confident in his belief, yet with a huge simplicity, and he could be coaxed and led by the nose. Internally, his modesty, self-distrust, anxiety and other unexpected qualities were great. To these add explosiveness, impatience, excitability, and conscious dumb ignorance of all things beyond his own

small horizon of personal survey. A first-rate conjuror might coax and tickle this Orson ; a second-rate would fail and get torn to pieces. He was full of sensitiveness and wild imaginations, such as his passion for tall soldiers. This was an exaggerated notion to have his "stanza" polished to the last punctilio of perfection. He had understood, when Crown-Prince, that all would depend on the quality of his army ; and therefore he desired to have from 70,000 to 100,000 men, with a full treasury. Alone of existing Kings he laid by money ; and he drilled not only the army but the nation. Such had ever been the function of the Hohenzollerns ; and he perfected and carried it through every fibre and cranny of the Prussian business. All Prussia became a drilled phalanx, and the army was the last consummate essence of what existed everywhere else. A nation must endure the curb if it will aspire. England without her Normans and Plantagenets would have been a gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles unconscious of the heroic toil that leads to the high places of the Universe.

4 (1713-23). Friedrich-Wilhelm's history was one of Economics ; but he is ever interesting as father and teacher of Fritz. He was of short firm stature, florid, expressive of robust insight ; his face not beautiful, but healthy, genuine, authoritative. Eyes severe but capable of jolly laughter, or fearful thunderous rage. He hates a lie above all : and you must look straight at him in speaking. His voice was quasi-metallic, with a nasal quality in it ; his habits simple, his cleanliness scrupulous. All furniture must be of wood, to have no dust. He ate heartily, but simple country messes ; and in time his waistcoat measured many Prussian ells. He would dress in military garb and triangular hat, with round white wig in older days, when his face tended to purple and the eyes looked out mere investigation, sharp swift authority, and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set his thick bamboo cane in motion. He would hit idle loungers over the crown, and a prompt clear answer turned away his wrath more than a soft one. He was not without geniality and humour, and respected realities alone. Every great Empire is founded on thrift, and yet lost money may be remade if you have not squandered your moral capital. But if you have, there are no harvests for you in the Seedfield of this Universe. The flunky world accused Friedrich-Wilhelm of avarice, but it was honourable thrift. He could be magnificent, and also resort to strange shifts : as on occasion of the Czar's frequent journeys through Prussia, the expense of which he bore one part of the way. He ordered an exaggerated report of the cost to be given out ! Compelled by the pinch of thrift, he who hated lies had one told by a servant. What a window into his artless inner man !

5 (1713-16). His one war was in 1715, when Charles XII, after five years' eclipse, reached Stralsund on the Baltic, and repudiated the neutrality of Stettin. To secure peace in the Pommern regions, Friedrich-Wilhelm had occupied Stettin and paid £60,000. Against the advice of Louis XIV and the Kaiser, Charles XII refused to repay this money. War was declared, and before leaving for the frontier, Friedrich-Wilhelm carefully instructed his three Ministers—or rather human iron-safes. Let them write only if anything of moment occurred. No money should be paid out but that which fell due by the Books. If an extraordinary case arise in money or other things, they are to consult his wife. Except her and the Privy Councillors, no mortal is to poke into his affairs. In case of death, he is to be buried in the vault of the Palace-Church at Berlin, without grand ceremonials. . . . The Russians and Danes joined but did little, and the business of the siege fell to Friedrich-Wilhelm. Stralsund was a strong place, with outer and inner lines, with marshes and ditches, and leaning, one side, on the deep sea commanded by Swedish ships. It had once resisted Wallenstein, and now the siege lasted till mid-winter. The Swedish lion, at bay against all the world, made desperate sallies, lost point after point. When the general storm was at hand Charles consented to go, and thenceforth he vanished. Stralsund surrendered, and Sweden has never shone among the nations since. Friedrich-Wilhelm returned to Berlin (Jan. 1716), and forbade a triumphal entry.

6 (1715-16) Most of Fritz's Tutors were picked up by Papa in the Stralsund business: the French Duhan de Jandun, fonder of fighting than teaching; and Finkenstein, Kalkstein, Seckendorf. Fritz had shown no appetite for soldiering, but to Papa's joy, on returning home, he found the little Fritz, with Wilhelmina looking over him, strutting about and assiduously beating a little drum. The paternal heart ran over with glad fondness, and he ordered a portrait to be painted. The Berlin galleries contain no portrait of Fritz, and next to none of the noble series of Human realities sprung *not* from the idle brains of dreaming Dilettanti, but from the Head of God Almighty, to make this poor authentic Earth a little memorable for us. This picture is welcome like one tiny islet of Reality amid the shoreless sea of Phantasms. . . . The expedition had yielded to Friedrich-Wilhelm all he wished: Stettin and quiet in Pommern.

7 (1717). In the autumn of 1717 the Czar Peter the Great visited Prussia. On the Continent a plot was hatching to bring the Pretender back to England, and all Courts were filled with rumours. Friedrich-Wilhelm's plan was to fortify his frontier towns and keep his army ready, and he was willing to make pact with the Czar and France and all pacific neighbours. Peter had

been to France, concluded an agreement with Regent d'Orléans, and now appeared in Berlin (19 Sept.). Tired of ceremonies, he was lodged, at his request, in Monbijou, the Queen's little Garden-Palace. Wilhelmina describes the rather savage Czar, with his contortions, and the little stumpy Czarina Catherine, who had been a kitchen wench. One of Friedrich-Wilhelm's presents of conciliation to the Czar was the yacht built by his father, which he never used. The Czar replied with tall soldiers and buyers for the Prussian manufactures. This autumn arrived a hundred and fifty human figures, seven to eight feet high—the tallest the Czar could riddle out from his dominions. Every autumn came another hundred : invaluable to a man of "genius" mounted on his hobby. In return Friedrich-Wilhelm sent smiths, millwrights, drill-sergeants, cannoneers, engineers, to kindle the inert opaque Russian mass into luminosity and vitality, and impart a tincture of solid German to the Russian art of war.

8 (1719-21). In his seventh year Fritz was put under male tutors who were to provide the military finish of his education. On Duhan de Jandun he always looked as his spiritual father who had opened his mind to the strange confusedly opulent Universe he had got into. Finkenstein, aged sixty, of Blenheim fame, he did not dislike. He became attached to his tutors, and was an attached and attaching little boy. Kalkstein also he loved—a downright, correct soldier and man, aged twenty-eight, and kept to him for forty years till his death. To his advantage he was not taught by hypocrites, or even sincere-hypocrites, but by real men who did daily what they taught. His masters were rigorous but not unlovable, and his affections were kept alive. Friedrich-Wilhelm's instructions are rough and stiff from natural bullheadedness and Prussian pipe-clay. (1) Impress on him love and fear of God. Do not mention Atheism, and teach him to abhor Papistry. The true religion is that Christ died for all men, and that God's justice is eternal and omnipresent. (2) No Latin, or lingo of old dead heathens. (3) He is to learn Mathematics, Artillery, Economy, History. Above all the history of the House of Brandenburg, where he will find domestic examples. (4) Fortification, when older, and war sciences. Infuse in him a true love of soldiering. Teach him nothing can bring a Prince honour like the sword, and he would be despised if he did not love it. . . .

That Fritz might learn his exercise a boys' regiment was formed, of one hundred and ten boys of noble families, and in a year he took head charge. In tight blue bit of coat and cocked hat he looked the miniature image of Papa : though the costume flattered little his private taste for finery. In October 1723, when George I arrived on a visit, he saw Fritz drilling his Cadet Company, with clear voice, military sharpness, and the precision

of clockwork, on the Esplanade. From an early age Papa took the Crown-Prince with him on his annual Reviews, into every nook of Prussia. Little military Fritz travelled beside the military Majesty, amid generals and official persons, in their hardy Spartan manner. He also attended Papa on his hunts, though he did not take to hunting or sow-baiting—and still less to the “sausage-car,” where a dozen of you sit astride and career, regardless of summer heat and sandy dust, or winter’s frost-storms and muddy rain. In later years he would retire into a glade and hold flute concert with his comrades, or converse with Mamma and her ladies : to the disapproval of Papa. He had little money of his own, and even sleep was stingily allowed. His upbringing was as frugal as that of Johnson, or the Peasant-god of these sunk ages : Robert Burns. In another document we read a list of minute regulations as to his time for rising, washing his hands, eating his breakfast, studying, riding, visiting the King. . . .

9 (1713-23). Friedrich-Wilhelm spent a few weeks of the autumn at Wusterhausen, twenty miles south-east of Berlin, amid flat moory country. In the evening he held his smoking session on the steps of the Fountain ; with his Grumkows, Derschaus, Anhalt-Dessaus, and select Friends, in various slow talk ; till Night kindle her mild starlights, shake down her dark curtains over all countries. . . . Fritz found one place as good as another, and, though he had cousins of his own age, Sister Wilhelmina was his grand confederate and companion. Their love, now and till death, was the brightest element in both lives. In proper time Fritz appeared at soirées, where he talked delightfully, and even discussed with French Divines. He consorted with the cultivated French Camas and his wife—German, but with elegance, wisdom, goodness. For fifty years he called her “Mamma,” and corresponded with her in a very beautiful and human fashion.

10 (1719-20). 1719 proved a noisy year because of Friedrich-Wilhelm’s intervention in the cause of the Heidelberg Protestants. Karl Philip, Elector Palatine, being Popish, had treated them unreasonably. (He was childless ; and this interested Friedrich-Wilhelm as regards the Cleve-Jülich affair ; for if the line of Neuburg is out, it means much for Prussia.) Karl Philip, surrounded by Jesuits, continually nibbled at Protestant rights, and now he wished to turn the chief Protestant Church into a Catholic Cathedral. To Friedrich-Wilhelm, when the matter was explained to him, these were grave clouds from the Palatinate, and his patience ran over. As pacific remonstrances were vain, he ordered all Catholic Churches in his dominions to be closed, and the revenues suspended, till the Heidelberg Church was restored. His word, unalterable as gravitation, has gone

forth ; he was seconded by George I, the Dutch and Swiss ; and within three months Karl Philip had to comply. There was an honest bacon-and-greens conscience in Friedrich-Wilhelm : almost the one conscience you can find in any royal man of that day. Though he hated quarrels, he had adopted the thumbscrew method, without tremulous counting of costs. His sphere of political activity was prevention of injury to Protestants. The Kaiser was offended, and the Court of Berlin had fallen wrong with Vienna and Dresden. . . . The Kaiser was then at war with Spain ; and Admiral Byng had blown the Spanish fleet to destruction for him, and retaken Messina. It was the first of the terrifico-ludicrous paroxysms of crisis into which Kaiser Karl threw the European Universe. It even touched and nearly ruined our little Fritz and his sister.

11 (1713-23). Contemporary witnesses speak of Fritz's uncommon capacity and affectionate disposition. In Duhan he found a tutor who was not too strict : and things ordered with such rigorous minuteness were apt to be neglected. Duhan, at his wish, procured him a Latin instructor ; but the King happened to enter when the study of the *Golden Bull* was in progress, and terminated the lesson with a flourish of his rattan. Unfortunately this tended to clandestine practices and alienated the father. He did not take to hunting and had an effeminate love for the flute. Friedrich-Wilhelm ordered his blond locks, combed out at the temples, to be ruthlessly shorn away, as contrary to military fashion. But the Chirugus was judicious, and combed back rather than cut off, to the lasting gratitude of Fritz. In his formal religion, a cross between Bayle and Calvin, he was ill bestead. Duhan excepted, it was in spite of his teachers that he acquired some human piety, and in the most eclipsed age ever known, managed to steer by the heavenly loadstars. Religion was taught like drill exercise, instead of by silent example aided by that miracle called the Grace of God, which alone favours the sacred contagion. There must be facts to correspond with ideas put into the child's mind, if belief—man's divinest function—is not to be spoiled.

12 (1713-23). To his father, Fritz's tastes seemed to threaten ruin to himself and Prussia ; they were the first small cracks of incurable divisions. Many new children arrived : five daughters and August Wilhelm, ten years younger than Fritz and more after the paternal heart. As Fritz would not fashion himself according to pattern, the rugged father grew to hate the son, and his sulphurous rage exploded in gusts or lasting tempests. The mother secretly favoured him, and planned the "Double-Marriage" of Fritz and Wilhelmina to a Princess and Prince of the English-Hanoverian House. . . . These

two were sure allies, and formed a cipher-speech, designating their father as "Stumpy." . . . The fountains of bitterness flowed ever wider ; the son had to adopt hypocrisies towards his terrible father ; and even to the last, when he recognised that surly father's worth, the other seldom recognised his.

13 (1713-23). Fritz had gained abundant learning of an irregular nature. He read fiction, but there must always be Realism in his literature. He sought in fiction an expository illustrative garment of Fact. All his curiosities gravitated towards what had being and reality round him ; and the intellect can show no better symptom. He had learned the art of speech ; his literature, though thin flowing, had a vein of sense ; but his spelling, strange to say, remained bad. He excelled all other modern princes in education, and when action was demanded of him, he was a well-informed, cultivated man. Economy of time, from which all else followed, was his basis. His education was an apprenticeship to the Rhadamanthine Spartan King who hated all Unveracity ; and this, aided by docility and openness of mind, conquered the hurtful elements about him, and reduced their sour dark smoke to flame. The radiant son owed much to the surly irascible father. Friedrich-Wilhelm's dumb notion was that education is a thing of facts—capabilities developed, habits established, tendencies confirmed or repressed—and that a man must be trained into *doing* something in the way the Eternal laws require.

CHAPTER XXXVII

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" II: ANALYSIS

V. 1 (1723-6). GEORGE I's periodical visits to Hanover were connected with the "Double Marriage," which brought woe to all parties concerned. Sophie Dorothee had proposed it twelve years since to Princess Caroline, afterwards Queen of England. Let Caroline's son Fritz, two years older than Wilhelmina, marry her. This was agreed; and when Prussian Fritz was born, it was agreed that he should take Caroline's daughter, Amelia. Sophie Dorothee always remained eager, but Caroline, under new conditions in England, lost eagerness. And George I, a taciturn, rather splenetic elderly gentleman, was not in a humour to be forward in it. He lived in apprehension of the Pretender, and spent beer-and-tobacco evenings with his quasi-wives, the "Duchess of Kendal" and "Countess of Darlington." He meddled little with Government, and thus vindicated the "Constitutional Principle." . . . Friedrich-Wilhelm cared little but gave his consent; and in 1723, as an alliance between England and Hanover appeared desirable, George was brought to the mark. All parties met at Berlin in October, and Wilhelmina records that George I signed the Double Marriage Treaty: but it was not signed, as Parliament had to be apprised first. A load was rolled from Sophie Dorothee's heart; but her mother, once so radiant, now so dim and angry in the Castle of Ahlden, did not approve, as evil to Hanoverian interests was now her good. . . . Shortly after, Queen Sophie was rather unexpectedly in travail, and a daughter, Amelia, was born. Of her twelve children ten survived.

2 (1723-6). Most European Cabinets were connected with the jungle of intrigues following this Treaty, which Wilhelmina thought had been signed, and the result of which after ten years was zero. By means of it, Fritz and his sister, father, mother, were tribulated, almost heartbroken and done to death. . . . Kaiser Karl VI always clung to his Titular Kingship of Spain, and was disgusted when the Allies and England, tired of fighting for him, concluded the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. He wished to marry, and with some difficulty persuaded Princess Elizabeth,

daughter of old Anton Ulrich of Brunswick, to change her religion so as to become his wife. . . . For twenty years he clung to the shadow of the Spanish crown ; and the history of the Period (a Period dead in spirit, active only in stomach) turns on Kaiser Karl and his clutchings at shadows. Elizabeth Farnese, Queen of Spain, wished Karl to renounce these claims, and for twenty years a diplomatic duel continued between them. Over all Europe would come a terror that war was about to break out and the whole world take fire. In ages of infidelity, where the Heavenly sun has *sunk*, such Spectre-huntings do occur. Elizabeth desired Parma and Piacenza as a settlement for her son Carlos, but the Kaiser would not agree. The Kaiser had no male heir ; his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, was born in 1717 ; and in 1724 he produced the Pragmatic Sanction : that Heirs-female, ranking from their kinship to him, should be as good as heirs-male. He maintained that it would avoid controversies ; and to Saxony and Bavaria, who raised objections from self-interest, he replied that every Kaiser is a Patriarch and First Man. Henceforth his first question of every creature was, " Will you covenant for my Pragmatic Sanction with me ? " Bright little Prince Eugene, now growing old, advocated a well-trained army and full treasury ; but the Kaiser kept all Europe in travail with ambassadors and bribes. Only Bavaria never consented ; whereas Friedrich-Wilhelm agreed, and thought he had done with it. But all these negotiations and secret mining thwarted our Double-Marriage.

3 (1723-6). In the next twenty years there were seven grand diplomatic Spasms or Crises—all Europe changing colour seven times like a lobster boiling. To us they are mere bubblings-up of the general putrid fermentation of the then Political World. The first was the French-English invasion of Spain, till the Termagant Elizabeth had to yield. In 1772 began the inane Congress of Cambrai, where the Kaiser and Termagant, not wishing to agree, argued for two years. Elizabeth had recourse to Ripperda, a Dutch Black-Artist, who persuaded her he could reconcile the Kaiser apart from the Congress. In 1725 the Infanta was refused for Louis XV ; and the Congress came to an end. It was now that Cardinal Fleury, who disliked war, began his long supremacy in France. The fourth crisis was the Treaty of Hanover. It was signed at Herrenhausen, where George I went to hunt, by Friedrich-Wilhelm : an exceptional act for one who did not meddle in external affairs ; but he wished his Cleve-Jülich rights guaranteed, and also to help the Balance of Power. France and England expected war with the Kaiser, and advised Friedrich-Wilhelm to claim Silesia ; but George refused to send a Hanoverian brigade. In September 1725

there were rumours of an Austrian-Spanish alliance and more wars : to the great anxiety, concerning the Balance of Power, of George and Fleury—who would have done better to attend to their own land and people. But no ally appeared for the Kaiser except perhaps Russia : and this was the fourth conspicuous change of colour to the universal lobster—boiled for its sins, for its own cowardices, sloths, greedy follies, as well as Kaiser Karl's.

4 (1723-6). Why did George delay signing the Marriage treaty? He said there was no hurry, and Parliament must make a marriage revenue : Parliament which supplied money for his mistresses ! He did intend the marriage ; but Friedrich-Wilhelm was sensitive to slights and hated procrastination. The world-movements and the spectre-haunted Kaiser interfered with the question ; and the result was nothing. Friedrich-Wilhelm and Queen Sophie were driven to despair, and Fritz was so tormented that he grew to loathe the light of the sun.

5 (1723-6). In August 1726 Fritz exchanged the Cadets for the Potsdam Lifeguards : long files of Giants splendid in gold-lace and grenadier-caps. It was earnest work instead of mimic, and penalty as of Rhadamanthus waited on failure. His disgusts were many, but the dull work proved beneficial ; and to his Athenian-French elegancies it gave as basis an adamant Spartanism and Stoicism. Friedrich-Wilhelm had wisely discerned that the army was the heart and pith of Prussia : the more of potential battle, the more of life is in us. Discipline was exact as Euclid ; and daily he was there to pick up loops and keep the web solidly progressive. He was a dumb poet, now and then rising to fantastic ; and his crotchet was the giant regiment. Three battalions of eight hundred each formed it : like a streak of Promethean lightning realised in the vulgar dusk of things. The shortest man was near seven feet high and the tallest near nine. They were purchased from every country at enormous expense ; and some strange anecdotes bring back the vanished Time and its populations. Their pay was high, and they had privileges, but discipline was nonpareil, and no discharge for them while strength lasted.

Recruiting took place in every Canton, and all males were enrolled as soon as born. Impediment of body seemed a kindness of Heaven ; for a shadow of unquiet apprehension hung over the rural population. The more ingenious classes were exempt, to encourage others ; for Friedrich-Wilhelm was no less a Captain of Work. He found Potsdam a quagmire and achieved vast reclaiming labours in cuttings, embankments, pile-drivings, etc. From army discipline the poor clayey peasant learned cleanliness of person and mind, sobriety, frugality. One third

of the army were not Prussians, but of the "Reich," or German countries neither Austrian nor Prussian. Prussian recruiters glided about all countries, even in disguise. We remember the story of the tall carpenter stifled in the chest of his own making. The Austrian ambassador to England was nearly kidnapped : and George I thereupon took rigorous steps in Hanover against the nuisance. It operated as a check to the "Double-Marriage," and was the signal for an outcry all over Germany. Friedrich-Wilhelm disclaimed knowledge of violences ; but he continued to ride his Hobby for tall soldiers under showers of anger and ridicule. . . . In 1719 he fell ill and appointed his wife Regent ; whereupon Grumkow and the Old Dessauer first intrigued against her, and then quarrelled between themselves : and finally the Old Dessauer retired and left Grumkow in. Such was Friedrich-Wilhelm's environment.

6 (1726). The Kaiser was much troubled by the Hanover Treaty and wished to gain over Friedrich-Wilhelm and his well equipped army. He decided to send Seckendorf, who had fought and lied in all parts of the world ; and this was Act II of the Double-Marriage. He proved a captivating talker, solid for religion, and for Germany's rights against France. Grumkow, once for King George, began to take opposite views ; so that two Black-Artists were busy on the unconscious King. Grumkow was well bribed, and it would have been better for mankind if he and Seckendorf had been hanged. The world has howled scornful laughter on Friedrich-Wilhelm for suffering Seckendorf to stick to him like his shadow for seven years, but there is a tragic side to it. Seckendorf made himself indispensable, and was nominated Minister at Berlin. He entertained the King with unlimited good talk at the Tabagie (Tobacco Parliament). To Friedrich-Wilhelm it seemed the Kaiser had used him ill, yet, being German to the bone, he hated the French and would love the Kaiser. Seckendorf promised the Kaiser would secure him the reversion of Jülich and Berg as well as George I, and persuaded him to sign secretly at Wusterhausen a new and opposite Treaty to the Hanover Treaty. Thus was the Double-Marriage launched into the huge tide of Imperial Spectre Politics, and Friedrich-Wilhelm drawn to the Kaiser and away from England.

A most unbeautiful old Intriguer was this Seckendorf ; bad eyes looking suspicion ; thick chapped under-lip shoved out in mill-hopper fashion to swallow anything and grind it to profitable meal ; soul like a hackney-coach at the hest of a discerning public and its shilling. The best fact known of him is that he had a good old wife who loved him much and was much loved by him. From the autumn of 1726 he and Grumkow took possession of the King ; they got a rope round the neck of their royal wild

Bear and so danced him about. Seckendorf's bribery extended beyond Grumkow ; he entered into cipher-correspondence with the Prussian ambassador in London, who wrote what Grumkow wished the King to think was passing. Wilhelmina's shrill book is the only human narrative in the wide waste of Pedant maūderings. She suspected Grumkow and Seckendorf, but only partially guessed the true cause of Papa's mad humour.

7 (1726). Friedrich-Wilhelm was absolute, but governed with Law and Justice. His life-effort was to discover Justice ; and the meanest man could break the torrent of his wrath by alleging a definite law. He had no Constitutional Parliament, but made greater political use of his Tabagie than any other German sovereign. This originated as an amusement, as a means of winding up the strenuous day amid friendly faces and contemplative smoke-canopy, and it developed into an informal Smoking Parliament. It was here that Grumkow and Seckendorf hatched their measures ; and a quarrel with the King, at Seckendorf's defence of the Kaiser, was once narrowly averted. In every Palace was a Tabagie, a high large room with a dozen contented saturnine figures round a large long table, a long Dutch pipe in the mouth of each. Fritz was present oftener than he liked in such an atmosphere. The talk, when not of business, became rambling and multifarious. Malplaquet would be revived : how the Prussian infantry stood firm as rocks when the horse were swept away—rocks highly volcanic and capable of rolling forward.

But the great source of amusement was Gundling—last evanescent phasis of the old Court-Fool species. A man of great erudition but destitute of mother-wit, his University appointment had been cut down by Friedrich-Wilhelm on his accession. A very Dictionary of a man, but much given to liquor, and he had been discovered by Grumkow in a tavern. He proved an Eldorado for the peculiar quizzing humour of his Majesty. Without wit himself, but the cause of it, none oftener shook the Tabagie with inextinguishable Hahas. Daily, by stirring into him, you could wrinkle the Tabagie into grim radiance of banter and silent grins. The King gave him titles such as fools covet, a pension, functions, gorgeous clothes : and thus he walked the streets proudly, scarcely ever sober. He was now nearly fifty, and had not been born a fool, but became one through learning, vanity, drink. Once he was a fond father's pride in the old Nürnberg Parsonage long ago.

No King, scarcely any man, had less of reverence for science and culture than Friedrich-Wilhelm. He was obtuse to the fine arts, and especially to the vocal arts. He banished Wolf because he was told that his philosophy with its " mathematical

method" might subvert discipline in the army. He despised literature; but surely there is nothing worse than unwisdom become vocal. And he judged authors by Gundling: a man with dictionary faculties gone distracted. Yet he almost loved the absurd dog, gave him a generous pension and many other gifts. Now and then Gundling took offence and ran away, but was always inveigled back by drink. A rival fool, Fassnau, appeared; and he and Gundling came to blows, amid explosions of horse-laughter from the Tabagie. It was as if the face of the Sphinx were to wrinkle itself in laughter. Yet the Parliament had a serious function, for by this means the King learned the opinions of his generals and chiefs without their observing it.

8 (1726). The treaty of Wusterhausen, into which the King had been seduced by Seckendorf, was not known to Queen Sophie or to George; but the withdrawal from the Hanover Treaty was known. George had become supercilious and did not sign the Marriage Treaty. Seckendorf insinuated things against England, to the Queen's great wrath; and the Double-Marriage became impossible, without change of the Kaiser's mind. Queen Sophie should have given it up; she might have managed her rough bear of a husband, who was honest-hearted, by obeying him: but not by disobedience in Prussia! This year her mother died, for whom she was contriving plans of escape from Ahlden, and thus closed her nameless tragedy of thirty years.

VI. 1 (1727). In the spring Termagant Elizabeth attacked Gibraltar: and this was the Kaiser's fifth crisis. George I, between pacific Walpole and Fleury, was not drawn into war. . . . Fritz lived chiefly at Potsdam, suffering from ennui at the eternal drilling, only affecting to smoke at the Tabagie, and disliking the social element there. But one must swallow one's disgusts and take no counsel with flesh and blood. And he has his books and flute and reads Voltaire with Duhan—so that all is not pipe-clay.

2 (1727). Gibraltar continued impregnable, and in May died Czarina Catherine, the Kaiser's chief ally. In June George I, on his way to Osnabrück, was struck by apoplexy and died in his carriage before he could reach his destination, where waited his brother the Bishop. What a gallop was his, sweeping through the slumber of the world! He was a man of greater faculty than he now is credited with; and at least his word was sacred to him. No fair picture exists of our Hanover Kings; the Nation accepted them as the readiest to hand, having set its old Bible-Faith in the organ loft, with plenty of revenue, to preach and organ but not meddle with practice. . . . Friedrich-Wilhelm wept tenderly at the death of George: his poor old uncle who had been good

to him in boyhood. Rugged Majesty had fountains of tears hidden in his rocky heart.

Between himself and August the Strong, King of Poland and Saxony, there had been quarrels at times ; and now one blazed out because of the doings of a Prussian recruiting officer in Saxony. The Kaiser helped to settle it, for he feared for his Pragmatic Sanction ; but the matter preyed on Friedrich-Wilhelm's spirits, and he fell into hypochondria and talked of abdication. Wilhelmina describes how he listened to the exhortations of Franke, a Methodist, who condemned all pleasures, and held services at which she and Fritz burst out laughing. . . . But abdication would not suit Seckendorf and Grumkow, and they contrived to set matters right with August.

3 (1728). The result of reconciliation was that Friedrich-Wilhelm visited Dresden in February at Carnival time, and took Fritz with him. To Fritz it formed a pleasant contrast to the Potsdam Guardhouse. Friedrich-Wilhelm liked the dinners : but a tale is whispered of a beautiful young woman at a rout, and how he complained that August wished to tempt him ! As for Fritz, he fell in love with Countess Orzelska, a natural daughter of August ; but the Beelzebub-Parent intimated that he might have the Cabinet Venus instead ; and so he entered the Paradise of the world. It brought miseries into his life—into his relations with a father rigorous in principle, and a Universe still more so. The two Kings exchanged pledges, and even developed a mutual liking. On his return, Fritz sank deeper in his father's favour, for he lived a dissolute life in the next five years and consorted with debauched young fellows. The fine and gifted soul wallowed like a rhinoceros in the mud bath. The King now regarded him with open aversion : and indeed he always remained dimmed of his finest radiances. His ideals were low, his existence hard and barren, though genuine, and only worth commemoration in the absence of better. In May King August paid his return visit, accompanied by gorgeous Polish retinues. With him came his son Maurice, afterwards Maréchal de Saxe—like his father in strength, vivacity, debauchery ; and he greatly charmed Fritz. Rumour said that August wished to marry Wilhelmina, aged nineteen, and he a widower of fifty-five broken by debauchery—because the Prussian army and treasury would be useful to him. Yet the scheme came to nothing.

4 (1728-9). Double-Marriage lives flame-bright as ever with Queen Sophie but rather dim with others. George II had been high and distant since his accession, and between him and Friedrich-Wilhelm there was little love. Sophie persuaded Fritz, who was always his mother's boy, to write to Queen

Caroline of England that he would either marry Princess Amelia or no one. The King surmised that a disobedient son abetted a disobedient mother, and his ill-humour was fearfully aggravated. From surly indignation he passed to cuffs and strokes, or, still worse, settled aversion, chronic rage, studied neglect and contempt. He would leave his son fasting at table while the others ate. Fritz wrote expressing ignorance of the cause of his father's anger, and begging forgiveness. The King's answer opened further impassable gulfs: "When one . . . really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. . . . I can endure no effeminate fellow . . . who . . . cannot ride nor shoot. . . . For the rest, haughty . . . speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable. . . ." England cordially assented to the marriage, yet the bargain did not close. Now Friedrich-Wilhelm began to hesitate, wished one without the other, thought of the expense, and asked questions about dowries.

He then went on a hunting visit to the Old Dessauer, accompanied by the unwilling Fritz. An unprecedented slaughter of wild swine took place, to the banishment of the cobwebs of Diplomacy. No ounce of pork was wasted; every man, according to his house, being bound to take a certain quantity. The fierce riding in winter (January 1729) brought on gout, though the King's age was not yet forty-one. In spite of pain and lack of sleep he never neglected royal duties. After dinner he would lie in bed inactive, with select friends about him, his hand in the Queen's, his face turned up to her as if he sought assuagement. At times came spurts of impatience—but richly did Majesty make it good again after reflection. Or he was subject to whims about people; there were some his mind could endure but his nerves could not. This continued for five weeks; and Wilhelmina, looking at the wrong side of the tapestry, called it a Hell-on-Earth.

5 (1728-9). The Termagant Queen of Spain had spent her powder in vain at Gibraltar. The Congress of Soissons (June 1728) led to the Treaty of Seville between France, England, Holland, Spain; and the Kaiser was left alone standing on his Pragmatic Sanction. Friedrich-Wilhelm feared that England might oppose the Kaiser; whereupon dark clouds gathered on the royal brow, exploded in thunderstorms; crockery flies through the rooms, blows descend on the Prince's back, and the Queen is in tears. The King changes his tone according to the notes given out at Soissons. If the Diplomatist Bassoon of the Universe goes this way, there are caresses for a young Soldier and his behaviour in the giant regiment—if that way, bangs and knocks descend on him; and the two keep time together. It was the

work of Seckendorf and Grumkow, enchanted Demon-Apes disguised as loyal Councillors. . . . The Kaiser at last achieved the Treaty of Vienna that united Austria with the Sea Powers, won acceptance for the Pragmatic Sanction, and fitted Baby Carlos with his Apanages.

Early in 1729, as we know, Friedrich-Wilhelm was ill with gout. A question of marriage arose for Louisa, one of the younger Princesses ; and the King asked her kindly if she would go to Anspach or stay with him : in the latter case she should never want. She chose to go, and agreed to send Anspach flour to the King in exchange for his good sausages and hams. All who stood round the bed and heard these simple humanities from so great a King had tears in their eyes. But Wilhelmina records another scene : how Louisa, with her habit of home-truths, told her father that the fare at his table was coarse and insufficient ; and he vented his passion on herself and Fritz, throwing plates at them and reproaching the Queen for their bad upbringing.

6 (1729). The quarrel in boyhood between Friedrich-Wilhelm and George II was a symbol of what passed through life. One can fancy the aversion of the little dapper Royalty to this heavy-footed Prussian Barbarian, and the latter's to him. George and his English Lords adopted a provoking, slighting tone towards Friedrich-Wilhelm, and answered his violent convictions and thoroughgoing rapid proposals by brief official negation with an air of superiority. Grumkow and Seckendorf opposed the efforts of prudent friends to unite them : for there were only trifling causes of quarrel between England and Prussia. The Kaiser had proposed substitutes for Jülich and Berg, but Friedrich-Wilhelm refused. With England there were some Hanoverian matters to settle : the vacant heritages, now that Electress Sophie's seven sons were all dead. Another outstanding matter was Mecklenburg, misgoverned about ten years since by a certain Duke. The Kaiser when appealed to entrusted George I to send Hanover troops, and the business was easily done : but Hanover's expenses were still unpaid. In 1728, when the Kaiser asked Friedrich-Wilhelm to co-operate with Hanover-Brunswick Commissioners, little George was rather huffed. He sneered at the suggested settlement ; and this to a wise House-Mastiff from a dizened creature of the Ape-species was not pleasant. The recruiting question also was a standing cause of quarrel between Prussia and her neighbours ; and other causes were a small frontier matter, and insinuations at the Tabagie debates.

In the summer, on his way to Hanover, George travelled through Prussia and ignored the King ; and, in return for pressed Hanoverians, Hanover officials seized Prussian officers and soldiers

in their territory. Friedrich-Wilhelm flamed up, and it went hard with his family. The bullyings and beatings of Fritz are lamentable to hear of. It was Seckendorf and Grumkow who deserved hanging : they who were torturing innocent creatures and employing their father's hand to do it. The Queen complained that the Hanover disputes had turned her husband's brain. She had to send provisions privately to Fritz, as his father starved him at table. Friedrich-Wilhelm traced the whole cause to George's private humour, and wished to challenge him to a duel. Other rumours circulated—of Double-Marriage with Russia, of Fritz flying to England. . . . Then Friedrich-Wilhelm despatched a messenger to Hanover with a proposed solution of the Clamei (boundary) dispute. The messenger was refused admittance : on which the King ordered out 44,000 men. They were ever ready, while George and Hanover had only a few subsidised Hessians. The giants were on the march, and Fritz handled them to his father's approval. But neighbours interfered with plea for arbitration, and the quarrel collapsed. . . . In Mecklenburg there was trouble again, and such anarchy that Hanover Commissioners seized two cities. Friedrich-Wilhelm, who was eventual heir, despatched two regiments, with orders not to fight but shove them away from the Residence cities. This was dexterously done ; the Duke was driven out ; and, in default of expenses, Prussia and Hanover retained hold. . . . Another difficulty successfully dealt with by Friedrich-Wilhelm was the Ahlden Heritage.

7 (1729-30). In May arrived the Margraf of Anspach to claim his bride Louisa : he was seventeen and she fifteen. Fritz escorted him from the frontier to Potsdam, where Majesty met him with all the honours. Among the festivities there failed not a review of the Giant Grenadiers. Wilhelmina testifies in many places that the new brother-in-law was a foolish young fellow. He neglected financial matters, thought only of hunting and heroning ; and it proved an ill-assorted marriage, with squalls but not wreck. The third daughter became engaged to the heir of Brunswick, while Wilhelmina, flower of them all, hung on the bush. She has risen out of her sickness (not smallpox, according to malicious rumour) and looks "prettier than ever." . . . The late Hanover Tornado has quenched Double-Marriage ; and the King's satisfaction with Fritz was soon spent. . . .

Through the offices of his mother, the Saxon music-master Quantz would come express from Dresden for a week or two to teach Fritz the flute. It was one of the many good maternities which he cherished in his grateful heart to the end of his life. He had assumed a bright scarlet dressing-gown faced with gold, when Lieutenant Katte entered to warn him of Papa. Quantz and

music were hurried into a wall-press ; the brocade was exchanged for the military coatie ; but the hair-dressing betrayed him. The graceful French bag will not convert to the strict Prussian queue. The King burnt the brocade article, confiscated the books, and raged like a sulphurous whirlwind in those serene spaces for an hour. He may have heard that Fritz called the Grenadier uniform his shroud.

8 (1729). Relations had improved with George II, but there was trouble at home with rebellious Spouse and Household. The royal mind was sensitive, imaginative as a poet's, as a woman's, and liable to transports as of a Norse Baresark. In November came to light the Treaty of Seville, which left the Kaiser solitary against France, England, Spain. The King abused Fritz and Wilhelmina, and forbade Fritz his presence except at dinner. He struck him for praising the English ; and the situation became too violent to last. Fritz conceived the idea of flight, for he could endure anything but blows. His new friend Katte was of the dangerous kind, a man of wit, culture, polite manners, but also a free-thinker and libertine. A pair of thick black eyebrows almost covered his eyes ; his look had in it something ominous, presage of his fate ; and his tawny skin, seared by smallpox, increased his ugliness.

9 (1730). The King resolved to finish with Double-Marriage, and wrote to the Queen that England must answer Yes at once, or he will marry Wilhelmina to Weissenfels or Schwedt. The penalty to herself will be banishment to Oranienburg and worse. The Queen consented to write to England, but would hear nothing of Weissenfels or Schwedt, and described the former as a brutal debauchee. While the letter was on its way a curious piece of information came to light : the existence of a cipher-correspondence between Grumkow and Reichenbach, Prussian envoy in London. Despatches from London were dictated in Berlin, and Grumkow decided what the London news should be. Now George and Caroline could discern with much laughter how a poor King of Prussia is befooled by his servants, and a fierce Bear is led about by the nose and dances to Grumkow's piping. It is not he that hates us, but only Grumkow through him. . . .

The answer to the letter was delayed, and on January 25th Friedrich-Wilhelm announced it must be Weissenfels or Schwedt now without alternative, or the penalty. The Queen fell ill as a main refuge, at one time was in danger ; and his Majesty, who at first would not believe it, was like to break his heart. He pardoned Wilhelmina and even Fritz, at the mother's request, until symptoms mended again. Then he approached Schwedt's mother, sister of the Old Dessauer ; but she declared—to Wilhelmina's lasting gratitude—that she must forego her supreme

wish since it opposed the Princess's will. Weissenfels remained, and frightful rumours of his coming reduced Wilhelmina to a shadow. Then the Queen, on advice, proposed a third party, the Heir-Apparent of Baireuth. The King grumbled assent and refused a dowry; but Wilhelmina took to him and found her own safe little island after such perils of stormy seas. The Baireuth Princes, descended from younger sons, were poor; and the present Margraf was repaying money to Prussia because of a claim; so there was kinship and friendship between the two Courts. . . . The matter was not settled without more family quarrels; and after this some money-borrowings of Fritz came to light. But the King, perhaps with a premonition of flight, was unexpectedly mild. . . . Queen Sophie still clung to her idea, and despatched Dr. Villa to England on Marriage business.

VII. 1 (1730). Fritz confided to Wilhelmina his plan of escape to England, but she dissuaded him. Villa was advancing his project in England of detaching Friedrich-Wilhelm from the Kaiser and making a solid Protestant match. And Friedrich-Wilhelm was well inclined to have his daughter married with such outlooks if it could be done. On April 2nd Sir Charles Hotham arrived as envoy in Berlin. He was of an old Yorkshire family, a Colonel, and much the gentleman. Next day a dinner was held in his honour, at which, in his own words, "We all got immoderately drunk." The King was much exhilarated, and when the toast was drunk, "To the health of Wilhelmina Princess of Wales!" the whole Palace burst into tripudiation. Only Hotham and Dubourgay (British Minister) sat silent.

2 (1730). The King awoke with due headache next day and admitted he had gone too far. England intended Double-Marriage, and he only Single. He would not marry Fritz to an English Princess, firstly because of his rooted discontent with the Crown-Prince and unwillingness to promote him; secondly, his German loyalty to the Kaiser and hope of Jülich and Berg; thirdly, because of English magnificence. She will come with no end of money, look down on us, and make Prussia a bit of England. The English answer remained, Both or none; and no marriage portion would be given or asked for. The result of the cipher-correspondence had been disappointing, and Grumkow still held the field. Queen Sophie and Hotham courted him as a useful knave, but it proved unavailing. Then Hotham meditated the capture of one of his "original" letters, strong enough to break his back. Of Fritz, Hotham wrote that he appeared dejected, but all spoke well of him, and that he gave promise of greatness. The Tabagie was in full blast again, and Grumkow and Seckendorf congratulated themselves that the day was theirs

and the King looked sour on Hotham. But Hotham had spoken of the Grumkow-Reichenbach correspondence ; and Friedrich-Wilhelm one evening produced it in an amazed Tabagie. He had not been immediately overset ; there was no visible treason, except proof of spies in the house. In busy times of daylight he cast it from him, but at night, amid hypochondriacal reflection, it haunted his poetic temperament. He now produced the letters with a thunderous note of interrogation on his face. There was a glimmer in the hard puckery eyes of Seckendorf ; but Grumkow denied the letters and called them forgeries. The result was jealous suspicion that England wished to interfere in our ministerial appointments ; and Grumkow's place became more secure.

On May 13th the King told Hotham that he consented to Wilhelmina's marriage and desired Fritz's to be later ; and that England must guarantee Jülich and Berg. By return came the answer : Both or none, and of Berg, etc., we know nothing. To Hotham Fritz wrote that he would marry no one but Princess Amelia ; and that his father refused from wish to keep him on a low footing and drive him mad. . . . It was then that St. Peter's Church was struck by a thunderbolt and took fire : its steeple, the work of two years, was near conclusion. Thanks to Fassman we fish up one old night of Berlin city and its vanished populations. Blazes of flame burst out in spite of rain-torrents, and volumes of smoke, till the heavens were as if hung in mortcloth. Three melodious old bells given by the King became melted, and oozed through the red-hot ruin.

3 (1730). The Camp of Radewitz, organised by August of Saxony in June, to amuse himself and astonish the flunkies of creation, was one of the sublimest known scenic military exhibitions. It covered ten or twelve shaved and swept square miles, on the right bank of the Elbe (where the railway from Leipzig to Dresden now crosses the Elbe). North of the camp was a high Pavilion, and there were sumptuous lodgings for the two Kings. Many notabilities were present, and vast flights of airy bright-hued womankind. We note a certain Crown-Princess, plain-looking and not of sweetest temper, but a very high lady. She is niece of Kaiser Karl and daughter of late Kaiser Joseph : and for this reason August has not signed Pragmatic Sanction. She and Fritz will meet again ; but now he thought of Princess Amelia and looked on others as a general flower-bed of human nature. Black Care—nay, foul misuse—attended him amid the luxury and grandeur. Like a disobedient boy he was punished even with strokes ; and the enraged King, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to manual outrage. He said, "Had I been treated so by my Father, I would have blown my brains out : but this fellow

has no honour, he takes all that comes." Meanwhile Fritz has confided to Dickens (Hotham's successor) his plan. He is going with his father to Anspach and Stuttgart, and from there will escape to Strasburg, and then to England. What will England do as regards his sister ?

The sham battles, illuminations, etc., were succeeded by one ultimate day of universal eating. Soldiers made tables and seats by trenching and planking ; oxen were slain and roasted ; there were measures of beer and wine. . . . A procession up the hill of the Colonel and officers of each regiment of the Saxon army took place, to salute Friedrich-Wilhelm ; and he drank a glass of wine with each. . . . The Prussian Royalties took boat from Radewitz to Lichtenburg, where they contrived a great slaughter of game before returning to Berlin. . . . The Camp of Radewitz has flown away like a dream, but so have Cambrai, Soissons, Pragmatic Sanction, and all the history of torpid moribund Europe. The moral is : mind your own affairs. The only genuine things which have remained as a lasting inheritance are Friedrich-Wilhelm's well drilled troops and well drilled Directorium.

4 (1730). Dickens brought the English answer to Fritz at Berlin, counselling him to wait. The meaning in sum was, "H'm, you won't really ? Don't ; at least don't yet !" On July 10th Hotham, when introducing Dickens, delivered to Friedrich-Wilhelm an original letter by Grumkow. It denied the correspondence, yet expressed hope the letters had been burnt. The King replied, "*Messieurs, j'ai eu assez de ces choses là,*" and left the room. He soon realised his extraordinary act, invited Hotham to dinner next day, and tried every means of reconciliation, but in vain. Hotham remained polite but inexorable, saying he must acquaint the King his master with what had passed, and prepared to leave Berlin. . . . It was whispered that Fritz intended flight ; and the Queen and Wilhelmina grieved to see Katte so much in his confidence. The Queen still clung to the Double-Marriage, though the King had now made up his mind it was not to be. He was in no sweet temper, with England alienated, and only the Kaiser to depend on for Jülich and Berg. He was also haunted by suspicions of the cipher-correspondence ; and his anger as usual vented itself by rattan-showers on the poor Crown-Prince. He suspected his intention to fly, yet bullied him as a spiritless wretch for bearing such treatment.

5 (1730). On July 15th the King started for Anspach and the Reich, with Fritz and certain officers to watch him : the chief was General Buddenbrock, a grim but human old military gentleman. At Leipzig the King, disgusted by the overwhelming compliments of the Commandant, took the road again, hungry

but still angrier, leaving Hopfgarten bent into the shape of a parabola, and his grand dinner cooking futile. . . . They passed through the dim old town of Gera (reminiscent of the Bond), and by stages reached Nürnberg, seed-ground of the Hohenzollerns. At Anspach they were welcomed by the newly married couple ; and great was the Margravine's joy at the sight of Papa's Majesty and Brother Fritz. . . . Since Radewitz Fritz had become determined in his purpose to run away, with the co-operation of Katte. A cousin of the latter, Rittmeister von Katte at Erlangen, to whom Katte addressed an enquiry about Fritz's journey, conceived a suspicion, and forwarded a note of his own to Lieut.-Col. Rochow warning him to have an eye on his charge. Katte had doubts about obtaining leave, but at the worst he would come without. It was the end of July, and the distance to Strasburg was eighty miles, through a labyrinthic rock-and-forest country where pursuit was impossible. Fritz's other friend, Lieut. Keith, waiting the signal in Wesel, and becoming uncertain, wrote to Katte. The letter fell into the hands of Rittmeister Katte, who grew pale, and resolved on a painful thing. The royal party left Anspach and turned south for Augsburg, passing Blenheim where the Old Dessauer stood at bay and saved the fight for Eugene. . . . Fritz wrote to Katte to speed to the Hague, and added a few details. A scene caused by his dropping a knife hurried on his project : but all his actions were observed by Rochow.

6 (1730). No doubt the King investigated ancient Augsburg, and saw the Luther relics, etc. We hear that he met a wedding procession, asked to see the bride, and made her a present. On August 1st he started for home, westward towards Frankfurt-on-Mayn, thenceforth to sail up the Rhine to Wesel. At Ludwigsburg he stayed with the old Duke of Würtemberg, whose amatory obliquities had become the talk of Germany. The conscientious Friedrich-Wilhelm warned him of the scandal to the Protestant Religion, and actually was the means of the Duke ridding himself of his Circe and becoming reconciled to his much-injured wife. His next visit should be to old Karl Philip, Kurfürst of the Pfalz, at Mannheim : between whom and himself was the standing controversy of Jülich-and-Berg. Karl Philip was seventy, the last of the Neuburgs, and his only heir was a granddaughter of nine. He hoped she would succeed, in spite of the bargains between Neuburg and Brandenburg in 1624 and 1666, that whoever's line failed should have both Duchies. He had no romantic ideas of justice or being bound by old parchments. Shall Friedrich-Wilhelm, then, seek justice with his 80,000 men and the iron ramrods ? He is loath to begin that terrible game, lest Europe take fire ; but all his life he has tried negotiations in vain.

. . . However, on August 3rd he quitted Ludwigsburg and journeyed towards Sinzheim, an intricate, decayed old town. There he would not lodge, but five or six miles short, in the village of Steinfurth, in a good clean empty Barn : a favourite method of his Majesty, fond of free air and absence of fuss.

Fritz thought they were bound for Sinzheim ; and Page Keith, brother of Lieut. Keith at Wesel, will procure post-horses in the old town. Across the Rhine to Speyer is but three hours' riding, and thence they will pass through Landau into France. Great was Fritz's disappointment at the decision to stop short of Sinzheim : but Page Keith undertook to get horses at Steinfurth. On August 4th, at 2 a.m., the Royal Party lay asleep in two airy Barns, facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them. Fritz with his Trio of Vigilance was in one barn ; the King with Seckendorf and others in the second. Fritz rose, dressed, walked out ; but the valet, appointed to watch, wakened Rochow, who also rose, and found Fritz in his red topcoat leaning pensively on one of the travelling-carriages. Keith arrived with the horses, but Rochow ordered them back and pretended not to suspect. . . Not to-day or any other day shall we cross the Rhine. In a few hours the project will melt into air and only the terrible consequences remain. . . .

The King with his party reached Mannheim some hours before Fritz with his Trio, and seemed anxious at their delay. Something had come to his knowledge since his arrival ; and indeed it was probably at Mannheim that Page Keith, who had ridden behind the King's coach in an agony of remorse and terror, made a clean breast. . . . In a foreign house the King's manner was suppressed volcanic, but his private humour was desperate.

. . . Karl Philip was in a discrepant political humour ; he had adopted Pragmatic Sanction, and undertaken alliances to secure him Jülich and Berg, which may obstruct the Sanction. . . .

On August 6th Friedrich-Wilhelm left for Darmstadt, and he said to his son : " Still here, then ? I thought you would have been in Paris by this time ! " The Prince with artificial firmness answered, He could certainly, if he had wished. At Frankfurt he was taken on board a royal yacht, detected and a prisoner, with the near prospect of a volcanic Majesty in full play. Evidence accumulated at Frankfurt : most of all a letter from Rittmeister Katte. We hear that the King hustled and tussled the unfortunate Crown-Prince, poked the handle of his cane into his face, and made the nose bleed. The Trio got him on board another yacht, and on such terms he first saw the beauties of the Rhine. Landing at Bonn, he told Seckendorf that he had meant to run away from such indignities, and if the

King did not cease he would yet do it. He cared little for life, but regretted that his friends should come to misfortune. If the King would pardon them he would tell him everything. He begged help of Seckendorf, the fountain of all his woes. What the hardened old stager thought we do not know, but he suggested mercy to the King. Friedrich-Wilhelm replied that he must confess and leave off his concealments ; but he was soon driven to fury again by news from Wesel that Lieut. Keith had escaped.

7 (1730). The news reached Berlin while Wilhelmina was at a dance, and the Queen turned paler than death. Katte got Fritz's writing-desk conveyed to the Queen ; it was sealed and the key gone ; but they managed to abstract the letters, write others with no meaning, and close the desk without mark of injury. The King wrote to a Mistress of the Robes bidding her break the news to the Queen and pity an unhappy Father. Katte, who might have escaped but delayed, through ignorance of his danger, was put under arrest. At Wesel there were rough passages between Father and Son. The culprit proved less remorseful than expected, and did not confess at all. There was one loud terrible scene where the King drew his sword and was hardly restrained : after which he did not see Fritz again for a year. Next day Fritz was interrogated by military gentlemen of due grimness, and he admitted his intention to escape to Paris and volunteer in the Italian war, which might recover him with his father. He was shy of elucidating Katte and Keith, struggled against mendacity, but would not tell the whole truth. The King concluded that he must lie in ward and take his doom ; that at least he is a Colonel who has tried to desert, apart from a Crown-Prince breaking his father's heart. Keith reached the Hague and escaped to England : on which Friedrich-Wilhelm hung him in effigy and confiscated his property.

On August 27th the King reached Berlin ; but Fritz was brought by a circuitous route that he might not leave Prussian territory. The military gentlemen were vigilant as Argus, and, though pitying the poor Prince, rigorous as Rhadamanthus. They thwarted but concealed his attempts to escape. . . . The scenes that followed are made up of laughter and horror, and pity should not be wanting. The next six months were the most wretched of the King's life, and he was not conscious of doing wrong. Wilhelmina declares that he struck and rendered her unconscious, called her Fritz's accomplice, and accused her of love intrigue with Katte. This is the celebrated paternal assault, the rumour of which has gone into all lands with exaggeration. . . . Katte had a hard audience of the King, fell at his feet, and was spurned and caned. He disclaimed any intention to raise trouble in foreign Courts.

8 (1730). When Fritz reached Mittenwalde he was startled by the sight of an official in a red cloak, the dress of the executioner. He fronted Grumkow and others with a high, almost contemptuous look ; so that Grumkow hinted the rack was not yet abolished. Fritz owned afterwards that his blood ran cold, but he made a defiant answer and called Grumkow "hangman" and "scoundrel." On September 5th he was sent to the fortress of Cüstrin, sixty to seventy miles east of Berlin, placed in the strong room, with bare walls and no furniture, in prison dress, denied all books but Bible and Prayer Book. There let him converse with the dumb Veracities and huge inarticulate moanings of Destiny, Necessity and Eternity. Wilhelmina was imprisoned in the Berlin Palace : a welcome refuge after such scenes. The King, convinced that England was concerned, signified to Dickens that all marriage negotiations were at an end. The Queen was weeping and broken-hearted : and he raging and broken-hearted. He still could not probe the whole matter, and in fancy saw the Kaiser and all Europe embroiled, and himself poisoned ! "Was ever Father more careful for his children, soul and body ? . . . This is how they reward me. . . ." If Fritz had confessed at Wesel he would have made it up with him quietly ; but now it must go its lengths. He continued to arrest and punish ; and all who had ever spoken to Fritz were in danger. Duhan, the French tutor, was ordered off to Memel ; for, in the King's opinion, the source of the mischief was in these foreign books. Another thing that caused the mind of his Majesty to shudder was Fritz's heresy of Predestination (which was that of Calvin and many benighted creatures, including this Editor), according to which a man is preappointed from all Eternity either to salvation or the opposite. Thus Fritz might say he was foredoomed to attempt to escape ! His punishment will probably be death : but cannot his soul be saved from Satan ? The ruggedest of human creatures melted into blubbering tenderness and growled huskily a real prayer.

9 (1730). Friedrich-Wilhelm's conduct from without seems that of an ogre, but he had his reasons of discipline. After six or seven weeks it was decided that Fritz and Katte shall be tried by Court Martial as deserters. . . . By mid October Fritz had proposed an entire confession, and although he divulged nothing new, it was a kind of turning-point. The stern prison regulations began to relax, and orders were fulfilled only in the letter. . . . The Court Martial sat at Cöpenick, made up of imposing military and judicial dignitaries. Keith was to be hanged in effigy ; and Katte was sentenced to perpetual fortress arrest. . . . But the King decided that Katte must die for the sake of justice, as his crime is high treason. This was his iron

doom, and high connections availed him not. His old grandfather, thinking of his lost daughter—for happily Katte's mother died long ago—wrote a mournful letter to the King and received a mournful but inexorable answer. His age was twenty-six, his fate hard, but he did not resist the inevitable. He listened to the Chaplain, admitted God was just, and wrote three letters to his grandfather like dirges borne on the wind. . . . On November 5th he was suddenly told that he must go to Cüstrin and there die. He mastered the sudden flurry, answered cheerily words of sympathy, drove all night, and arrived in the grey of the winter morning. Fritz had been brought down to a lower room to see him pass, and seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. In vain he begged respite till he could write to the King: as easy stop the course of the stars. Only the decree that he should witness the execution was smuggled into abeyance. He cried, "Pardon me, dear Katte; O, that this should be what I have done for you!" Katte replied, "Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well," and fared on round an angle of the Fortress . . . out of sight of Fritz, who sank into a faint.

VIII. 1 (1730). The ruling powers, just or unjust, had proved too hard for Fritz and foiled him in all his enterprises. The Chaplain who had attended Katte was ordered to stay and deal with him about Predestination, etc. He achieved much success, and Fritz showed great knowledge of religion. Katte's death had overwhelmed him; it was indeed terrible as a Chorus of *Æschylus*, though never humanly set forth in the Prussian books. Friedrich-Wilhelm raved about spirits and apparitions; and Grumkow and Seckendorf feared they had done their job too well and that he might die.

2 (1730-1). The sentence on Fritz too is death, as a Lieutenant-Colonel guilty of desertion. But councillors pleaded that he was also a Prince of the Empire; while Foreign Courts interposed, and Queen Sophie in her despair knocked at every door. At last the King yielded, on condition of repentance and prostrate submission and amendment; and the unhappy prodigal was in no condition to resist farther. The Chaplain had prospered beyond hope; the oath was administered to Fritz and his prison doors opened. He was now conducted to a certain mansion to be his; no longer a soldier but a Rath. For fifteen months he was left to study economics, with Papa looking askance in sadly incredulous mood. . . . He privately got back his flute, and wailed forth his emotions in beautiful adagios.

3 (1731). There was still Wilhelmina to dispose of, either in wedlock or between four walls. It was proposed to her in her confinement and semi-starvation to marry the Prince of Baireuth, and she consented, to the King's joy and Queen's

despair. The King wept like a paternal bear, and organised dinners, boar-hunts, reviews. Wilhelmina passed a sleepless night, dreading Papa's rough jests, and next day, with her mother, attended the Review, where the supreme drill-sergeant played on the thing as a huge piano several square miles in area. She swooned when officially presented to the Prince ; and diplomatists wrote home about it. But the cause was not aversion, for he was an eligible young fellow with many good qualities, and temper hot but not harsh. In a week they were betrothed ; and then the Queen fell ill, and accused Wilhelmina of killing her. . . . Thanks to the two black-artists the King's life had indeed become one of convulsions.

4 (1731). But he did not neglect Public Business, and we hear of a certain Rath (Schlubhut), convicted of peculating, who offered in a high tone to refund, whom he caused to be hanged against the Court's milder decision. And when the same Court decreed death to a tall house-breaking musketeer, he sent for the judges, discoursed with them upon the two weights and two measures, and finally smote down upon their crowns with the Royal Cudgel. . . . Mercy may be beautiful, but it is upon the hard quality of justice that Empires are built up. . . . In June occurred the notorious episode of Jenkins's ear. . . . By the Treaty of Vienna, Baby Carlos got his Apanage ; so that a Termagant was sated, and a Kaiser hopeful to be so with Pragmatic Sanction.

5 (1731). Fritz was studying diligently his father's methods of administration and finance ; and they were of great advantage to him when the time came. Existence grew more supportable ; and no soul in Cüstrin but would run by night or day to serve an amiable Crown-Prince. It was a green flat region of peat and sand, intersected by stagnant and flowing waters, by big muddy Oder, by big black Warta, with nothing of the picturesque, and much improvable by economic science. Desire to be wise, and learn and do what is useful, appeared in Fritz : but the grand problem was, To regain favour with Papa. To this we trace in him something artificial and calculating, and he now acquired his mastery of the art of wearing among men a polite cloak of darkness. He became able to look cheerily into their very eyes, converse socially, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them.

On August 15th he received a visit from the King—their first meeting since Wesel. The King admitted his harsh treatment in the Saxon camp, but it was because he suspected his son's evil purpose. Base and ugly actions done with forethought were unpardonable. As for the debts, of which he gave a wrong list, "nothing touched me so much as that you had not any trust in me. . . ." All he had done for the Army, etc., was for him. . . .

If Fritz had escaped to England, he would have burnt and ravaged Hanover. . . . "I have no French manners. . . . I am a German Prince . . . and you hated all I liked. . . ." Your idea of Predestination makes God the author of sin, and Christ's death only for some. . . . Fritz owned he was now orthodox ; there was forgiveness, with tears on both sides ; and the King hurried away to avoid open blubbering. . . . Fritz was not acting, and if he exaggerated, it was the immensity of wish becoming itself enthusiasm. He had real affection for his father, and at lowest recognised that he must surrender to overwhelming fact. . . . The King left instructions for useful discourses—on husbandry, brewing, etc.—to be held with Fritz when he rode about to inspect farms.

Schulenburg, who had presided over the Court Martial, and was every inch the Prussian soldier, wrote three letters to the Prince, which reveal to us the Times as if mirrored in an accidental patch of bog water in sad twilight. He recommended fear of God, control over the passions, avoidance of women. The Prince answered quizzing his grave monitor, and glancing even at his Majesty. He feared nothing, he said, but constant life beside the King. He will marry, if the King wishes, and then, "I will shove my wife into the corner and live after my own fancy. . . ." To Grumkow, Schulenburg wrote that the Prince did not like advice, only took pleasure with those of inferior mind, and loved to banter and quiz.

To turn from him to Wilhelmina, we find the Prince of Baireuth advancing in her esteem, and doing fairly well with the King, though he did not drink as much as was wished. . . . In addition to drilling, Friedrich-Wilhelm was occupied with building operations, rearing tight human dwellings on what were once scraggy waste places. He almost compelled people to build houses, and his Agent squeezed them with capital till they did so. Thus from a quagmire Friedrichs Strasse became a clear ashlar street straight as a line. Was it Liberty ? To annihilate rubbish and chaos, Yes : to keep them about you, No.

6 (1731-2). On November 20th Wilhelmina was married, amid festivities of great magnificence. At one of the balls she and her brother met, as the King had promised ; and she sprang upon him with open arms, and tears and broken exclamations. She entreated the King to restore him to friendship ; and the scene drew tears from the eyes of all. Yet the Prince remained cold, replied in monosyllables, seemed to look down on everyone. He had begun to see the Height of place appointed him, as of the frozen Schreckhorn, and the solitude of soul that must be his. . . . Wilhelmina hoped greater happiness would be hers with less grandeur. Her mother still remained perverse ; but the King

could not at first speak for sobs. At last he said, "They had told me such horrible tales, I hated thee as much as I now love thee." He blamed the Queen for intriguing, and admitted he had been duped on every side. . . . Fritz returned to Cüstrin under changed omens, completely pardoned. He was made Colonel of the Goltz regiment at Ruppin (thirty to forty miles north-east of Berlin), and assumed the military blue coat never to quit it. Reinsberg became his abode for the next eight years—the most important of his life—and his manner of transacting military duties even pleased the King.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" III : ANALYSIS

IX. 1 (1732). ANOTHER point on which Fritz must obey is marriage. Princess Amelia was sunk below the horizon, and he was rather piqued that England would not abate "Both or none." As romance was done with, he now looked to appearance, temper, manners, but also "religious principle," and always to money. There were rumours of Maria Theresa, and it would have saved immense confusions : besides uniting Romance and Reality, with high results to the Prince's soul. Religious difficulties intervened, and the Imperial Court, through Seckendorf, suggested Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, niece of the Kaiserinn, descended from Anton Ulrich. They were all of an insipid type, yet had played a great part, thanks to their *unuttered* intellect. Two silent qualities they had : Courage, or unconscious superiority to fear : and weight of mind, or not too conscious sense of Right and Not Right. . . . This Princess proved desirable to Friedrich-Wilhelm, but not to Fritz. She was insipid and trivial, had no money ; and he would have preferred others. Most of all, as he wrote to Grumkow, he would like to travel and look about. Not beautiful was this correspondence, but shallow, flippant, hard of heart. Grumkow's ground was less secure since the cipher-correspondence, and he wished the matter to work smoothly.

The King now wrote to Fritz that this Princess had been chosen as the best from all those of Germany, and he would contrive opportunities for their getting acquainted. He writes : "When my children are obedient I love them much : so, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you everything. . . ." "When you shall have a son, I will let you go on your travels. . . ." To Grumkow the Prince wrote that he would like his intended brought up by her Grandmother : an airy coquettish lady. He would prefer the drawbacks of a light wife "than to have a blockhead who would drive me mad by her ineptitudes, and whom I should be ashamed to produce. . . ." It was Franz Duke of Lorraine who in six years should marry the transcendent Archduchess, peerless Maria Theresa, and reap

the whole harvest of Pragmatic Sanction. A strange sowing of dragon's teeth it proved to be. . . . Again Fritz wrote that he would prefer the Princess of Mecklenburg. "She would have a dowry of two or three millions of roubles—only fancy how I could live with that !" The Princess of Bevern is not beautiful, speaks little, and is given to pouting. . . . But other goal there is none, and all hands push him towards it. . . . Later on he wrote : " Let the King but think that it is not for himself that he is marrying me, but for *myself*. . . . As a good Christian, let him consider, If it is well done . . . to be the occasion of all the sins that an ill-assorted marriage leads us to commit. . . . I have been unfortunate all my life ; and I think it is my destiny to continue so. . . . I have suffered sufficiently for an exaggerated crime, and I will not engage myself to extend my miseries into future times. . . ."

All this passionate pleading was in vain ; towards the end of February the Prince left Cüstrin for Berlin and obtained the first sight of his Charmer, whom he found less detestable than he expected. He wrote to Wilhelmina that she was neither beautiful nor ugly nor wanting in sense, but very ill brought up, timid, and totally behind in manners and social behaviour. He added, " You never can believe, my adorable Sister, how concerned I am about your happiness ; all my wishes centre there. . . . I preserve still that sincere friendship which has united our hearts from our tenderest years. . . ." On March 10th, amid boar-hunts and scenic miracles, took place the Crown-Prince's betrothal to his Insipidity of Brunswick ; but it is understood he did not dislike her as much as he wished Papa to think.

2 (1732). Fritz went to Ruppín in the spring,—a dull little town in grassy flat country. He had his house and garden and a weekly dinner of Officers. We can fancy him in his solitude on still evenings, reading, meditative, or musically fluting, looking out upon the silent death of day. The King's affection was returning, but his heart had been sadly torn up ; and it is almost too good news that he has a son grown wise and doing sonlike. He was beginning to understand that " there is much in this Fritz," though different from himself, and that they had better not live too much together. Fritz was reading History and Moral Speculation : what men have done and been, and what the wisest have thought about men in the world. He was assiduous in his soldier business, studied military science and corresponded on it with the Old Dessauer ; and got all manner of ancient and modern military histories at his finger ends, penetrating into the essential heart of each and learning what it had to teach him. Both from policy and loyalty he conformed outwardly to the paternal will, for he loved his rugged Father

and perceived the sense in his peremptory notions. He took great charge of his men's health, and had his regiment shiningly exact at the grand reviews. He was industrious to get tall recruits as a dainty for Papa, and expended on them sums of money beyond his narrow means. All the while he was watched by the Argus of the Tobacco Parliament. The old spirit of frolic still lingered ; he conserved his gay bantering humour ; and once played a practical joke on a clergyman who had preached against him. . . .

3 (1732). From Salzburg, a romantic city far off in Tyrol, came rumours of Protestants ill-used : and streams of emigrants were arriving in Berlin. Salzburg Country was one of the nooks into which had been driven that Protestantism which, before the Thirty-Years War, seemed likely to spread over Austria. These dissentient Salzburgers were harmless sons of Adam and had lived exempt from persecution till 1727, when a new Archbishop, zealous rather than wise, began to worry them to death with his law beagles. They appealed to the Kaiser, who, intent on getting Pragmatic Sanction through the Diet, and anxious to offend no one, gave good words and did nothing. At the end of 1730 they sent deputies to Friedrich-Wilhelm ; and he ascertained that they were orthodox and promised help. He procured that they should emigrate, and prepared Prussen for them, defeating Archbishop Firman's design to confiscate their property. They marched in their thousands the five hundred miles, with their poor bits of preciosities and heirlooms, made up in succinct bundles, stowed on ticketed baggage-wains, heard of at all German firesides and in all European lands. The first body that arrived at Brandenburg gates saw the dread King himself : a stoutish short figure in blue uniform and white wig, straw-coloured waistcoat, and white gaiters ; standing uncommonly firm on his feet ; reddish, blue-reddish face, with eyes that pierce through a man. . . . It cost him £150,000, invested in the Bank of Nature, and he lived to see it repaid.

4 (1732). The object of Friedrich-Wilhelm's visit to the Kaiser was half business, half pleasure. The Kaiser was not over-anxious for an interview because of Jülich-and-Berg ; but Seckendorf attempted to discourage in vain. On July 27th the King with his suite left Berlin ; they are a *fact*, they and their summer dust-cloud there, whirling through the vacancy of that dim Time. . . . They traversed Silesia towards Bohemia, and as Majesty liked level roads and the works of man rather than Nature, they made a sweep to the east, leaving the Giant Mountains as a blue Sierra on the right, and choosing to visit Glatz fortress rather than the Elbe caverns. In Bohemia they were met and sumptuously lodged, but it was decided that the meeting should take place at Kladrup, the Imperial Horse-Farm. On July

31st Friedrich-Wilhelm reached Kladrup, and when the Kaiser's carriage-wheels were heard, he rushed down and embraced him like mere human friends. There was dinner and small talk ; and the Kaiser and Kaiserinn did not shine in talk. Friedrich-Wilhelm had native politeness, but was callous to etiquette so far as concerned his own pretensions, dimly sensible of the advent of the eighteenth century and the superiority of solid musketeers to goldsticks. . . .

The sun was still high when Friedrich-Wilhelm rolled off towards Nimburg, and next day he was at Prag, dining with Prince Eugene. The list of guests has been preserved, and has rescued the vanished dinner party from the realms of Hades. For the sake of better talk Friedrich-Wilhelm declined the chair of state and sat by Eugene. . . . Next day he spoke earnestly to Sinzendorf, supreme of Aulic men, on Jülich and Berg, but with no definite result. Nor with the Kaiser, who arrived a few days later, was much said on this subject in their long dialogues. They parted with assurances of friendship, to meet no more ; and Friedrich-Wilhelm received the gift of a tobacco-box : perhaps symbolic of what these high people thought of a rustic Orson King and his Tabagie ! He had had a glorious time, but brought away no fragment of Jülich and Berg. . . . Long after, Fritz wrote of this visit that good faith and the virtues do not now succeed, and politicians have banished sincerity into private life ; that the guaranty of Jülich and Berg had gone off like smoke, and Vienna of all Courts was likely to cross the interests of Prussia ; that this visit even extinguished friendship ; for Friedrich-Wilhelm left Prag with some contempt for their pride and deceit, and they disdained him for neglect of ceremonials and precedences. . . . On his homeward way he visited Wilhelmina at Baireuth.

5 (1732-3). Austria had stifled the Double-Marriage, and now again wished it to be. The Treaty of Vienna had clouted up old differences between the Sea Powers and Kaiser and restored the old Law of Nature : Kaiser to fight the French, Sea Powers to feed and pay him. The Kaiser would like no grudge left between his chief Sea Ally and chief Land Ally, and instructed Seckendorf to propose it in the Tabagie. On December 5th Seckendorf unwillingly did so, and the result was an explosion from the King at the Kaiser wishing him to break his word before all the world. Even so Prussian Majesty did not grasp the full dimensions for months or years ; his intellect was slow, though true and deep, with terrible earthquakes and poetic fires lying under it. The result was total change of mind towards the Kaiser. . . . As regards Fact and Nature he had more intellect than all those together who were trying to overnet the

Universe with their Black Art Diplomacies ; and he opposed them with a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact and organic, from diligent plough-sock to shining bayonet and iron ramrod. . . . Seckendorf was ordered to smoothe the King down, which he did when admitted to speech again three days after at an explosive session ; but Grumkow refused to meddle.

The following April the King was riding with Seckendorf through the village of Priort ; and Seckendorf in pleading said some word which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his mind, and never left it again. A thing hideous, horrible, which had killed him—and it was death from a friend's hand. His deep dumb soul was suddenly brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. For this he had nearly killed Fritz and Wilhelmina ! In later years he would speak of it with tears running down his cheeks, and if Fritz were near, he would say, " There is one that will avenge me ! "

6 (1733). August the Dilapidated-Strong, returning to Poland from Saxony, was due to cross a corner of Prussia, and Grumkow was sent to meet him. They spent a night drinking, and each tried to pump the other so hard that August died three weeks later, and though Grumkow survived six years, he never recovered this bout. August's great secret was to terminate his Polish troubles and conciliate neighbouring kings by flinging to them outlying slices of Poland. This did take effect forty years later, but it included also the compact interior.

7 (1733). Wilhelmina was in Berlin on a visit, rather unkindly received by her parents, and she had left behind chagrins at Baireuth. But Fritz came over from Ruppín to see her and was quite the old brother again. At supper the wicked Princess Charlotte made fun of his bride before the servants. . . . Fritz told Wilhelmina that the Queen was the cause of their misfortunes, and she had now started on England again and wished him to oppose the King's will ; that he exaggerated dislike for his bride that the King might the more value his obedience. . . . On June 12th the wedding took place at Salzdahlum ; but a few days before, the King had received a letter from Austria begging him to give it up and marry with England : to which he replied, " Never." Keyserling, the Prince's favourite gentleman, reported to Wilhelmina that he was inwardly well content but kept up the old farce ; " and pretended to be in frightful humour on the very morning ; bursting out upon his valet in the King's presence, who reproved him, and looked rather pensive. . . ." On June 27th the Princess Royal made a grand entrance into Berlin, and a splendid review took place, beginning at 4 a.m., at which Wilhelmina nearly died of heat, thirst and hunger in a crowded tent under the flaming sun. She tells how at the festivities that

followed the Prince introduced his bride, who remained like a statue to her embrace, and gave her no thanks for assistance in re-powdering ; and how Fritz exclaimed : " Devil's in the blockhead ! . . ." Yet she proved a pleasant addition to his Ruppin existence. . . . He was still troubled by narrow means, and borrowed secretly from Austria, Russia, England : but repaid with exactitude on his accession. Yet Friedrich-Wilhelm could be munificent on occasions ; and when Fritz fancied the old castle of Reinsberg he bought and gave it him, with money to new-build it.

8 (1733). On February 1st died King August, whose fine qualities had fared ill amid the temptations of the world, and whose death now kindled foolish Europe into fighting. France decided for Stanislaus as Polish King ; and Poland itself was enthusiastic for him. But August III seduced the Kaiser through Pragmatic Sanction ; and Russia joined with Austria. The Polish Chivalry were ineffective against 30,000 Russians under Marshal Lacy, and French help far off. After reigning ten days Stanislaus became a fugitive, and August was crowned in Cracow.

9 (1733). The result of this Polish Election was that the Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt took fire and continued to plunge down all his days. France declared war in October ; and the Kaiser's few troops were on the Polish borders. France marched into Lorraine, at which for many centuries she had been wrenching and screwing ; and Spain and Sardinia declared for her. The Sea-Powers declined to subsidise the Kaiser, and he was faced with an alarming bill for broken glass. In two years he lost steadily, and the deciding scene was Northern Italy, out of which he was driven. There was also fighting in the Upper Rhine country, memorable as Fritz's first experience of war, under Eugene.

10 (1734). The Reich, except Cologne and Bavaria, had declared for the Kaiser, though its armies were of indifferent quality. Friedrich-Wilhelm was bound by Treaty to assist with 10,000 men ; and they were always ready, from big guns and wagon horses to gun-flints and gaiter-straps. Fritz was eager to volunteer, watching the great War-theatre uncurtain itself from Dantzic to Naples. . . . There was a hot siege and stiff defence of Philipsburg, where Marshal Berwick lost his life. Fighting continued in Italy ; and on Dantzic, which sheltered Stanislaus, torrents of Russian bombs rained night and day. At last he escaped in the disguise of a cattle-dealer, and having lain long perplexed in the Stygian Mud-Delta of the Weichsel, found safety in Preussen. . . .

On June 30th Fritz started for the seat of war, strictly admonished as to waste of time. He was told to avoid Baireuth, that lay straight before him : and he had counted on seeing

Wilhelmina. They arranged to meet at a neutral spot ; and we have some letters of the Prince explaining delay from military necessity, and reflecting on the increasingly difficult humours of the King, despite his marriage. They met two miles to the north of Baireuth, and Wilhelmina records : "It was the last time I saw him on the old footing with me : he has much changed since then. . . ." On July 7th, from a hill-top, the Prince first saw Philippsburg Siege, blotting the Rhine Valley with its fire and counter-fire : his initiation into the actualities of war. It is said that he rode fearlessly in a place exposed to cannon-shot which crashed down trees near him, and that he neither trembled nor ceased speaking. . . . On July 15th Friedrich-Wilhelm arrived, and, declining Eugene's invitation, lived in a tent among his people, to the hurt of his weak health. He continued to protect Stanislaus, even gave him a small pension, deaf to the menaces of Kaiser and Czarina. Like a King and gentleman he did not fail in the sacred rites. With his son he attended all the Councils of War, but nothing was done, and on July 18th Philippsburg surrendered to the French. In after years Fritz thought the French position bad, but Eugene could not depend on the Reich army. Much dimmed was this old hero, now seventy-three, and wearied with his long march through Time. The death of his nephew and last male heir left him lonely and the winner of barren laurels. . . .

In August Fritz left, with health much hurt from life under canvas amid Rhine inundations ; yet he had learned something even from confusion and disorder, and was intending closer associations with veterans who could teach him the shortest road into the secret of his Profession. The society of Eugene and other Reich Princes was like the *alphabet* of the actual Time ; and he had seen into the management of the Austrian Army and conceived the idea that it could be beaten. He had also, with the Old Dessauer, procured passports and visited the French camp, where he noticed some promising young French soldiers, whom he afterwards acquired. . . . News reached him that his father had fallen ill on the way home, his complaints falling to dropsy. Here are thoughts indeed for a young Crown-Prince ! He visited Baireuth and made a less pleasing impression than usual on his beloved sister. Perhaps his young head was inflated by the prospect of a certain Event probably near ! At dinner he did nothing but quiz all he saw, and repeated a hundred times, "little Prince," "little Court." . . . He said he would increase his army, and bestow honours on his mother, but not suffer her to meddle in his affairs. The last day he was kinder, being not without charm, despite the hard practicalities he was obliged to meditate : and Wilhelmina was given to exaggeration.

II (1734-6). Fritz was cordially received in the sick-room at Potsdam, and struck to the heart by what he saw there. He was to and fro from Ruppın for four months, during which the King lay between death and life, now with hope, and again almost with none. The best result of the war was that he saw little now of Seckendorf. His own opinion was that he would not recover, and his bodily sufferings were great—dropsically swollen, sometimes like to be choked. He could bear to lie on no bed, and oftenest rolled about in a Bath-chair, heavy-laden, and of tenderer humour. He has settled the order of his funeral ; how he is to be buried without pomp, like a Prussian Soldier ; and what regiments are to do the triple volley over him, by way of long farewell. At times there was hope, and then he would order two hundred of the Giants to march through the sick-room, or get old Generals to come and smoke as at the Tabagie. The Prince is now reported to have said : “ If the King will let me live in my own way, I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years.” The King’s memorablest speech to his son was of what happened riding through Priort with Seckendorf. “ I tell thee I got my death at Priort. I entreat thee . . . don’t trust those people, however many promises they make.” Figure that spoken from the mortal quicksands amid which he was labouring. . . .

By January 1735 the crisis was over : and on Fritz, who wished to make the Rhine campaign, was imposed the more useful task of conducting the reviews. The Kaiser was losing in Italy and on the Rhine, and had no money. Fritz, at the reviews, behaved like Papa’s second self, looking into civil and military business with a sharp eye. And the fruit of his sufferings was that, to a practical power unusual for his age, was added the rarer one of holding his peace. . . . At the Settlement France swallowed Lorraine, after centuries of nibbling, but consoled the Kaiser by guaranteeing Pragmatic Sanction. . . . Friedrich-Wilhelm, though reported well and only forty-seven, was broken in constitution. His relations were strained with the Kaiser, and he took ill a high letter written by the Kaiser, prohibiting recruiting in the Imperial Dominions. He wrote to Fritz : “ This is our thanks for the 10,000 men. . . . So long as they need us they continue to flatter. . . .” Queen Sophie had fallen silent, and both Majesties may look remorsefully over the breakages and wrecks brought upon them by the Kaiser.

X. I (1736). In August the Prince and his wife took up their abode in Reinsberg, new built by order of kind paternal Majesty. They set up their Lares and Penates on a thrifty footing, and it proved their happiest time, lasting into the fourth year. For Fritz it was a snatch of something like the Idyllic

in a life-pilgrimage made up of grim realisms. His daily work done, he lived to the Muses, to spiritual improvements and social enjoyments. The innocent insipidity of a wife was also happy, and did not take to pouting as expected. In her old age she was heard to revert to this happiness at Reinsberg. The country was fairly picturesque, considering the region of sand and moor, and abounded in lakes and lakelets. Reinsberg stood on the edge of a lake—quadrangular, with spacious interior court, built of ashlar, with two towers. The library was in one of the towers ; and on the lakeward side was a colonnade with vases and statues. We can fancy Fritz sauntering meditatively under the colonnade, which commanded the lake and its little tufted islands, the lake lying between him and the sunset. There was the Crown-Princess's apartment with six windows, the Music Saloon with fine ceiling, and endless gardens, pavilions, orangeries. . . .

Fritz had his duties, but ample time of his own, and his taste was for the Literatures and Philosophies, his desire to cultivate his mind. He held a daily concert, and himself joined with the flute ; he had much literary and social correspondence ; and at his Court were musicians, painters, sculptors. His expenditure was less than £3,000 a year, but he got into debt, though chiefly for tall recruits. No one of his associates was of shining distinction, but the best that could be had. Neither as Prince nor King was he superlatively successful in choice of associates ; though he loved intellect as few men on the throne or off it ever did. In the Berlin literary world—itself not of great eminence—was a French sage, Achard, whom he consulted on the difficulties of orthodoxy, complaining that his faith was weak—not in mockery, but ingenuous regret and solicitude, after painful fermentation.

2 (1736). One of his methods towards acquiring clear knowledge and belief and spiritual panoply to front the practicalities of life, was correspondence with the chief spirits of his time. They were mostly polished dullards, whose lights have now gone out ; but on August 8th he first wrote to Voltaire. Voltaire was the spiritual complement of Friedrich ; in these two was the little that is lasting of the eighteenth century. The little it *did* was Friedrich, the little it *thought* was Voltaire. . . . Voltaire was born in 1694 and was now over forty. At a time when the theatre was the pulpit of educated France he had taken to the drama and won immediate success. But his career had been stormy, and interrupted by imprisonment in the Bastille for writing lampoons on high dignitaries. He had spent two years in England and become acquainted with Pope and Bolingbroke ; and the foundations of his fame and fortune were now secure. He was no Court Poet, but one who should set the world ablaze

. Such a man seemed the revealer of a new Gospel to Friedrich, ardent, young, and capable of admiration. The correspondence endured all their lives and was marked by frankness and veracity under graceful forms. Voltaire became Friedrich's chief thinker, though on the practical side Friedrich soon outgrew him, having more veracity of character and an intellect better built in its silent parts. But in speculative intellect he considered Voltaire supreme.

On August 8th he wrote requesting him to send his writings : "I should think myself richer in the possession of your Works than in that of all the transient goods of Fortune. . . . It is in such moments that I have felt how small are advantages of birth. . . ." Voltaire's reply celebrated the advent of a Philosopher Prince, for whom he predicted universal love, "unless . . . the tumult of business and the wickedness of men alter so divine a character." The correspondence went on apace, and another correspondent worthy of mention is Suhm. It was Suhm who negotiated loans, but he was also translating into limpid French a book which Friedrich found too abstruse in German. In these letters Friedrich's real love for the amiable Suhm comes beautifully to light.

3 (1736-7). In October the Prince drove over to Mirow, ten or twelve miles distant, and portrayed the dilapidated place and its inmates in a satirical letter to his father. The Prince of Mirow was a poor downpressed brother-mortal somnambulating in his Sleepy Hollow without complaint. . . . Friedrich's letters to the King turned on gifts, recruits, visitors, sickness in the regiment—on wholly small facts, and nothing of speculation, but of ceremonial pipe-clay a great deal.

4 (1737). In England there had been a quarrel between George II and Prince Fred, because the Prince had not warned his father of the coming birth of a son ; and the potential heir to the British throne narrowly missed a catastrophe at his first coming into the world. Papa never more saw Fred's face, and Mamma only once. Queen Caroline died on December 1st : and her death awakened remembrance of young scenes in the mind of Friedrich-Wilhelm. . . . In the east Russia and Austria were at war with the Turk. . . . Friedrich-Wilhelm was anxious for a peaceful decision concerning Berg and Jülich ; as between us and the event was only Karl Philip, near eighty. The old man returned vague negative answers ; and for the next two years Friedrich-Wilhelm's negotiations all over Europe became intense. As the decision went against him, he was gloomily deciding to try the matter by the iron ramrods ; but luckily the old man did not die first ; and an effectual settlement was made a hundred years later. . . . Life weighed heavily on Friedrich-Wilhelm ;

he was more subject to hypochondria, and spoke of abdication. "All gone wrong!" he would say, if a flaw rose about recruiting or the like.

5 (1738). On July 8th Friedrich-Wilhelm, with Friedrich, started on a visit to discuss the matter of Jülich and Berg; and, although there was no result, it was an interesting journey. Three pleasant days were spent at the Palace of Loo in Geldern, with the Prince of Orange, whose wife was George II's daughter: next elder to poor Amelia, who for sixty years wore Friedrich's miniature on her heart. . . . One of Voltaire's letters reached Friedrich here; between them was sincere admiration—sincerest on the Prince's part, more extravagantly expressed on Voltaire's. They interchanged poetries and proses, besides heroic sentiments and opinions. . . . On this journey Friedrich became a Freemason, and also met Bielfeld, who wrote a book on him. Freemasonry was mentioned at dinner, and Friedrich-Wilhelm dismissed it as tomfoolery; but one Bückeburg ventured on a respectful, eloquent, and ingenious defence, which captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown-Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. His looks and manner commended him to Bielfeld, who described him as youthful for his years, handsome though short, with eyes severe yet sweet and gracious. The Masonic transaction was kept secret from Papa; but Papa's opinion of the Prince had continued to rise, so serious and rational was he grown. Only officious tale-bearers caused trouble about Voltaire and heterodoxies; and he lately summoned the Prince to Potsdam from Reinsberg to take the Communion as a defence, . . . Seckendorf, who had rashly undertaken the Turk War, was now a State Prisoner, on its ill success. The one human thing in his lot was his wife, who still stood by him. But Friedrich-Wilhelm grieved honestly for an old friend.

6 (1739). Reinsberg was a pleasant Arcadian summer in one's life, but it was nearing its end, as Papa grew heavier of foot and heart under his heavy burdens. But this year the literary element was brisker than ever, and Friedrich produced copious verse and prose. They are now useful but as biographical documents, for, with practical power of the highest, went little of speculative or poetical. He did not deal in meditation or introspection, was the reverse of sentimental, but expressed in rapid, prompt form generous aspirations for the world and himself. In short, he was a swift-handed, valiant, *steel*-bright kind of soul. From his *not* having written nothing he stands lower with the world: for did David's Psalms benefit David's Kingship? Things ripen underground, and if you speak of a fine purpose, to the admiration of bystanders, there is less chance of its becoming a fact. Friedrich's stream of verse was fluent but shallow; ever and anon

through life he was subject to a leakage of verses. . . . This year he wrote his first book, *Anti-Machiavel*, though it did not appear till the following autumn, under the auspices of Voltaire, and has now fallen extinct. That Kingship is not a thing of attorney mendacity, and a King is the People's servant, was the message which rose on the then populations, and provoked applause that now seems incredible.

In July, as a mark of favour, he was included in Papa's Review-journey. He saw the Salzburg Emigrants, who were making the waste blossom up again, and he wrote to Voltaire of the change in Lithuania, once ravaged by pestilence, now rebuilt and re-peopled by the King, and of the half million inhabitants who owed all to him. . . . Another pleasant event was Friedrich-Wilhelm's gift to Friedrich of a Royal Stud worth £2,000 a year : a welcome item in our shrunken budget, and undeniable sign—still more precious—of Papa's good humour with us. The King was no miser, but he abhorred waste, as the poor vulgar cannot do ; he made munificent gifts and never thought of them more. In this there was perhaps a whiff of coming fate : "I shall soon be dead, not able to give thee anything, poor Fritz !" A new fit of illness now overtook him, and he returned to Berlin about to enter into the shadows of the total Last Eclipse, with all his journeyings and reviewings done.

7 (1739). Algarotti, who was to become a permanent friend, now visited Reinsberg. Like Bielfeld, he was a merchant's son, but Venetian, and of a high style of breeding. . . . When Bielfeld paid his visit and wrote his book, he adopted the fictitious form instead of honestly transcribing what he saw. The small residue of actual is of favourable and pleasant nature ; though he describes Friedrich-Wilhelm as having a terrible glance in his eye, a complexion composed of the strongest tints, big head, thick neck sunk between the shoulders, figure short and heavy. . . .

The Turk War was concluding, to the Kaiser's discomfiture, and he became glad of peace on any terms. He had lost nearly all he had in Italy, and now the Turk defied him, and, but for Russia, might be in Vienna. He was a Kaiser much beggared and disgraced, and Russia, for lack of money, was about to make peace. . . . On November 3rd war broke out between England and Spain, thanks to Jenkins's ear. No peace should be till Spanish recognition of our right to roadway on the oceans of this Planet.

8 (1739-40). No hunting at Wusterhausen this autumn for the King, and, on return to Berlin, a dreary alternation of bed and wheeled chair. He did official business in the best two hours of the day, and time hung heavy on him for the remainder. Old Generals sat round his bed, and his wife and children were much

about him. The royal Patient cannot be left alone, without faces he likes : other Generals, estimable in their way, have a physiognomy displeasing to the sick man, and will smart for it if they enter. "At sight of *him* every pain grows painfuller !" Thus it would seem to the poor King with his poetic temperament. Friends are encouraged to smoke and talk ; if he dozes and they cease, the silence will awaken him. At night he sleeps badly, and as a cure for ennui makes small carpentry in bed ; the sound of his mallet is audible at night outside the Palace. Friedrich visits him, but not too often, lest his solicitude be mistaken. He is in no haste to be King and quit the haunts of the Muses ; and it is sure he loves his father and shudders at the thought of losing *him*. . . .

In April there came improvement, and the King rose and dressed and held an informal Tabagie. On Friedrich's entrance the members rose, and the King was angry at such a breach of custom, spoke of the "Rising Sun," and that he was not yet dead. He dissolved the meeting, and it was days before the matter was settled. . . . With the bright weather he seemed to revive, and the public thought the crisis over, but he knew better. When removing to Potsdam he said, "Fare thee well, then, Berlin ; I am to die in Potsdam, then ! . . ." He wished to know what his chances were in the other world—which was no less certain to him than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers—where he shall peel off his Kinghood and stand before God as a naked beggar. Chief Preacher Roloff, with whom he discoursed, was not wholly encouraging, and the King did not care to be left alone with him. He brought up Baron Schlubhut,¹ hanged without trial. Though he had justice, it was violent and tyrannous. Then he had forced people to build : and this was oppression. Also, one must forgive enemies : on which the King bade the Queen write to her brother *after his death*. He was indeed an unwedgeable and gnarled block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity, rarely seen among modern men, among Kings nearly never. . . . He would sleep ill, and roll about in his wheeled chair, or from improvement relapse to fainting weakness.

On May 26th Friedrich, summoned by express, expected to find him dying, but instead beheld him in his wheeled chair directing the building of a house for a crabbed Englishman, Philips, an incomparable groom. There was such emotion at their meeting that the bystanders, and even Philips, wept. He gave minute instructions for his funeral : that three volleys should be fired and the coffin borne out of a certain door. . . . He said, "Am I not happy to have such a Son to leave behind me ? . . ." He would murmur, "Lord, enter not into

¹ II. viii. 4.

judgment. . . .” When the line in a favourite hymn was sung, “Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go,” he interposed, “Not quite naked; I shall have my uniform on!” . . . To each of his faithful Generals he gave a horse from the royal stables, and he rebuked the Old Dessauer, his oldest friend, for choosing the worst, and for the grief on his stern gunpowder face. His last words were of Jesus, and he died on May 31st: his age would have been fifty-two next August 15th. . . . Great is the value of such a man in these days of Charlatan “Kings” and flunky populations of a Mammon-worshipping Era. . . .

His funeral was in accordance with his instructions; and the Potsdam Grenadiers performed their last service in firing the three volleys. They were dissolved or transferred; and the stupid splay-footed eight-foot mass might stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions. . . . Friedrich wept when he thought of the past: the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong!

XI. 1 (1740). Much was expected of Friedrich, and he felt in himself great things. He had a complete respect for Fact—among the highest and rarest qualities in man. Favours and friendly intimacy were to avail nothing with him; he will look exclusively for the man ablest to do the work. In appearance, he was handsome and graceful, though scarce five feet seven inches and rather stout. His face rapidly flashed on you all manner of high meanings. . . . He recommended to his officers mildness of demeanour from higher to lower, that the common soldier be not undeservedly treated with harshness. He explained to his Ministers that he would seek to further the country’s well-being and make every subject happy, and prefer the country’s interest to his own. This dialect was then new, and excited extraordinary admiration. . . . The harvest of 1740 was bad, and he opened Public Granaries and had grain sold reasonably to the poor. . . . He abolished legal torture, still existing as a threat, and in France used without scruple. . . . He desired a French Academy, and invited Maupertuis to organise it. . . . He tolerated all religions, he granted Freedom of the Press. . . . Indeed, he cared nothing for the disgusting lies and nonsense about himself openly printed and sold at Berlin in years to come. . . . All these reforms, then bright as new gold, are since worn dim by circulation. They betoken the internal sea of splendour struggling to disclose itself, and the high hopes for mankind and himself. . . .

He added eight new regiments, 16,000 men, to the army. After his father’s death he had struck mute the Old Dessauer by affirming that all authority resided in the King—and this was no solitary instance. Schulenburg, who had condemned him to

death at the Court Martial, rushed up from Landsberg unbidden to congratulate : and was reminded that an officer cannot quit his post without order. But Friedrich consoled him by expediting a promotion he had intended for him ; and all fears were groundless that unkindness would be remembered. Nor was reward much regulated by past services to the Crown-Prince, or even sufferings endured for him. He promoted some ; but Keith hastened home only to be made Lieutenant-Colonel. Hard perhaps as polished steel : but are facts softer, or the laws of Kingship ? . . . Of Page Keith who had blabbed, he took no notice ; and he astonished all friends by being a King every inch. One wretch who had encouraged his vices as to women was so shocked that he hanged himself. He did promote old comrades in whom he discovered fitness. He made passionate search in foreign countries for men of merit : Academicians, Musicians, Players, even Dancers. No man with an honest "*Can do*" failed of a welcome. Perhaps he had better have stood by native Prussian merit, for his court became the cynosure of ambitious creatures : a lantern kindled in the dark on which owls impinged. Outside military affairs his guide to merit was noise of reputation. His success, therefore, was not great, and the more honour to him that he never ceased trying. . . .

When in Berlin he never failed to visit his mother, and the title of Son, he affirmed, was most agreeable to him of all. He would fain solace himself in doing something kind to her ; but of public influence she was allowed no vestige. Amid such a whirl of occupations we find no record of further sorrow for his father. But to the end he held his memory in honour, noticeable in his voice, "My Father . . ." With his Queen at first he consorted much, but the happy intervals grew rarer, and after the third or fourth year only the formal relation remained. . . . In the Administration he adhered to his father's men and methods, with an almost greater love of perfection in work done and care for thrift. To remedy a certain lack of "decent splendour," he introduced new Pages and Goldsticks, and furbished up the Royal Household, but in the facts there was no change. . . . Such a union of golden or soft splendour and *steel-bright* splendour was rare in man, and still more in man born King. But he had known misery and been taught by stripes. . . .

Prussia was then four-fifths of England, population under two and a half millions, revenue one million. Friedrich was not ambitious in the vulgar way, but had many hopes, and one was to be "happier." In the intervals of business he trusted to retire to Reinsberg, and live to the Muses among chosen spirits. Futile hopes, for the epoch was ungenial, even rotten, the externally awful meanings of the Universe having sunk into dubieties ; and

the highest man is born brother to his Contemporaries. To the eighteenth century tidings of Heaven had fallen uncertain, but the earth and her joys were still interesting. We wonder less at its lack of heroism than the degree it had. Despite immense sensualities, an immense quantity of Physical Labour was got out of mankind. . . . The Prussian Dryasdusts have made Friedrich's story difficult of elucidation. Only the military part has been brought to clearness; and few men have been so belied and misrepresented as he.

2 (1740). Like his father, Friedrich thought the expense and mendacity of a Coronation unnecessary, and even in Homagings he was not too punctilious, but effected some by Deputy. . . . His first excursion was to Königsberg, where at a review he caused a certain Grenadier Captain to be cashiered on the spot, and the old Commandant to be pensioned soon after. . . . He admired Quandt's sermon, and to the end of his days excepted him from German barbarism and disharmony of mind and tongue. . . . George II being at Hanover, Friedrich proposed through Dickens to help him in the Spanish war, in return for guarantees for Jülich and Berg.

3 (1740). Voltaire was at Brussels or The Hague, printing *Anti-Machiavel*, and Friedrich, in letters, suggested that they should meet at Wesel. We perceive that Voltaire plumes himself to his French correspondents on the sublime intercourse he has got into with a Crowned Head. . . . Friedrich's first destination was Baireuth, but it was rumoured that he was about to visit France incognito. . . . On August 17th he reached the expectant Wilhelmina, gladdest of shrill sisters, but anxious. She found her brother changed, become a King in fact, and sternly solitary in soul as a King must be. Algarotti accompanied him, indispensable for talk, and thrice dear to Friedrich, who loved the sharp-faceted cut of the man. Wilhelmina found her brother's conversation stilted and inclined to banter. She had much to say to him, but got nothing said at all. . . .

From Frankfurt, in deepest privacy, he made a sudden whirl southward up the Rhine Valley to Strasburg for a sight of France. From Wesel on September 2nd he wrote a description, partly in verse, to Voltaire: how they manufactured passports, stayed at the Raven, became acquainted with officers, and attended the review. The incognito, however, came out, to the perplexity of Field-Marshal Broglio, who meditated detaining him. But Friedrich eluded his proposed theatre-party and started for Wesel. . . . There Maupertuis awaited him, once a shining celestial body, now fallen dim. French cultivated society then believed only in the Exact Sciences; and Maupertuis was near the limit of genius, though he never crossed it, much as he struggled to do

so. Sensitive Voltaire, in his correspondence, showed an anxious desire to conciliate this big, glaring geometrical bully.

4 (1740). Friedrich, at Wesel, chanced to visit a Convent where the Monks were saying Mass, and he departed with a sarcastic allusion. . . . The answer from George II about Jülich and Berg was again uncertain, and he therefore examined these Wesel localities with the object of a proper Entrenched Camp. . . . His meeting with Voltaire was on September 11th at the Schloss of Moyland, near Cleve. He was then suffering from an ague, and Voltaire first saw him in a shivering fit. At supper they spoke of the soul's immortality. A corrosive account by Voltaire twenty years later differs from the following laudatory extract from his contemporary correspondence: "One of the amiablest men in the world, who forms the charm of society, who would be everywhere sought after if he were not King: a philosopher without austerity; full of sweetness, complaisance and obliging ways; not remembering that he is King when he meets his friends. . . ."

5 (1740). Herstal, to the north of Liège, once King Pepin's castle, father of Charlemagne, had belonged to Dutch William, who had no children, and then fallen to Friedrich-Wilhelm. He often wished he had never seen it, so much trouble did it bring him. Through fear of the recruiting system and other rigours, the people were unwilling to come under his sway, and only yielded to the indubitable foreshine of his bayonets advancing from the East. They always showed a pig-like obstinacy of humour and desire to thwart and irritate him. The Prince Bishop of Liège, who had a claim on Herstal, abetted the people, and took liberties with the Lion's whiskers. Friedrich-Wilhelm, a lover of peace, offered to sell Herstal to him, but received no answer. On the accession of Friedrich, fealty was refused; and at last he sent the Rath Rambonet to the Bishop with a letter asking if he intended to protect the rebels. For answer he received vague mumblement, whereupon, having issued a manifesto, he collected from the garrisons 2,000 men and entered Maaseyk on September 14th, the day of his parting from Voltaire. The astonished Bishop made excuses, and also applications of a shrieky character to the Kaiser; but General Borck was on the spot with 2,000 good arguments, as Voltaire defined the phenomenon. . . . The Kaiser did intercede, but without effect on Friedrich, who had a long account to settle with the old gentleman and his Seckendorfs and Grumkows. . . . On September 28th the Bishop sent ambassadors to Berlin to ask if Friedrich would sell Herstal. The answer was affirmative, and the price fixed, with the old debt.

6 (1740). On his return to Berlin from Wesel Friedrich did not visit his uncle George II at Herrenhausen. There was

no love between them, and George resented the continued rise of Prussia. . . . He and Walpole opposed the Spanish war, for it could not but spread to France and Austria; and France would certainly attack our dear Hanover. Had he guaranteed Jülich and Berg, Friedrich would have stood between France and Hanover; but he was uncertain of Prussia's real fighting power, after all the ridiculous drilling and recruiting of Friedrich-Wilhelm. He also imagined Friedrich's bias to be towards France. . . . His Minister in Vienna, Robinson, was instructed to urge the Kaiser to declare war for us against France at the worst. But the Kaiser had no money, and France had ratified Pragmatic Sanction. . . . This war of Jenkins's ear was unnecessary, and it lasted with intervals till 1763. . . . The British army was in a chaotic state, but not so the navy. The English, as if by nature, can sail and fight in ships; and at sea there is scope for the national organising power, for a ship falls to the undivided guidance of one man. . . . But on land they think war comes by nature, and that only courage is needed. The result was an army practically without a General, and a Ministry wanting zeal.

7 (1740). It is obvious from Herstal that Friedrich will not be led about in imperial harness like his father, and is likely to assert his Berg-Jülich rights if necessary with the iron ramrods. Certain rampart works are in progress near Wesel: and he will do his work like a King, no matter at what cost of toil and peril. He is for peaceable operations rather than warlike, and builds and manages with energy, while his outlook is always towards Reinsberg and the fine arts. . . .

On October 17th Wilhelmina arrived on her return visit, in a tremor of joy and sorrow, and, like the magnetic needle, shaky but steadfast. She had been absent eight years, and now, seeing her mother, and the rooms still hung with mourning, confessed she had never been so moved. She found her brother's welcome deficient in sincerity; but he was up to the neck in business and just out of an ague fit. She credited all popular rumours, and spoke of complaints of his avarice and violence. . . . Certainly a good King cannot be amiable except in the noblest ages, and then only to a select few. He had not his father's amplitudes and simplicities, but under his polished panoply were tremulous sensibilities and ardent affections. . . . Wilhelmina's love for her brother rose to heroic pitch in the coming years, and was at its highest when she died. . . . They removed to Reinsberg, and he projected a French theatre and Italian opera, and behaved as if he lived for amusement. . . . But on October 25th came an express from Vienna: the Kaiser was dead! After five centuries the House of Hapsburg was at an end! Friedrich,

suddenly cured of his ague, sent for Schwerin and Podewils, his chief General and Foreign Minister.

8 (1740). The ill luck of the last six years had undermined the Kaiser's health, and hunting wild swine and Pragmatic Sanction were all that remained for him. Large traits of him appeared again in Maria Theresa under an improved form, and won the world's admiration. He had done his best with his poor Kaisership, and died of chagrin by it. . . . On October 20th Maria Theresa was proclaimed according to Pragmatic Sanction. Bavaria's protest was the first ripple of a coming unmeasurable deluge. The news reached England ; and the Spanish Expedition was despatched all the same, although hope of Austrian help in it was now quenched.

9 (1740). At Reinsberg Friedrich gravely conferred with Schwerin and Podewils, and laid before them the most important resolution formed in Prussia or Europe during that century. It was to make good our rights on Silesia by this great opportunity. Henceforth it became the main business of his life, cost him labours like Hercules, and upset his finer program. Warlike not peaceful magnanimities are to be his ; he must dare to clutch the thunder-mane of the divine courser and thus make for the Emyrean. No fair judge can blame him for playing the part of a young magnanimous King. To seize Silesia is easy—a country open on all but the south side—but not to hold it. . . . It is known that Austria is in a low condition, and France, in spite of Fleury, may spring hunter-like upon her. . . . It seemed to Friedrich that the old political system had expired with the Kaiser, that Europe might blaze into war, and he with his 100,000 good soldiers play an important part. . . . His counsellors were against a hostile attitude, but advised something like a protectorate.

Friedrich returned to his gay society with increased appetite after these four days. At the beginning of December he was in Berlin ; trains of artillery were getting ready ; 30,000 troops were ordered to march in three weeks ; and magazines were formed handy for Silesia. He had sent a special ambassador to her Hungarian Majesty explaining his demands. Of the four Duchies he claimed, he was prepared to accept two ; always having his own resolution definitely fixed, much to his advantage over conflicting parties. . . . It seemed to him a means of acquiring reputation, increasing the power of the State, and terminating—by renunciation—the Berg-Jülich Succession. The risks were the power of Austria, and those of her Allies who had signed Pragmatic Sanction ; also the vicissitudes of war, as one lost battle might be decisive. But Austria was weak, and her Treasury empty ; while his army was ready to act, with funds

and supplies all found. The desire of making oneself a name was besides a powerful motive. As for "just rights," what are they if you cannot make them valid? If you have rights and can assert them into facts, it is worth doing. . . .

The Old Dessauer was mortified at exclusion from the councils; and he also felt tenderly towards Austria. But the King of Prussia disdained "to march with a Tutor to the Field." Berlin became a much-whispering city as regiment after regiment marched away. The Diplomatic world was mystified and angry at so much dissimulation; Austria grew uneasy and sent Marchese di Botta. . . . When it could no longer be concealed that Silesia was the objective, the announcement was made that Friedrich was advancing a body of troops out of friendly views to Austria. . . . Botta took leave with these words: "They are fine troops, those of yours, Sire. Ours have not the same splendour of appearance; but they have looked the wolf in the face." . . . The secret was out, and Friedrich addressed his Generals, appealing to their valour and good will, and exhorting them to glory. At 9 a.m. on December 13th he rolled away Frankfortward, into the first Silesian war. Bellona must be his companion for long years henceforth, instead of Minerva and the Muses

CHAPTER XXXIX

“FREDERICK THE GREAT” IV : ANALYSIS

XII. 1 (1740). SILESIA lies in elliptic shape, spread on the top of Europe, partly girt with mountains, the highest tableland of Germany, its longest diameter 250 miles. A fine, fertile, useful and beautiful country, sloping to the east and north, and held up on south and west by a long curved buttress of mountains. In it rise the Elbe, Morawa, Oder, Vistula. From the central part it appears a plain, growing ever sandier towards Poland and Brandenburg. Its mountains are not of Alpine height, so that verdure and forest wood abound. Multiplex industry, besung by rushing torrents, nestles itself high up. . . . Formerly Polish, the main incidents of its history through the Middle Ages are connected with its cleavage with Poland and advance towards Germany. There is still a Polack remnant on the eastern rim, but in all other parts Teutsch reigns, and the country is full of metallurgy, damask-weaving, grain-husbandry—instead of gasconade, gilt anarchy, rags, dirt. . . . It adopted the Reformation and suffered less in the Thirty Years War than Bohemia. . . .

2 (1740). From Frankfurt-on-Oder, Friedrich proceeded next day with his Generals to Crossen, which looks into Silesia. It was to be the Headquarters of his army, now grown to 40,000. Louis XV said he was mad ; but he was determined to invade Silesia and claim his Property, not computing the sleeping whirlwinds he may awake. Two Silesian gentlemen waited on him at Crossen, with whom he discoursed at dinner in a lively and affable manner, but merely glanced politely at their Protest. On the 16th he crossed into Silesia, proclaiming that he came as a friend, and there would be penalties for misbehaviour. Passing Grünberg, the first frontier town, he marched towards Glogau, the key of Northern Silesia. His supply wagons were all in order, the army was artistically portioned out, and Silesia was unprepared.

Count Wallis could only raise a few thousand men, and there was no help to be had from self-governing Breslau. Indeed, Breslau had sent couriers to Vienna and received no answer, and when Wallis visited them and suggested an Austrian garrison,

they replied they could defend themselves. There was much Protestant humour in Breslau, and on this Friedrich counted. Wallis strengthened and provisioned Glogau, and burned the suburbs, careless of public lamentation. He forced the inhabitants to work in relays, day and night, and though his powder was fifty years old, he meant to hold out.

Friedrich's march continued with unbroken discipline ; no damage was done, and all was paid for. Nothing angered him except that gentlemen should disbelieve and run away. That a mansion be found deserted by its owners was the one evil omen for such mansion. He was industriously conciliatory and pacificatory ; and Country Gentlemen, Town Mayors, etc., soon learnt that on these terms they were safe. The majority of Silesians in the north were Protestant, and in favour of the Prussians. The Official persons were Catholic, and the Austrian Government being ponderous and formal, things had reverted to their old pass. There might be hope in Prussian Government, and the secret joy of the populations became more manifest. The Catholic Officials, like the Mayor of Grünberg, studied to be passive and silent. Only in the southern mountain regions was the feeling Catholic and therefore anti-Prussian. A polite ambiguous Protest came from Breslau, but on December 18th Prussian Hussar Parties were within sight of the town.

The advancing army, in two columns, spread over wide areas like a cloud, in length ten or fifteen miles, and of greater breadth. The entire field of march was between the Oder and Bober. Friedrich had his left on the Oder, and Schwerin tended towards Liegnitz. . . . The Prussian hosts marched on through bad weather ; rain came in plunges and made roads into rivers of mud. The waters were all out, bridges down, and the country one wild lake of eddying mud. Yet the Prussians marched through it as if they had been slate or iron, cheering one another with jocosities. The only losses were an Army-Chaplain, and a poor Soldier's Wife who took the wrong side of a bridge parapet and washed herself away in a World-Transaction. Friedrich was greatly pleased with his Troops and gave them a rest-day at Milkau. He was himself lodged in an opulent Jesuit establishment, where he much ingratiated himself. On the 22nd he marched to Herrendorf, five miles from Glogau ; while Schwerin's column moved south. The rain ended, and was succeeded by ringing frost, till Silesia became all of flinty glass, with white peaks to the south-west whither Schwerin was gone.

3 (1740). For lack of siege cannon, and pressure of time, it was decided to blockade Glogau with the Reserve. According to Friedrich's mode of doing business it was settled that quittance should be given for all provisions furnished by the country. . . .

No result attended his Austrian negotiations : that in return for Silesia he would help Austria and endeavour to have Franz made Kaiser. He was refused with mockery ; but Maria Theresa would have saved twenty years of bitter fighting had she recognised this new Fact of Nature. . . . From Berlin, Jordan (his Reinsberg Reader and Librarian) wrote pleasant gossipy letters to Friedrich, free from sycophancy, and telling of the various rumours. Friedrich replied that Glory should be his loadstar, and that he was penetrated more than ever with the love of it. To Voltaire he wrote : " I am too tired to reply to your charming verses. . . . Do not ask poetry from a man who is actually doing the work of a wagoner. . . . We march from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. . . . I dine then ; afterwards I work, I receive tiresome visits . . . insipid matters of business." . . . He confessed that the Phantom called Fame rose on him too often. . . . Friedrich and Schwerin advanced like two parallel military currents, flowing steadily on, steadily submerging all Silesia. There was a slight pause of the left column at Glogau ; but on December 28th Schwerin took Liegnitz by surprise, and his troops ranked themselves in the Market-place. . . . In Breslau was much bottled emotion, and opposition on the part of guild-brothers and lower populations to an Austrian garrison. At last Browne, the Commandant, rode away with his 300 Dragoons and the Austrian State-Papers. Leopold (the Young Dessauer) had arrived at Glogau with the Reserve on the 27th, charged to enforce a strict blockade. . . . Friedrich made three swift marches, nearly seventy miles, on roads like ringing glass, to Breslau, and found a welcome from the suburbs, but the town gates hermetically shut.

4 (1741). Friedrich submitted proposals to the Chief Magistrate that Prussia should take Austria's place, and all else remain unchanged ; and they were accepted. Breslau was bounded on one side by the Oder, which spread out into islands, on one of which was the Cathedral. Friedrich already possessed the three landward gates, and to get the riverward gates he had a bridge of boats made and 400 men pushed across. They forced one gate while the Townguard looked mournfully on. Friedrich made a Royal Entrance, remained four days, and on January 5th gave a grand ball, which he opened himself. At 10 p.m. a letter was brought him ; on which he silently withdrew and left for Ohlau.

5 (1741). Ohlau, two marches south-east of Breslau, fell without resistance at the first minatory appearance of the Prussians. Friedrich's hopes were buoyant, for nothing resisted Schwerin on the right ; but south of Breslau the dispute was to begin. Browne was a superior soldier, who inspired all with

his temper, and he had used his small means well to garrison Brieg and Neisse. It was over the whinstone road built in 1584 by George the Pious that the Prussians marched to summon Brieg. Brieg answered No ; and Friedrich wrote to the Young Dessauer at Glogau to send siege artillery by the Oder. . . . Near Neisse the Prussians met their first serious resistance in a delaying action till Neisse should be ready. Brieg was now masked like Glogau, and only Neisse remained between Friedrich and all Silesia. So far he had lost two officers and twenty men.

6 (1741). Neisse was a pleasant strongly-fortified town encircled by hills ; the northward buttress of the Giant Mountains. The land was rich in fruit and flowing with milk and honey. Weaving flourished, and the wine-trade ; it was the home of Tokay. In the Thirty Years War it had been much battered and burned, but always rebuilt itself and started business again. It was the chief Silesian fortress, and nearest to Austria, so that a siege must be. A furious bombardment of three days, at which Friedrich was present, brought no result. The inhabitants were mostly Catholic, inclined to Austria, and there were only 1,200 regular soldiers, but Commandant Roth organised all the able-bodied. When the Prussians edged nearer, he burnt the suburbs and fired on those who came to parley. Friedrich replied with a terrific bombardment of red-hot balls ; but Roth announced he would resist to the last ; and Friedrich, who wished to preserve Neisse, converted the siege into a blockade like Brieg and Glogau. . . . Browne, who had made the best of a bad business, eluded Schwerin and crossed into Moravia. . . . Friedrich left his army in winter-quarters and returned to Berlin, to be much acclaimed. After seven weeks Silesia was his, except three masked fortresses. Yet he ceased to speak of "Glory," for, though easy to seize, it might be hard to retain.

7 (1741). Meanwhile the world is not asleep, and there are other people in it besides Friedrich. Next to Friedrich no one was so momentous for our Silesian operations as the Comte de Belleisle, then aged fifty-six. He had plans piled up high as the skies, and one was that Franz be not chosen Kaiser, but some other who would suit France better. He proposed that he should make a tour of the German Courts, in the highest splendour, with this end in view. He succeeded in much, and became the most famous of mankind, yet has now sunk into oblivion because he sowed only chaff. Besides, it was hard for any man to be real in the phantasmal Life-element of Louis XV ; but next to Friedrich and Voltaire we rate Belleisle. He has kindled the indolent King and pacific Fleury, and is now made Maréchal to gain splendour with the German political world.

8 (1741). Friedrich had anticipated Austria in treating with Russia ; each to help the other, if attacked, with 12,000 men. He concluded this with the Regents ; but the new Czarina Elizabeth would have maintained it, could he have held his witty tongue. His wit cost him dear, and half a million others still dearer twenty years hence.

9 (1741). Friedrich remained three weeks in Berlin, conferring much with the Old Dessauer, and on his return to Silesia, a great increase in strictness was apparent in him. He has begun to see that his position is grave, and he has no sure friend but his army. Watched by the nations, he feels awfully solitary, and that he may be trampled to annihilation under the hoofs of the world. In Vienna was indignant war-preparation ; but he used his fine gift of Silence to conceal his anxieties. . . .

On February 21st he reached Glogau, where he inspected the blockade, and then proceeded to Schweidnitz, a little town near Breslau, which he made his centre. His friends, Algarotti, Jordan, and Maupertuis, joined him, that the vacant moments might be beautiful. . . . Austrian Irregulars, sent by Browne, would swoop down out of the Glatz country ; and Friedrich heard to his sorrow that a body of Horse and Foot had entered Neisse. . . .

Her Hungarian Majesty, far from being intimidated, was resolved to part with no inch of territory, but to drive the Prussians home well punished. How she got the funds is unknown, whether or not from England. In the first days of March Friedrich heard of a project for "Partitioning the Prussian Kingdom." The contracting parties were the King of Saxony, Maria Theresa, Regent Anne of Russia. Friedrich was glad to have the Old Dessauer and machinery for acting on Britannic Majesty. A rash plunge might have cost George dear had he not scrambled out again. . . . Somehow or other Maria Theresa has money and a formidable army getting equipped ; and Friedrich is delayed before Glogau. He does not want to hurt the town, but, as he believes relief to be on the way, he orders a simultaneous attack on three sides. At midnight the three-sided avalanche is to be let go, and plundering is forbidden under pain of death. From ten o'clock the Prussians began to march up softly, while the town, shrouded in darkness, was creeping quietly to its bed. As "twelve" sang out from the steeple, the word in grim whisper is "Vorwärts," and the avalanche is in motion. The cannon boom out upon them, but the shot goes high over their heads, for it was little thought how close at hand they were. The glacis is thirty feet high, of stiff slope, and slippery with frost ; but the avalanche rushes up and surges in, and Wallis is swept back from the Town Gate to the Market-place. The steeple

has not struck one, and Glogau, half awake, finds it is a town taken. But it easily consoled itself, for so perfect was Prussian discipline that there was no plunder or insult, even in houses where soldiers had fired from windows. The loss was 10 Prussians killed and 38 wounded, and Friedrich, greatly pleased, rewarded not only with money but praise. It was a perfect example of Prussian discipline and military quality, due to the *Old Dessauer* as well as the Young, and to Friedrich-Wilhelm's heavy labours.

Soon after, the *Old Dessauer*, with 36,000 men, took camp at Götting, handy for Saxony and Hanover : a surprise for the King of Saxony and British George that struck the wind out of their Partition Dream. . . . Glogau was to be new fortified, and there was shifting of troops for an advance on Neisse. But the increasing swarms of Austrian Pandours hindered reconnoitring ; and the enemy's movements behind the mountains were veiled from Friedrich and Schwerin. . . . Neipperg, intent to save Neisse, was driving forward preparations at a furious rate, and on March 26th he took the road over the mountains, in spite of furious snow blowing in his face, about 30,000 strong. . . . Schwerin was besieging Neisse ; and Friedrich, conducting a reinforcement there himself, saw for the first time the Jägerndorf country, a beautiful blue world of hills. On April 2nd Austrian deserters reported Neipperg's army within a few miles, and seldom in his life was Friedrich in an uglier situation. On April 5th he took up his quarters at Steinau, twenty miles east of Neisse, and was joined by his other generals. But Steinau taking fire, and the artillery and powder being hardly saved through the narrow streets, he moved to Friedland, and thence crossed the river by pontoons. He now learned that Neipperg was pushing on for Breslau, and it was important to get the start of him. From his two letters on April 8th we see that he realised his critical position. To August-Wilhelm (in Breslau) : "To-morrow must decide our fortune. If I die, do not forget a Brother who has always loved you very tenderly. I recommend to you my most dear Mother, my Domestic, and my First Battalion. . . ." To Jordan (in Breslau) : "If my destiny is finished, remember a friend who loves thee always tenderly."

10 (1741). Friedrich decided that his army should advance in four columns towards Ohlau, whither Neipperg is bent. Neipperg's headquarters were at Mollwitz, between us and Ohlau, but in the snowstorm neither party knew of the other. . . . Next day (April 10th) all was calm, sleeked out into spotless white : a plain of silent snow, with sparse bearding of bushes. It is said that a captured farm-servant first revealed to Friedrich

the whereabouts of the Austrians. At daybreak began ranking and arranging, and by 10 o'clock the four columns were under way. Like all German villages, Mollwitz was an agglomerate of dusty farmyards, in two rows, with road between, and nothing to show but thatched roofs, dead clay walls, and rude wooden gates. . . . The Prussian advance was steady but slow, punctilious as on the review ground. Then the columns began to deploy into line, with solemn wheeling and shooting out to right and left, done with spotless precision. They became two lines, each three men deep, and advanced with music and banners spread. . . . The Austrians were surprised, scattered in three other villages ; and now with clangour of trumpets and galloping of aides-de-camp they formed also in two lines, with horse on each wing : their length of front two miles, their right resting on a sluggish brook, their left on the hamlet of Grünningen. They had 8,600 cavalry, twice that of the Prussians, but fewer infantry : each side being about 20,000. And the Prussians had sixty field-pieces to the Austrian eighteen. . . . The Prussians had difficulty in deploying, as there was no room for all the infantry, and three battalions had to stand at right angles. Again they advance across the floor of snow, and at 2 p.m. are within distance.

A universal artillery thunder breaks out, to which the Austrians cannot reply, and the Cavalry, unable to stand it, demand to be led forward. Römer, the Austrian leader, cries "Forward !" and his thirty squadrons, like bottled whirlwind let loose, dash into wild ruin Schulenburg's poor ten, who are turned sideways. The Prussian horse fly wildly, in front and between their Infantry line, chased by Römer, till our fire repels him. But the Infantry stand impregnable, immovable, in these wild vortexes of ruin, and pour out deluges of fire. Yet Römer captures nine guns, has scattered the Horse, and hopes to break the Infantry—but a bullet kills him. Had the Austrian Infantry advanced to support they might have won the battle, for the Prussian Horse is in wild disorder, boiling away to rearward. Some say they swept away the King's person, others that Schwerin entreated him to go. He rode thirty-five miles to Oppeln, and sent a message to Brandenburg, to the Old Dessauer, that all was lost. The world has babbled of cowardice ; his mood was rather furious despair. He vanished for sixteen hours into the region of Myth, while at Mollwitz the murderous thunder raged unabated, and reached Breslau like a dull grumble. It was miraculous how the Prussian Infantry, new to fire, but drilled for twenty years by Friedrich-Wilhelm, stood their ground. The Grenadiers, like a fixed stone-dam in the whirlpool of ruin, hurled back charge after charge. The Battalion at right angles likewise stood immovable,

spouting fire-torrents. Five successive charges storm fruitless ; they reserve their fire till they see the whites of the enemies' eyes. The Austrian Infantry have advanced to no purpose ; with iron ramrods against wooden it is five shots to two. The Horse are dispirited ; the Infantry begin to shrink out of ball range. Instead of a web the Austrian Army is a series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes. Schwerin closes ranks, breaks into field-music, advances towards the Austrians and the setting sun, arrow straight, front like a line, as if on parade. Neipperg retreats with loss of cannon and 4,410 men, to the Prussian 4,613.

Silesia will be gained, and a new military power is risen—a new hour struck on the Time Horologe. The fame of this battle resounded like a huge war-gong through the general ear. It betokened many things, and universal European war as the first. This new Man and King will shake slumberous Europe out of its hypocrisies. . . . Mollwitz was a triumph of military orthodoxy, due to Friedrich-Wilhelm and the Old Dessauer. This is the result of Pragmatic Sanction without a well-trained Army and full Treasury. . . . Friedrich always kept silence on his flight, but he is said to have pardoned Schwerin for his ill advice. He retreated across the Oder and reached a mill one mile and a half from Löwen. There the news of the victory reached him ; and a letter from Jordan informed him of Protestant exultation in Breslau. . . . Friedrich reduced Brieg, and now only Neisse remained : on which Neipperg fell back and watched through the summer. All Europe was embattling itself, after preliminary diplomatic pulse-feeling, with Friedrich for centre.

II (1741-2). The Kaiser had left his Austrian Heritages lying in the open market-place, elaborately tied by diplomatic packthread but not otherwise protected against the assembled cupidities of mankind, and Mollwitz gave the finishing stroke. Friedrich must now wait and see on what side others will fight ; his camp has become the universal rookery of Diplomats. England took part in the Austrian-Succession War, and as usual paid all expenses, but has completely forgotten it. For it has fallen into the oblivion of all wars that are not the travail-throes of permanent changes. We must understand it, otherwise there will be no understanding of Friedrich. It originated with Belleisle and the ambitious cupidities and baseless vanities of the French : unlike the Prussian-Austrian War, the cause of which was Friedrich's real claim on Silesia. . . . The cowardice of Conservatism is that it keeps lies in existence. The "Holy Romish Reich" did well under a Barbarossa, but should have been buried three hundred years ago. France had long known this, and fomented internal discontents. . . . Belleisle began

his journey in March 1741 and gyrated about with his lordly retinue for nearly a year. His objects were to break Pragmatic Sanction, which France had signed, and get Karl Albert of Bavaria elected Kaiser. The Ten Commandments had evidently become a figure of speech, for, after Mollwitz, all the Great Powers, except England, repudiated Pragmatic Sanction. Karl Albert had a kind of right to Austria, and he did become Kaiser, to his sorrow : another instance of ambition without weight, and Herculean Labours brought on Unherculean back. Friedrich would have supported Pragmatic Sanction had Berg and Jülich passed to him according to Treaty ; and he would support it now were his Silesian claims liquidated.

Belleisle had some difficulty with the Termagant of Spain, who advanced new claims for another Baby ; and with the King of Poland—greatest fool of all—whose chief counsellor was the unwise Count von Brühl. . . . Pragmatic Sanction, however, became a vanished quantity, and poor Kaiser Karl's life-labour not worth the sheepskin and stationery it cost him. . . . Franz had thought himself secure, but when Belleisle had been six months in Germany, he saw his case was hopeless. The nine Kurfürsts cared for their own interests, not Germany's, and Belleisle displayed great electioneering skill. His scheme was to cut Germany into four sovereignties and make it a province of France. As Beelzebub has not built this world, it was contrary to Fact. France at its worst, under a Louis XV, shall not be God's Vicegerent of Nations. . . . Belleisle's progress was dazzling, and at Dresden he received the windfall of Mollwitz, which gave him matter of animadversion on the proud and illiberal House of Austria. By the end of August he was certain of his game, and early next year he gave the crowning stroke to Pragmatic Sanction by getting two French armies of 40,000 each wafted across to Germany to protect Freedom of Election ! In April he had been at Friedrich's camp between Mollwitz and Brieg. Friedrich thought highly of Belleisle but less of his plans, for he knew the Kaisership was no reality but a grand Symbolic Cloak, only to be worn to advantage by Austria. Belleisle witnessed the siege of Brieg, where Friedrich as usual settled a strict program. The silent advance went like clockwork, followed by tornado of bombardment, and by May 4th Brieg was taken. . . . Belleisle displayed his Diplomatic Ware to the best advantage, and Friedrich looked upon him as the most considerable Frenchman of the day ; but on business points he preferred to correspond with Fleury. Belleisle continued his circuit of the German Courts, playing a variety of parts to perfection. On January 24, 1742, he had the satisfaction of seeing Karl Albert elected : the poor wretch who never saw another good day in this world.

12 (1741). Even before Mollwitz George II had looked with suspicion on Friedrich, who would not let himself be led by the nose like his father, but took a road of his own. Now began explosions in Parliament, and the only sensible word was spoken by one Mr. Viner, who suggested proof of the non-existence of Friedrich's Silesian claims. A subsidy of half a million was voted for Austria, the first gush of the Fountain which was to flow like an Amalthea's horn for seven years, to the comfort of all thirsty Pragmatic Nations. Unluckily it encouraged Austria to reject Friedrich's offers. . . . George was distressed at the coming fall of Walpole, though all he had done was to keep the Parish Constable walking and himself floating atop. He was strong like a block of oak-root, but his rule had always been to keep out of every business, and his method was purchase of votes. When the Nation got tired of jumbling *nowhither*, it discovered that its War apparatus, and all but its Parliamentary apparatus, was in bad condition ; and it rolled Walpole out. This was on the occasion of the Spanish War, the crisis of two hundred years of rivalry.

Spain aspired to keep half the world in embargo, and, since she could not trade, hinder those who could. England did not observe the limited conditions of her Treaty, and the crisis came with Jenkins's ear. Shall half the world be England's for innocent industrial purposes, or Spain's for sham-devotional ? It was strange with what deep-breathed doggedness the simple English, drawn by those instincts which come from the deep places of the Universe, held fast to this. War began in December '39, and the first triumphs of Vernon were hailed with delight. But the unfortunate attempt on Cartagena (Nov. '40-April '41), frustrated by inadequate scaling ladders, revealed the condition of England's Fighting apparatus under Walpole ; and the war disappears at this point. It was carried on by privateering through the next twenty years, till Spaniards and French were cleared from the seas. Anson was the only Commander of note : proof that real Captains, taciturn Sons of Anak, were still born in England.

13 (1741). After Brieg little but small war went on, and Friedrich was preoccupied with the shortcomings of his Cavalry. At this time Ziethen was first heard of, who had learnt the Hussar art from the enemy : a rugged, simple son of the moorlands, with a large sprinkling of fire and iron. He and Friedrich became sworn friends, with tiffs now and then. Friedrich was always in quest of men such as Ziethen and Seidlitz, thanks to whom, and to multiplex drilling, his cavalry became world-famous.

XIII. 1 (1741). In May George II was in Hanover, still undecided about Pragmatic Sanction. Not even Friedrich was

busier, but he was a fussy little gentleman called to take the world on his shoulders. It seemed to him the only way to save Austria from France was to get her to give up stolen goods and make Prussia her friend. He prepared to fight, but was constantly haunted by the vulnerability of his own dear Hanover. . . . For him the "Cause of Liberty" meant Support of the House of Austria ; but in reality neither England nor France had any real business in these wars. . . . George's first step was recognition that, nefarious or not, Friedrich required to be bargained with.

2 (1741). Friedrich was encamped at Strehlen, still anxious to bargain rather than press the Austrians to ruin. His camp was the centre of European politics, sometimes attended by nine ambassadors at once. Out of the welter of Diplomacy all that survives is this one Human Figure. Only he had a solid veritable object, together with lynx eyesight and fixity of resolution. . . . To English Excellency Hyndford he replied that, in return for Lower Silesia and Breslau, he would support Pragmatic Sanction and Franz as Kaiser. . . . Let the reader dismiss notions of Friedrich's duplicity and heed his words ; his Religion was veracity and recognition that Facts are divine. He does not express his whole meaning, but never what is not his meaning. He wished to bargain with Austria rather than join with France ; but he doubted England, and refused to quit Silesia with his claims unsatisfied. On June 5th he signed what was outwardly a Treaty of Alliance with France. He agreed to support Bavaria against Austria and renounce Berg and Jülich. . . . George II desired a bargain rather than see Friedrich join France, for the sake of Pragmatic Sanction and Hanover : especially with that Camp of the Old Dessauer's pointing like a drawn sword at its throat.

From Robinson's diplomatic negotiations between Vienna and Friedrich, we see the pedantry and helplessness of the old Court. With cash done, and the world rising all round with plunderous intentions, the Ancient Austrian Tories behaved as if born superior to this Earth. They looked on Friedrich as a housebreaker, rejected Robinson's warning of danger from France, and anticipated supplies of money from the Sea Powers. But what could England expect if she made a Duke of Newcastle and George II her Captains ? . . . As for Maria Theresa, there was no nobler woman living, and she preferred death to dishonour. She did not know the history of Silesia, and was determined not to part with her inheritance ; and Franz followed his wife's lead. Robinson flew between Strehlen and Vienna praying the inexorable young Queen to comply a little. When it was known that Prussia, France and Bavaria had combined,

he extorted something like compliance from her. On August 7th he had a memorable dialogue with Friedrich, and made offers of money and territories in other parts. All these Friedrich rejected with scorn, besides affirming that no one now made or kept guarantees. Threats of Russia left him unmoved, and the King of England was his relation (dear Uncle in the Pawnbroker sense !). Robinson proceeded to say that Austria would attempt to outbid him with France ; to which Friedrich replied that he would rather die than leave Silesia. He was not taken with Robinson's wordy, high-droning, Parliamentary style of eloquence, and asserted his claim to the whole of Lower Silesia, including Breslau. He knew his own mind, and shines like steel, shearing asunder your big balloons and letting out their diplomatic hydrogen. He entertained Robinson and Hyndford at dinner, and appeared in exuberant spirits, cutting and bantering on the Court of Vienna. . . . He wrote letters to Jordan and Algarotti at Breslau that indicated cheerfulness but said nothing of "gloire." No doubt he now saw that War is a terribly grave thing, lightly as one may go into it at first. He was master in the art of veiling his practical soul and soul's business, to the harm of his popularity with the world ! He was no Rousseau going off in self-conflagration, and surely no young man of twenty-nine ever stood more in need of the silent faculty. A whole World broken loose was asking him, "How ? What ?" To miss the road would mean infinite peril, and he did not miss it.

3 (1741). Although Breslau was Protestant by majority and Prussian by temper, it contained a discontented minority. Above all, certain zealous Old Ladies of Quality intimated to Neipperg that if he appeared suddenly he would be let in. But the scheme became known to Friedrich and was anticipated by him. On August 7th he held a review, and was much pleased by the progress of the cavalry in their new methods, when at noon the sound of a distant cannon-shot was heard. It was a signal from Schwerin and the Young Dessauer that Breslau was taken. They had asked the right of passage for one regiment, and while it was marching a baggage wagon broke down. More troops poured in, and in an hour and a half, with harm to no one, the city became Friedrich's, and the people cheered for him.

4 (1741). Friedrich and Neipperg now began manœuvring against each other. Friedrich wished to attack Neisse, but for some little time marched up and down by the river, unable to make a favourable crossing. . . . Early in October Hyndford sought him out and begged him to delay ; for, since Strehlen camp, much had happened to hurl Austria down to the Nadir. Belleisle's two armies had crossed the Rhine, checkmated the Sea Powers, and denoted that the Universal World-Tornado

had broken out. Sweden, urged by France, had declared war on Russia, so Friedrich need fear nothing from Russia. One French army, under Saxe, may march up the Donau Valley upon Vienna itself; the other spreads over Westphalia, and points at Hanover from the south side: a twin fellow to the Old Dessauer's camp of Götting. . . . Maria Theresa in despair offered half Silesia, then all Lower Silesia: but Friedrich would no longer bargain. George II was stock-still, and Robinson says all is up if Hyndford can do nothing.

5 (1741). While Karl Albert was advancing with his army and had occupied Linz, there were scenes both of panic and patriotism in Vienna. On September 21st took place the half-mythical scene: "Life and blood for our Queen and Kingdom." . . . On the 27th George had to sheathe his Pragmatic sword, for the sake of Hanover, and covenant to vote for Karl Albert as Kaiser. . . . In October Karl Albert advanced to within forty miles of Vienna.

The Friedrich-Hyndford negotiations are of questionable, distressing nature. Friedrich was not magnanimous to his Allies, but he alone knew what he wanted, and also that he was playing with sharpers whose dice were clogged. On October 9th, accompanied by Goltz, he met Hyndford and Neipperg at a secluded Castle. The agreement was that Neipperg should have liberty to retire to Moravia; that Neisse should surrender to Friedrich after a sham siege; and he should retain Neisse and Silesia. To satisfy the French, sham hostilities must continue in Bohemia. . . . Friedrich little contemplated this tragic element when he went lightly into the Silesian adventure, with "gloire" as one motive; but you cannot work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean. The retreat and sham skirmishings were carried out, also the surrender of the formidable fortress of Neisse by October 31st. Friedrich returned to Brieg and Breslau, and received homagings, full of grace and condescension, driving about in carriages of six or eight cream-coloured horses. On November 11th he reached Berlin, but vain was the hope that war was over. A fortnight later he told Hyndford, who had followed him, that Vienna had divulged the secret.

6 (1741). Some changes to Prussian model and rule were made in Silesia: the Town Magistracy was remodelled and made partly Protestant. The Installation speech of Spener, the Mayor of Landshut, has been preserved. The scene is Landshut, among the Giant Mountains, on the Bohemian border of Silesia: an old stone Town, with a busy trade in thread and linen: the town made up of narrow winding streets like spider-legs, and a roomy central Market-place. . . .

7 (1741). Three divisions of Belleisle's "Army of the Oriflamme," under Saxe, had marched to Linz. Friedrich urged Karl Albert to push on to Vienna and take such a unique opportunity of ruining Austria; but this was overruled by the French, who did not wish him to get Austria. The French and Saxons desired clippings of Bohemia, and thither all the Belleisle armaments and Karl Albert were bound. A Saxon army of 21,000 also crossed the Metal Mountains; and there was a general rallying at Prag of some 60,000 men. . . . Meanwhile Grand-Duke Franz has met Neipperg and the late Silesian army, and marches for Prag. . . . Belleisle, fallen ill after his Herculean labours, cannot march with the Three Armaments, but must surrender glory itself and let Broglio be nominated General. A headlong, positive, loud, dull, angry man was Broglio; and some attributed all misfortunes to his appointment. . . . 19-21 November, the three armaments arrived on three sides of Prag, and lay looking into it, uncertain what to do. To Saxe, the outlook of the Belleisle army, without food or shelter and far from home, was questionable. On his advice, Prag was assaulted, and taken after trifling resistance. Next day Franz appeared in sight, and hearing the news, retreated 120 miles south. He was not much of a soldier, and it was rumoured that Neipperg had been bought by Friedrich. After meditating and abandoning another plan he turned eastward; but on December 31st Graf von Khevenhüller, a solid Austrian man, advanced from Vienna with an army of 15,000 men, and put a different aspect on things. Karl Albert was in trouble, perturbed by rumours that Friedrich wanted peace with Austria.

8 (1742). When Friedrich discovered the secret was out he tightened his bands with France and made a special treaty with the King of Saxony: the boundary was to be the river Neisse *plus* a full German mile. He ordered the Young Dessauer to seize Glatz, and Schwerin to cross into Moravia and seize Olmütz, since Austria would not complete her bargain. He meditated a combined movement on Vienna, and would not, like Karl Albert, neglect the hour of tide. On January 18th he left Berlin for Dresden, where he conferred with his Allies. Polish Majesty assented to his plan of seizing Moravia, but others pleaded winter and want of victual. He undertook the commissariat and left for Prag, and thence for Glatz, a hundred miles away, among the intricacies of the Giant Mountains. He would start at 4 a.m., and do endless business of the ordering sort as he speeded along. Glatz was a south-western mountainous appendage to Silesia, and Leopold had reduced all but the high mountain fortress. He was determined to have Glatz, and his demands on Austria rose Sibyl-like. . . . On January 26th he

set out Olmütz-ward through the ice and snow of those dreadful mountains, and arrived on the 28th. He was much bent on the Moravian expedition, and wished to pay the Austrians for their trickery, if only French and Saxons go well abreast with him. The Austrians, however, succeeded in retaking Linz.

9 (1742). Official gentlemen ride to Mannheim to inform Karl Albert that he is Kaiser : so enchanted into paralysis has a Nation become by mountains of extinct tradition and the want of power to annihilate rubbish. He is now the highest-titled mortal going, and lives pleasantly among his friends, with a halo round his head to his own foolish sense and theirs. He is forty-five, extremely polite, given to Devotion, of gracious address, likes hunting a little, has lived tolerably with his wife and children. A lean, elegant, middle-sized gentleman ; he had refused to sign Pragmatic Sanction, and considered himself real and sole heir of Austria : deriving his right from Kaiser Ferdinand, father of his great-grandmother. Wilhelmina's description of the Coronation at Frankfurt is the last we have of that fine hand : it is indeed welcome in the murky puddle of Dryasdust. Of Madame de Belleisle she wrote : " You could see she had moved in high company ; but her air appeared to me that of a waiting-maid, and her manners insignificant." . . . The Kaiser soon afterwards became ill of gout and gravel.

10 (1742). Friedrich in Moravia was not prospering as he expected ; for, although there was nothing between him and Vienna, the French and Saxons would not rush on. Broglio was unmanageable, distressed by the fall of Linz, and fearing for his Donau conquests. February and March, during which Friedrich wrestled with human stupidity, were two of the most provoking months of his life. He saw the drawbacks of the Joint-Stock principle, and was anxious to get out of the imbroglio of French-German wars. . . . At an allied conference at Wischau he urged that Iglau should be taken : but when this was easily done, the Saxons said it would suffice. . . . After Linz the Donau conquests have been crackling off, and the Kaiser growing merely titular. . . . The Saxons reluctantly obeyed their King's order to go forward, and the French returned home. . . . Friedrich spread over Moravia, intending to capture Brünn, its strong place ; while Schwerin dashed on to about forty miles from Vienna ; and Ziethen with his Hussars twenty miles further. . . . But signs of an Austrian recovery forced them to retreat. . . . Friedrich strove hard for Brünn, yet found time for light correspondence with Jordan, on books and Berlin gossip. . . . Sallies were made from Brünn, and Friedrich sent home for reinforcements and to Dresden for siege-artillery, which was refused him. Clouds of Hungarian insurgents

threatened even Silesia ; and Prince Karl with a regular Austrian army of 40,000 began to stir. Friedrich had 24,000, and sent for the Old Dessauer with 20,000. He applied to Saxe, who said he was ordered to retire : on which Friedrich thought he also could go ; and there was a general retreat. Never were tidings more welcome than the Saxon desertion, he wrote afterwards. The French acted like fools, he said, and the Saxons like traitors. Deluges of Pandours were submerging Moravia, as he marched over the mountains to Chrudim. Austria had decided to make one stroke more for Silesia. Behind Friedrich was the Elbe, and beyond it his magazines ; and the Giant Mountains and Bohemian Hills closed in the background.

11 (1742). When the Old Dessauer arrived with part of his 20,000, there were certain rubs between him and Friedrich, owing to his having altered his march route. Friedrich wrote him a letter of rebuke ; and the Old Dessauer stood much on his dignity thereafter, doing his work with scrupulous punctuality, and insensible to touches of assuagement. He had to clear the mountains of Pandour rabble and look after the fortifications. He was often at Neisse, where Walgrave was Engineer-in-Chief ; and the Old Dessauer, who had not a soft tongue, was wont to banter him. Boundary-Commissioner Nüssler was also in Neisse, occupied with border-surveying.

12 (1742). By mid May serious news reached Chrudim of Prince Karl's advance ; and Friedrich ordered a general rendezvous of troops. From a height he watched them streaming in from every point, now lost in the hollow, now emerging with long-drawn glitter, to the number of 30,000. Prince Karl was urged on by Vienna, exultant with Moravian successes. Broglio was in a flurry, and, thinking Prag was threatened, would spare no man to Friedrich. Starting Prag-ward, Friedrich encamped near Podhorzan village, a few miles from the enemy. Next day they seemed to have vanished ; but coming to Podhorzan he saw symptoms of the whole enemy force. Prince Karl reached Chotusitz, having sped on with the object of cutting off Friedrich, and neglected to destroy Sbislau Bridge.

13 (1742). The scene is the Elbe Valley, but appears more like plain than hollow : a flat tract three or four miles square ; on the north, Chotusitz ; on the west a straggle of lakelets and quagmires ; on the east the stream Dobrowa, intricate with islands near Chotusitz. Prince Karl had marched all night, but the sun was up before he appeared with his 30,000. Leopold's camp was from east to west, with Chotusitz centrally in front ; and if Friedrich were here the numbers would be 28,000. Friedrich intended to start at 4 a.m. and arrive between seven and eight. Leopold's left wing was on difficult ground, unfit for

calvary ; but his right was protected by marshy pools, and he therefore thought his best chance was to outflank the Austrian left wing. His left was bounded by the brook of Brtlinka, unluckily *not* by the Deerpark wall. It was past seven when Friedrich appeared, and his men ranked in the corner left them. The Austrians came on in two lines, in hollow-crescent form ; but at the sound of a cannon-blast the Prussian Cavalry, under Bredow, advanced first at a trot, then at a gallop : one huge whirlpool of dust with the gleam of steel flickering madly in it. The Austrian first line of horse is outflanked and rushes to rearward. The dust clouds run *south* : but then pause and roll back towards us. They had reached the second line in loose order, and there was a mutual defeat of horse. But Rothenburg broke through to the infantry and restored matters, putting to flight some Austrian horse and foot regiments.

Shock 1st : The strain of fight was transferred to Chotusitz and the left wing, where Friedrich was in the thickest of danger. Leopold's left wing was defective ; his cavalry could not charge amid the quagmires ; and Chotusitz was taken by the Austrians, who set fire to it. The Austrian horse were across the Brook, almost to the Deerpark, threatening to outflank us ; but the bad ground and the fearfully swift platoon-firing held them back. Behind and to west of burning Chotusitz the Austrian foot storm on the rock-like Prussian ranks. A regiment rushes on like lions, and falls in swaths of dead men. . . . Shock 2nd : The Austrian horse commit the error of trying to charge the Prussians in rear. . . . Shock 3rd : Friedrich seizes the right moment for a united charge on the Austrian left, cut off by burning Chotusitz. Prince Karl orders retreat to avoid worse, and vanishes over the horizon after four hours of battle (May 17th). Fighting had been fierce on the wings and insignificant in centre ; the Prussian losses were from 4,000 to 5,000, and the Austrian 7,000. Friedrich refrained from pursuit, and thought of how to get peace made.

14 (1742). There was nothing decisive about Chotusitz, but the world was looking on, and Gazetteers proclaimed, " You cannot beat those Prussians ! " Among the Austrian prisoners was General Pallandt, mortally wounded, who, touched by Friedrich's sympathy, told him the French were treacherous, and obtained for him a sight of Fleury's letter intriguing for a separate peace. Something of this Friedrich had already guessed ; but Austria now had no other prospect except peace. British supplies failed ; and the high-souled Queen always reproached George II, the patient, big-pursed little Gentleman, for the loss of Silesia, the jewel of her crown. Negotiations were set on foot at Breslau ; and Friedrich's co-operation against Karl was

sought in vain by Belleisle and Broglio. There is no record of Belleisle's dialogue with him at Kuttенberg, but it must have been a ticklish one. Friedrich told him Austria would give more than he ever demanded ; and it is likely that he revealed the Pallandt-Fleury letter. Belleisle, in his high lean way, listened with grandiose composure ; but rumours say that on coming out he tore off his peruke and stamped on it. . . . By the Treaty of Breslau (June 11th) Silesia and Glatz were ceded to Friedrich ; and he undertook the loan of £2,000,000 contracted by the late Kaiser on Silesian security in the Polish Election crisis. Religious matters remained untouched. There were rejoicings in Prussian towns, with illuminations and bonfires. The drums beat homeward, and at Frankfurt-on-Oder, where a fair was being held, strangers and traders of all nations lined the highway for a sight of Friedrich.

XIV. 1 (1742). It seemed as if the weight of such a sword as Friedrich's, thrown into either scale, would be decisive, and he now wished general peace. But war went on, as England had guineas and Austria soldiers, and Austria's dumb pride was equal to the vocal vanity of France, and more stubborn. The First Nation of the Universe had rashly hurled its fine-throated hunting-pack, or Army of the Oriflamme, into Austria, and awakened gloomily indignant bears and badgers. There is no proof that Friedrich wanted new wars or "successful robberies." "Gloire" had soon died out, and the rest of his wars were compulsory : to defend the horse he had seized. From the Moravian Foray he had learned the weakness of the Joint-Stock principle, and the terrible risk at that enormous gaming-table of the gods. The spectre of Ruin kept him company, and such hell-dogs were in chase of him, till the dice fell kind again. All this had been didactic on him, and we find in him prudence, moderation, and—summary of all good qualities—*veracity* of intellect.

He now resumed his old Reinsberg life with double relish and the old ardour. But the war will not quench, and for two years he looked on, neutral, vigilant, wisely interfering, ready to draw the sword if need were. . . . He opened an Opera-House, attended to Law Reform, began his Memoirs. He also laid plans for his country house of "Sans Souci," as an escape from Potsdam Palace. His thoughts were wholly pacific, and his life given to Minerva and the Arts ; but he augmented and improved the Army. Silesian fortress-building went on under Walgrave ; and also the remodelling of the Province from Austrian to Prussian. The boundary pillars were set up by Nüssler ; and Friedrich would gallop by moonlight privately over the ground and take note of everything. In religion there was to be perfect fairness between Protestants and Catholics ;

but he took measures against Papal interference. Gentle but strict, and devoid of hypocrisy, he always managed the Clergy well, recognising the uses of Religion, though he had little. It was notable what a fund of faith existed in the Armies and Populations of such a King. Silesia, when wrought to the Prussian model, was worth six times to Prussia what it had been to Austria ; and for the last hundred years no part of the Prussian Dominion has been more loyal to the Hohenzollerns, who are the authors of Prussia. . . .

Friedrich was a King thoroughly practical, yet an exquisite player on the flute, and his adagio could draw tears from you. In himself, too, there were floods of tears, and he once said, not bragging, but lamenting, that he had more feeling than other men. But it was always repressed, where not irrepressible, as it behoved to be. . . . When he made peace, the French raised cries of " Defection ! " and the Kaiser was terror-struck ; but Friedrich sent him a message of loyalty and friendship. . . . Voltaire's third visit took place at this time.

2 (1742). Austria, revived by Walpole's subsidies, sprang up like an elastic body with the pressure taken from it, and in the next two years rose to a great height. George II again strove to draw his Pragmatic sword, and thought of besieging Dunkirk ; and, when the French Maillebois, who had been ordered to watch Dunkirk, was called away to Prag, it looked as if an advance might be made on Paris. Things were going badly for Kaiser Karl ; Belleisle and Broglio were besieged in Prag ; and the Duc d'Harcourt, advancing with a relief force, met with disaster in the forests at the hands of the Croats. The waste-howling tagraggery of Croats had also surprised Broglio and the Oriflamme Army and sent them back topsy-turvy to Prag, with loss of baggage and artillery and presence of mind. Broglio blustered about his miraculous retreat, but Belleisle thought it disastrous and wished to take command. Broglio, however, refused the alternative command of the Bavarian army : to the French army's anger and discouragement. The Grand-Duke Franz now arrived and besieged Prag.

There had been war in Italy for eight months past, and it went on for six years. The Termagant Queen of Spain claimed all Austria's Italian part as an Apanage for her second Infant, Don Philip. Note three elements : 1st, Sardinian King, who also desired Milanese parings ; 2nd, British Navy cutting off supplies to seat of war ; 3rd, Savoy passes : the remaining road for Armies and Supplies out of Spain or France. This Italian war was continually pulsing over into our German events.

On August 22nd a glorious but useless sally took place from Prag. It was then that old Fleury ordered Maillebois to leave

Dunkirk and march to the relief of Prag. Belleisle's treaty offers were met with "Absolute Surrender," and he was now like a lion at bay. He had to suffer Broglio's domineering, as if his own thin skin were that of a rhinoceros. . . . For lack of meat in the town cavalry horses were slaughtered. . . . Maillebois, with 40,000 men, had 500 miles of difficult way to march ; but on September 19th he joined Saxe ; and their army of between 40,000 and 50,000 reached the Bohemian boundary. They were also accompanied by Seckendorf, now Bavarian Commander-in-Chief. . . . Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke Franz raised the siege of Prag and marched against Maillebois through the intricate defiles. Broglio quitted Prag to join Maillebois ; but Maillebois and Saxe could not get through the Bohemian wood, and retreated to Bavaria with a loss of 15,000 by mud and hardship.

From September 2nd to 9th Voltaire visited Friedrich at Aix, and on the 10th wrote a letter in praise of him to Fleury. He added that Friedrich had given up Berg and Jülich, was intent only to keep Silesia, and now had 130,000 soldiers.

3 (1742-3). George II had 40,000 fighters standing in harness, and still no blow struck at the French. . . . Karl and Franz had followed Maillebois to Bavaria ; and Belleisle was isolated in Prag : with ten miles of burnt country round him getting powdered with snow. Lobkowitz, the besieger, with his 20,000 men, had retired beyond the black circuit as unable to exist there. On December 16th Belleisle issued from Prag and made for Eger, 100 miles off : not by the main roads, infested by Hussars, and with broken bridges, but across the frozen wildernesses between. Happily the bogs themselves were iron, and on the 26th they reached Eger, with half the army ill and 1,300 left frozen : the only retreat of its kind not ending in annihilation. . . .

Maria Theresa was herself re-forming the Austrian army, and, though she loved her husband, gave him no share in business. She was devout, honest to the bone, equal to our own Elizabeth as a Sovereign Ruler. The loss of Silesia rankled incurable in her noble heart ; she spoke of Friedrich as "the unpardonable wicked man of Brandenburg" ; and to the last, hearing a stranger had come from Silesia, she would burst into tears.

Fleury's death left a vacancy in the Academy, and Voltaire attached endless importance to getting it. . . . In Berlin the carnival of December '42 was the gayest yet seen : amid a world twinkling with watchfires and raked coals of war. . . . In the Rhine countries Noailles was posted with an army of 70,000, chiefly against Britannic Majesty.

4 (1743). At Munich the Kaiser and Seckendorf were unable to persuade Broglio—who had superseded Maillebois—to concentrate and attack. He replied that he had no orders from Paris : and three Austrian armies were pressing on Bavaria and its French protectors. Versailles was about to send reinforcements from the army under Noailles, but Broglio wished to retreat ; and after quarrels with Seckendorf, he started Rhine-wards, followed by Prince Karl.

At the third attempt George II had drawn his Pragmatic sword : due to Carteret, who had won over the Dutch (March-June). Under Lord Stair the army crossed the Rhine and marched against Noailles, contending with Boreas and icy tempests. Stair's idea was to enter the Donau countries and surround Broglio, but the Austrian General opposed him. Some say the Pragmatic Army's one achievement was to elect a new Chairman of the Reich with Austrian leanings. Friedrich protested against invasion of the Reich, but the Reich took no notice, and George was positive. He tried to make a settlement, and suggested a union of independent German princes in the cause of peace ; and also, to compensate the Kaiser for the loss of Bavaria, the secularisation of the so-called Sovereign Bishoprics, Austrian-Bavarian by locality. This set Diplomatic Heads wagging, but Orthodoxy raised a cry.

5 (1743). In June George II, with the Duke of Cumberland and Carteret, was at the seat of war in the Frankfurt country. Out of an army of 44,000, 16,000 were English : and what will this army do ? Retake Alsace and Lorraine, plundered by Louis XIV, or enter the Donau countries and enclose Broglio between two fires ? . . . Noailles, on the left bank of the Mayn with 58,000 men, would not fight, but cut off the enemy's supplies. Stair's wish to attack was overruled by the Austrians ; and discussions broke out between English and Hanoverian troops. When George arrived, Generals were accusing one another, hungry soldiers were plundering, and discipline had become impossible. Retreat was resolved on ; but Noailles, watching like a lynx, passed 24,000 men across the river and seized the village of Dettingen so as to attack us when plunging through the hollow way and brook. He also continued firing on the army as it marched, till it looked like death or flat surrender for them. But the British have the fine quality of not being easily flurried ; also an unconscious substratum of taciturn inexpugnability, with depth of potential rage almost unquenchable : perhaps strengthened by their "stupidity," or want of idle imagining. . . . At 8 a.m. on June 27th the French army was known to be in front, and six hours of deploying followed, till the Pragmatic Army was ranked in eight lines. Then came

the furious clash of host against host, as the flower of the French horse dashed with Gallic frenzy on their natural enemies. Instead of waiting, Gramont, against orders, dashed down and across the hollow way, disordered the first lines, brought up his infantry, but could not break the fourth. The English and Austrians advanced with steady fire, hotter and hotter, till the *Maison-du-Roi* had to break and rush home in ruinous condition. Noailles should have dashed fresh troops across his bridges, but did nothing except wring his hands. The fight lasted four hours ; ever hotter on English part, ever less hot on French : like fire of anthracite-coal *versus* flame of dry wood. The French infantry would not attack ; and the English might have won a complete victory had their cavalry been ready to pursue. Losses were about equal.

The Pragmatic Army's further movements were of a futile kind ; and Dettingen had no result but to inflate the pride of Maria Theresa and George and make peace more difficult. Broglio made good his retreat and delivered his army to Noailles, but was disgraced, and died of apoplexy soon after. In July Louis XV sued for peace ; and also the Kaiser, who, in reply to Carteret, was willing to dismiss his French Auxiliaries in return for Bavaria. But Carteret was not King ; and a bewildered Parliament and peddling Duke of Newcastle frustrated his plans. Maria Theresa seized Bavaria as equivalent for Silesia, and scornfully rejected Louis XV's peace offer. "Compensation for the past and security for the future," snuffed Austria in her slow metallic tone, to the astonishment of the world and Friedrich. Maria Theresa had treated the Reich in a high manner since it rejected her husband and chose another ; and she would not give up the Official Records which had lain so long in Vienna : as if the Reich were one's own chattel, and a non-Austrian Kaiser impossible ! . . . On October 11th the Pragmatic troops went into winter quarters, having done nothing towards settling the German quarrel. The only thing to do would be to refuse money : unless a whole united Germany could attack France.

6 (1743). At the end of August Voltaire paid his fourth visit to Friedrich. He had not got his Academy Diploma, and his relation with Madame du Châtelet was less celestial than formerly. French affairs in Germany were going to wreck, and the new Ministers thought Voltaire might have some influence with Friedrich. He was given a great reception, and lodged in apartments near the King, who glided in at odd moments. There was a fine awakening of the sphere-harmonies between them, with touches of practicality thrown in. It was a dangerous moment when Friedrich discerned what the celestial messenger

had come about, and he transfixed him with an aquiline glance : but it soon subsided to lambent twinklings.

7 (1743-4). Friedrich had adopted a bantering tone with Voltaire, but his thoughts were serious. Britannic-Austrian procedures made it appear that an alliance with France might lie ahead for him. Austria spoke of "Compensation," and made it appear as if the question of Silesia was not settled. She was also bargaining for the "ulterior mountains," by which Silesia could be invaded from the Austrian side. From the end of '43 Friedrich became possessed of the alarming assurance that he will again have to fight for Silesia as if for life. In France, which had been trodden down and insulted, lay the one real help for himself and the Kaiser. In February '44 he sent Rothenburg to Paris, and by June a Treaty was drawn up. War in the future being inevitable, he added 18,000 to his army and laboured at the Silesian fortifications. It was a terrible but necessary game.

8 (1744). Friedrich, however, did not neglect the arts of peace ; and in January he even made a proclamation that anyone thinking himself aggrieved may come and tell his story to the King. On January 24th, his birthday (thirty-two), the Academy of Sciences first met. . . . He was greatly interested in two Royal marriages (Russian and Swedish) that took place in this and the following year : security on the Russian and Swedish side being always an object with him when undertaking war. . . . In March, France, indignant at the rejection of its peace overtures, declared war on England and Austria. Last winter there had been universal taxing : of street-lamps, firewood, eatables. Let the poor be patient and consider *gloire*, and an *Oriflamme* trampled on ! France raised 160,000 men and two strong fleets, and planned to invade England ; but on March 6th a raging storm blew Roquefeuille and his ships over the horizon, and relieved the Official Britannic mind in the usual miraculous manner. . . . Saxe was sent to the Netherlands, where he was opposed by the incompetent old Marshal Wade, who attempted no stroke of battle. . . . In May, Ost-Friesland fell to Prussia by old Reich's Settlement : though George II sued Friedrich for it at Reich's law. . . . Friedrich was at Pymont taking the waters ; and Louis XV was himself going to the Netherlands.

CHAPTER XL

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" V : ANALYSIS

XV. 1 (1744). WAR being inevitable, Friedrich's plan was to give it, and thanks to Friedrich-Wilhelm and himself, Prussia can be across the marches and at its enemy's throat in three weeks. The main French effort was in the Netherlands ; but next year they abandoned Friedrich with the German war hanging wholly round *his* neck. In Saxe France had a real general ; and Louis, urged by his Châteauroux, appeared in person at the head of his troops. Noailles and Saxe went from siege to siege against the Austrians, while Wade looked on from the distance ; but Prince Karl, with 70,000 men, was pressing victoriously over the Rhine. On June 30th they seized the northern defences of Elsass : a feat praised by Friedrich as masterly. Prince Karl had married Maria Theresa's sister, Maria Anna, this year, and his fortunes were at their acme ; but no man can be supremely happy long. Louis had fallen ill on August 8th, and France and Paris were terrified. It was the culminating moment for the Cause of Liberty ; and Austrian claims of Compensation seemed likely to become facts. Prince Karl was actually in Elsass, master of the strong places ; and France had fallen paralytic, or broken out into universal wailing. Louis was *in extremis*, dismissing Châteauroux ; and Noailles had no chance of beating Karl. If Wade had pressed home on Saxe, not for centuries, not in Marlborough's siege of Lille, had France been in such peril. But now Friedrich stepped in and promised 100,000 men, to invade Bohemia, press Karl close over his Rhine bridges, and threaten Hanover. It was salvation to the French, though they forgot it when their danger was over. Imagine the feelings of Maria Theresa and George when Friedrich came in as a *Deus ex machina* to right an injured Kaiser, who had been chosen by all the Princes of the Reich. He might burst forth from his Silesian strengths, tread sharply on the *tail* of Prince Karl's operation and bring the head of it out of Alsace, 500 miles off. . . . Louis was ill from August 8th to 15th, during which he was called *Le Bien-aimé*. But he did get well again ; and as old Wade had done nothing, the time was past.

2 (1744). On August 15th Friedrich set out with 80,000 men, in three columns—two through Saxony and one through Glatz—converging towards Prag. His motive for taking up arms was to restore its freedom to the Reich, Headship of the Reich to the Kaiser, and Peace to Europe. Up the Elbe—indispensable Highway for this Enterprise—came a frightful quantity of big guns and three months' provisions. The Dresden officials were flurried; but the Prussians, under strict discipline, paid their way and molested no one. Maria Theresa was undaunted, and sent for Karl; but in Bohemia rose a wail that war was coming back, and work at the ramparts was done day and night. By August 25th all the columns were on Bohemian ground; and during the journey Friedrich had continually looked out, were it even from the window of his carriage, and put military problems to himself. He advised every officer to do the like, and this was the value to him of picturesque scenery. Prag was now besieged for the third time within three years, but the siege cannon were not come yet: owing to a delay at Tetschen, where the Austrians had tried to block the Elbe by driving in piles; but these had been torn out. When at last the artillery arrived in enormous quantity and opened its dread throat, poor Prag was startled from its bed by torrents of shot and shell from three different quarters, and made haste to stand to its guns. Their most effective battery was the Ziscaberg, on a high hill; but the Prussians stormed and took it; and also destroyed a water-mill and wooden sluice by their bombardment, so that the river fell to wadeable pitch and the town lay open. After a week's siege, Prag surrendered, swore fealty to the Kaiser, and paid £200,000 ransom. The campaign had opened brilliantly for the Prussians.

3 (1744). The feat astonished Europe, and the general St. Vitus' Dance of Austrian things rose higher in the home parts. Austria might now have been glad of peace, had France kept her promise and Friedrich been wiser: but Friedrich admitted that he did not understand War at this period. He wished to move on south-west, instead of remaining where he was at such an advanced season. The latter seemed too tame a plan; and he also dreaded public opinion: instead of looking to the fact he looked to the rumour of the fact. Finally he adopted a third plan, suggested by Belleisle: that he should go south-east to the Austrian frontier and seize Budweis and Neuhaus. On September 17th he started up the Moldau valley, reduced Tabor on its high scarp'd rock, and continued with his two columns over the stony, boggy country, in the late season. The population fled before him, having thrashed and hidden the corn. They were bigoted Papists, who hate us, though we do not

meddle with their religion. The Pandours, like swarms of hornets, lurked in the scraggy woods and made foraging impossible. For four weeks Friedrich was isolated, his letter-bags snapt up and messengers intercepted. The highway divided south of Tabor and led to Neuhaus and Vienna on the left, and Budweis on the right. Leopold (the Young Dessauer) and Schwerin disputed which place to seize, but Friedrich occupied both. How shall they winter here, unless the French sit well on Karl's skirts? But the French, oblivious of the peril from which Friedrich had delivered them, let Karl recross the Rhine unmolested. Neither did Seckendorf, who was applying himself to getting hold of Bavaria again, attack him. . . . All these cunctations were an endless sorrow to Kaiser Karl, who now resolved to go to Bavaria, since it was his. On October 17th he reached Munich and saw what his ambitions had cost the people: a country burnt, tribulated, torn to ruin. . . . If Populations suffer unreasonably for their guilty Kings, it is they too who are guilty in having such Kings.

4 (1744). Friedrich soon heard to his alarm that Prince Karl was a few miles off, reinforced by 20,000 Saxons, under Weissenfels, bound by Treaty. On October 8th larger clouds of Pandours than usual appeared about Tabor, and next day they attacked a Prussian rearguard. The Grenadiers cut horrid lanes through the Pandour cloud with cannon and case-shot; and the Hussars cut in with iron discipline on this mad-doggery and gave them enough. In Tabor the Pandours attacked again; and Friedrich confessed he was weak not to quit Tabor, with its 300 wounded, in this extremity of War. His only hope was battle with Karl, and three weeks of shuffling and manœuvring followed. Austrian Traun would not fight, but threatened Friedrich's victuals, and made him skip hither and thither; and Friedrich afterwards recognised Traun as his schoolmaster in the art of War. Harassed by famine and mud and misery of Pandours, Friedrich retired northward, Elbe-ward, inch by inch. Point after point of the game went against him; he had to give up the Elbe region, and decide either for Silesia or Prag. Leopold was for Prag, to recover the siege artillery left there; but, to Friedrich, Prag and artillery seemed little compared to Silesia. Prince Karl thought the campaign should finish, now the enemy were pushed over the Elbe, but Maria Theresa answered No.

Friedrich guarded thirty miles of the Elbe, Argus-like; but when the Austrians succeeded in throwing bridges across, he saw the game was up, and manœuvred towards Silesia. On November 19th his column and the Young Dessauer's marched by Braunou and Glatz respectively, followed by Pandours; while the Prussian garrison with great difficulty left Prag. On

this garrison, under Einsiedel, the real stress of the retreat fell : a drilled Prussian rearguard had to struggle through a real bit of burning chaos. As they crossed the river, Pandours fired on them from boats ; but drilled talent prevailed, and they advanced towards the Silesian Combs. The weather became snowy, and the entrance of the Silesian Mountains was blocked by a Saxon army. Entrenched with trees and snow-redoubts, and behind a hollow bog, their position was unassailable. For fourteen hours the Prussians stood there without food or covering ; then pushed to the left, and marched all night with pitch-links flaring (13-15 Dec.), up among the highlands. Three heaven-rending cheers announced their junction with the main Prussian army.

Friedrich was not well informed of these scenes and blamed Einsiedel, as he was apt to do the unsuccessful. But he admitted the expedition was a failure, and resolved to prepare for a better. His wisdom lay in facing the facts when he was beaten, with loyal eyesight and noble incapacity of self-delusion. He himself said that no one committed more faults in this Campaign than the King, and that Traun's conduct had been a model of perfection.

5 (1744-5). To Maria Theresa this reconquest of Bohemia was a heavenly miracle and blessed omen of the recovery of Silesia. While the world crowed over Friedrich, she announced that the Treaty of Breslau was broken, and ordered a vigorous assault on Silesia through the Giant Mountains. It seemed as if Friedrich had ruined himself through going to the aid of a Kaiser in distress. The next six months were the worst he had yet had ; but his reserves of silent courage to draw upon were greater than those of any man of his century—and few men in any century had more. . . . On December 14th he was back in Berlin, having left the Old Dessauer in command, and when he heard that Austrians were pouring into Silesia, he sent word they were to be hurled out. But he soon understood the matter was weighty, when Traun, with 20,000 men, acting in concert with Pandour whirlwinds, invaded Glatz and spread along the Neisse river. . . . (At this time Prince Karl lost his young wife ; and his felicities, so late at their zenith, steadily decreased, his renown as a Captain eventually becoming *minus*.) . . . The Prussians retreated towards Brieg, while a chain of Austrians, 300 miles long, in horseshoe form, pressed in on Silesia. But in January the Old Dessauer crossed the Neisse and marched on Traun, who declined battle and retired in the night, abandoning the invasion. . . . Hungarian Majesty, disappointed of Silesia, attacked Seckendorf and reduced his reconquest of Bavaria to nothing.

Friedrich knew his Bohemian conquests were lost by culpable blindness to the chance that France would break its promise and not co-operate. In spite of enthusiastic intentions, her performance had been the worst. Now again her intentions were magnanimous, and Friedrich's hope in them did not quite go out till August. Maillebois appeared with an army in the Middle Rhine countries, to the alarm of George; and Belleisle went to Bavaria to take survey. In Bavaria the French inspectors blamed the disposition of Seckendorf's troops on the edge of Austria; and next year Seckendorf quitted Bavaria and the Kaiser, hard bested in his old days, after all his fighting and diplomatising. Belleisle continued his journey, interviewed other high personages, and revolved the problem of conciliating Friedrich. He crossed the Harz country, with its wizard reminiscences—if a rheumatic gentleman cared to take note of waste chasmy uplands, wild people, gloomy firs—and reached Elbingerode. It was Hanoverian ground, though he knew it not, and he was arrested, detained for eight months, and so plucked out of the big German game. As he was the one Frenchman Friedrich respected, his loss was reckoned the reason why the French Alliance failed. Thenceforward French effort was diverted more and more to the Netherlands.

Austria continued to reconquer the Donau countries, when, on January 20th, Kaiser Karl died, and thus gave all his enemies the slip. Patient and mild, he blessed his wife and children, advised them to make peace with Austria and eschew ambition. Universal confusion followed, and the Pragmatics cried for Franz. Friedrich, distracted by diplomatic intricacies, desired peace. He also had to reckon with finance, for his army cost £75,000 a month, and frugal Prussia raised no new taxes, but paid its wars from a fund saved for emergencies. This was running low, and already, in the Berlin Palace, some of the Plate and the silver Music-Balcony had gone to the Mint. Friedrich's talents for Captaincy were by no means confined to the field; and his universal dexterity of management had often to be exercised under imminency of peril. . . . Valori (French Minister at Berlin) described him as changed for the better by his late reverses, having cast his brief infallibility of manner and politely disdainful view of mankind, and adopted a mild, humane aspect, with something of modesty, almost of piety.

6 (1745). Friedrich wished the Polish King to become Kaiser, to detach him from Austria; and in February he sent Valori to Dresden to negotiate. The Polish King was willing, but there were difficulties, such as the defensive alliance with Austria, of which Friedrich knew nothing. On May 18th this became the "Treaty of Warsaw," remarkablest of the

century, by which Saxony, Austria, and the Sea Powers bound themselves to reconquer Silesia and put down Friedrich. It was not discovered by Friedrich till 1756, and it proved the ruin of Saxony, thanks to Brühl. . . . Valori now found Brühl vague and hesitating, and returned from his mission with nothing accomplished. Friedrich was much plagued by this Saxon intricacy, for, though contemptible, there was a huge Russia tacked to it. . . . Meanwhile the French were swept out of Bavaria ; and by the "Peace of Füssen" Bavaria agreed to vote for Franz. It was hinted by the French that Seckendorf had been bought by Austria, and Friedrich was angrier with him for this ill turn than all the others.

7 (1745). Friedrich was in Silesia, and his letters to Podewils, his Foreign Minister, of March and April, were of a franker kind than usual. He spoke of the imminency of danger from surrounding enemies and the need of peace. "We will either beat them, or none of us will see Berlin again." . . . "I toil day and night to improve our situation. . . . There is none among us who will not rather have his backbone broken than give up one foot-breadth of ground." . . . "Never was there a greater peril than I am now in. . . . Pray for the return of my good luck." . . . He had sent the Old Dessauer home, with thanks and sympathies, to recover his health ; for he had lost his wife and was broken down with grief. The soft lining of his hard existence was torn away, and he had wells of strange sorrow in his rugged heart. When his daughter died he had stolen away from the officers' dinner at the Prince's table to weep alone. . . . New tides of war were pouring through the passes—wild riding hordes, supported by Austrian Grenadiers. The task of drilled valour was to slit asunder the network of armed doggerly and tumble it over the hills. Friedrich was forming magazines at Neisse and Brieg, in expectation of Prince Karl. He abandoned the hills and open country more and more to the Pandours, and defeated their attempt to divide his forces. Against his hope, the Saxons under Weissenfels joined Karl in his projected invasion. He sent directions to Berlin in case of assault, and wrote to Podewils on April 26th : "I can understand how you are getting uneasy, you Berliners. I have the most to lose of you all ; but I am quiet, and prepared for events." . . . "I prefer to perish with honour rather than lead an inglorious life deprived of all dignity. . . . One must oppose to ill fortune a brow of iron ; and, during this life, renounce all happiness, all acquisitions, possessions and lying shows, none of which will follow us beyond the grave." . . . Till the end of May Friedrich continued in the Neisse valley, watching the Austrian-Saxon motions.

8 (1745). Towards the end of April Cumberland hastened over from England to relieve Tournay, besieged by Saxe. Saxe was on the look out, and marched towards Fontenoy with 56,000 men, against 50,000 English, Dutch, Austrians and Hanoverians. The attack began at 8 a.m. (May 11th), when the Dutch and Austrians were driven back on the left and Cumberland made a vain attack on the centre. But he determined to force the lines, and, advancing in a column, appeared over a blunt ridge, with cannon. There was exchange of civilities between officers, and then the column continued, blasting its way with gunpowder, and hurling to destruction the mad charges against it. Regiments were wrecked, the French cut in two, and the battle hung on a hair. Had the Dutch broken in, or cavalry and artillery been brought up, the French army might have been swept away like ragged clouds. But the moment passed, and the French brought cannon ahead of this terrible column, which tore gaps through it, slit it into ribbons, so that it wound itself out of the field. Immense explosion of rejoicing in France greeted this victory of Fontenoy.

9 (1745). Valori arrived at Neisse and was surprised at its superlative condition and that of the army. The mountainous part of Silesia was submerged by Pandours, and Karl and Weissenfels were coming on with 100,000 men. Friedrich's plan was for the Austrians to think him cowed, and enter Silesia as if to chase him. He was cunning, but a noble sense of honour regulated his cunning—sharp yet human, with sun-clear intellect, and rapidity and energy and prompt weight of stroke. . . . Incited by Karl, the Saxons made haste to join the Austrians on the Bohemian side of the Giant Mountains. Friedrich had gone north-west, and, watching from a hill-top on June 3rd, he saw a cloud of dust that proclaimed the issuing of the Austrian-Saxon army from the stone labyrinth. When the Silesian plains were at their feet, the host burst forth into universal field-music and shook out its banners to the wind. Karl, Weissenfels and others were dining on the hill-top near Hohenfriedberg, in the June afternoon, Silesia lying beautifully azure at their feet. The Prussian column appeared to them in the distance like a long glittering serpent. Friedrich's camp lay in the hollow, to the east of Hohenfriedberg, hidden from the enemy. To the west of Striegau, five miles off, rose three peaked hills: and Weissenfels wished to lay hold of these with his left. Thus the Austrian-Saxon line extended from Hohenfriedberg to Striegau, and on the chord of that arc of five miles the big fight will roll to-morrow. The upland between was considerably cut with ditches.

By Friedrich's orders the Prussians marched to the bridge of Striegau, crossed Striegau Water, deployed to right and left.

Dumoulin got possession of the heights, drove the Saxons from the Three Hills, and took his position as right wing. Elsewhere, miles along the foot of the mountains, Austrian-Saxon watchfires flamed through the night, and by their light the enemy could be seen defiling from the hills. The Prussians had left their camp for Striegau bridge, unknown to the Austrians; and their discipline on the march through difficult ways was impressive. The hard road was for the artillery, while the men marched on each side, sometimes to mid-leg in water, and there was not one straggler. A grimmish feeling appeared against the Saxons who would reduce our King to Elector, with rumours of no quarter! On their right wing was Striegau, the left opposite Hohenfriedberg, and Striegau Water to rear. Indescribable was the battle-shock of 70,000 against 70,000 over ten square miles.

10 (1745). The Prussians and Saxons came in contact upon the heights: at the other end the armies were wide apart. By sunrise began a furious storm of battle, and all went dark in a general element of sulphurous powder-smoke streaked with dull blazes. There were three shocks, at the last of which the Saxons rolled into disorderly heaps. Their foot could not stand the swift firing, followed by bayonet and sabre. They disputed every inch; but at 5 a.m. Friedrich was pleased with the progress of events. His army, however, was too far north, and to come parallel it executed a delicate wheeling manœuvre in the storm of battle, with the right wing as centre and the fighting army as radius, and the line straight all the while. The great guns went in horrid salvoes unabated, and the small guns in crackling thunder. . . . Karl was roused from sleep by bad news of the Saxons. The Austrians were slow to move, and failed to take advantage of a gap in the Prussian line caused by their wheeling manœuvre. By the breakdown of the Striegau bridge, the regiments on their way to form Friedrich's left wing were retarded; and the Austrians far outflanked him on their right. It was an agitating moment, but he was not flurried; and Ziethen found a ford before the Austrians charged. The Austrian cavalry were shy of the Prussians and their new manœuvres, and a shock soon shook them all into the wind. The Saxons disputed every ditch, but were abolished, yielding prisoners, and such guns as were not sunk in quagmires. The Prussians pressed on Karl's naked left flank; and twenty battalions of Austrians, already in a jumbly condition, were slashed to rags. At 8 p.m. Karl retreated towards the mountains, not much pursued, with a loss of 9,000, and 7,000 prisoners, compared to the Prussian 5,000. Valori said on that day there was something devout about Friedrich.

II (1745). The Prussians followed the retreating Austrians to Bohemia; they spread out to the due width, duly pricking into the rear of them, and drove the beaten hosts onward and onward. The slow pursuit went on through intricate savage regions, cut by precipitous rocks and soaking quagmires. By the end of June the Austrians reached Königgrätz, where they were safe. Friedrich encamped at Chlum, on the opposite side of the Elbe, and though he did not wish to fight, hoped by eating out the vicinages to prevent a further invasion of Silesia. He might then obtain peace, for George was preoccupied with Fontenoy and Jacobite rebellions; and peace with George the Purseholder meant peace with all. But he still did not know the extent of Polish and Hungarian Majesties' indignation.

An eventless four months succeeded at Chlum; but on July 5th Traun effected a junction with Bathyané, and thus surpassed in strength Conti and the French Middle Rhine army. He had marched through the Spessart Forest, under the sweltering June sun, his infantry wading haunch-deep in mud. On the 13th arrived Franz—the Commander's Cloak—and an advance was made against Conti, who lost his head and flung himself bodily across the Rhine, with clouds of Tolpatches sticking to him. All the French were now out of Teutschland, to Friedrich's disgust; and as it was nominally Franz's feat, what should hinder his election to the Kaisership? Friedrich was now left alone, as a reward for his help of last year; and France would not even help him with money.

About the middle of August some movements of the Saxons made Friedrich suspect they meditated an attack on Brandenburg; and he sent orders to the Old Dessauer, who advanced to the Saxon frontier with 30,000 men. But then Friedrich paused, for fear of Russian complications; and a camp was formed for three months. . . . He entered into negotiations with George, who knew that Pragmatic Sanction was extinct and reconquest of Silesia moonshine, and that to fight France he must have peace with Prussia. Sir Thomas Robinson—famous for his Treaty of Vienna in 1731—had an interview with Maria Theresa, but she would not give up Silesia and desired one more battle. George, however, concluded the Convention of Hanover with Friedrich on August 26th, and then hurried home to the Jacobite rebellion. Silesia was to be Friedrich's, and dear Hanover unmolested! Austria and Saxony went their own road, jingling Britannic subsidies in their pocket. Friedrich's outlook was bad, as war was to continue and he had no finance. He gave out that he was ready for peace on the old footing, now the Kaiser was dead whom he had defended; and inwardly he was resolved to struggle till death to retain Silesia. Under his light

air he carried unspoken that grimly-clear determination, and it was an immense help to the guidance of him. No one will achieve anything considerable in the world except on these same terms of achievement or death. Friedrich had this prime quality in a fine tacit form, and if without much piety, at least with no cant of devoutness.

On September 13th Franz was elected Kaiser, and Maria Theresa attended the coronation at Frankfurt. Her bearing was too high to be popular, and she seemed not sorry to have it known that her Kaiser-Husband is but of a mimetic nature, that it is she who has the real power. She admitted Friedrich's talents—but what a character! . . . This was heavy news for Friedrich; although Karl, who was bidden fight, seemed to have little stomach that way.

12 (1745). Jaromirz, in the angle of the Elbe and its tributary the Aupa, formed the left wing of Friedrich's camp. His main body was on the other side, and the Pandours had cut off his water supply. On September 16th Neustadt was abandoned, one of the main Silesian roads for mail; and now there was only Schatzlar to depend on. Thither, in fact homeward, eating the country, they must move. . . . On the 18th Friedrich crossed the Elbe at Jaromirz into the triangular country between the Elbe and the Aupa: a patch which has lain asleep since the creation of the world—the wild stony upland of Europe in general, much of it forest, and only a few hamlets where people lived in a dim manner. Friedrich marched through the forest, and had to fight for horse forage with Tolpatches. When about to move north he learnt that Karl was blocking him from Schatzlar; and dense masses of heavy horse were discovered winding through the forest lanes. Thirty thousand Austrians occupied the village of Sohr; and 10,000 to 12,000 under Nadasti and Trenck were to take him in the rear. He had only 18,000, but being fertile in impromptu plans, resolved to attack. The Austrians were deploying on the heights he had quitted and making a powerful battery. They ranked in three lines, and the Prussians in one of the same length. Buddenbrock and the Cuirassiers charged uphill at the Austrians, met no countercharge, and tumbled them to wreck, back upon their second and third lines. Crowded on the narrow height, they were driven into the wood. Then the Prussian infantry charged the battery, but were shorn away by case-shot, till three Reserve regiments hurried up desperate and took it. The Austrian left wing was sent adrift, but the remainder still resisted, ranking on every height, loath to be driven into the wood. The Prussian left, reinforced by Buddenbrock, stormed forward near Prausnitz; and the Austrians would not stand the charge, but gurgled about

in a chaotic manner, and galloped into the wood. The Austrian right flank, left bare, was champed by the Prussian horse into chaotic whirlpools: after which the Austrians ebbed rapidly, and poured in cataracts into the wood. . . . Friedrich said Karl's scheme was good but ill executed, as he should not have waited to be attacked. . . . Trenck and Nadasti failed to rendezvous and attack the Prussian rear; Nadasti attacked alone and plundered and burnt the empty camp. . . . Friedrich remained five days at Sohr eating out the country; then marched for Silesia, and, leaving the Young Dessauer to command, drove for Berlin on October 30th.

13 (1745). With his treasury exhausted and no honourable subsidy from France, Friedrich hoped for peace through England; but Brühl, the Saxon Minister, thought his cunning could be surpassed, and won Maria Theresa's consent to a third and fiercer trial this winter. He planned a triple attack on Friedrich, led by Karl, Grüne—one of Traun's generals—and Rutowski. The part of Rutowski was to overwhelm the Old Dessauer, whose camp lay wide. It should have been kept secret, but Brühl spoke indiscreetly before the Swedish envoy; and Sweden was friendly to Prussia. It was thus communicated to Friedrich, who was horrified, but perceived it was a fact. He determined to match himself against Karl, and ordered the Old Dessauer to watch Grüne and Rutowski. To the Old Dessauer, who was rather jealous and perverse, he said: "When your Highness gets Armies of your own, you will order them to your mind; at present it must be according to mine." . . . On November 15th Friedrich left for Liegnitz and took command of an army of 35,000. Karl, unconscious of his movements, was marching down the Neisse valley, with 40,000 men straggling rather dangerously over twenty miles, and planning to reach Brandenburg in four marches. The moment being favourable, Friedrich ordered pontoons to Naumburg, and on the 23rd his army crossed the river almost unopposed, and pushed on to Hennersdorf. There Ziethen found the Saxons unprepared; they made an excellent fight, but their cavalry was cut to pieces, and 1,000 infantry who resisted in a square were annihilated. It was a sharp brush of fighting at the right moment; a needle-prick into the spinal marrow of a gigantic object, totally ruinous to such object. Search was made for Karl, but only traces appeared of a demoralised army tumbling home to Bohemia.

14 (1745). The one thing needful to Friedrich was peace; but Villiers, British Minister at Dresden, mediated for him in vain. Polish Majesty was obstinate, and Brühl demanded his retirement from Lausitz prior to negotiations. He made another appeal to France; but the French answer testified to a certain

pique and envy against him. This young King was becoming instructed as to alliances and grand combinations.

Rutowski and Grüne were gravitating towards Dresden to join Karl ; and Friedrich at Meissen, on the Elbe, effected a junction with the Old Dessauer on December 12th. Karl was across the Metal Mountains, nearing Dresden, and a big and bloody game seemed likely. The Old Dessauer marched along the river-bank from Meissen towards Dresden, and discovered Rutowski in a strong position : his right to Elbe, his left to the intricate village of Kesselsdorf, a deep gullet and swampy brook in front. The enemy were 35,000, with immensity of cannon, and we 32,000 and only usual field artillery. The Old Dessauer ranged his army in two lines, to attack Kesselsdorf as key of the position. As usual he said a prayer, less orthodox than Scandinavian. . . . Then the storm was let loose ; the Prussian right wing pushed grandly forward, up the snow wearing to a slide, with mere death pouring on them from the knoll-head. They retired, tried again, and were repulsed. The Saxons should have stood still, but they rushed out to sweep the world clear of Prussians, to the ruin of their battle. The Old Dessauer hurled cavalry on the down-plunging grenadiers and slashed them into recoiling whirlpools of ruin. Infantry stormed with them and carried the place. Victory came also in the centre, and whole regiments of Saxons were made prisoners. It was the last battle they fought as a nation (December 15th). Prince Karl and Grüne did nothing : and so much for Austrian Alliance and schemes for partitioning Prussia !

15 (1745). At Meissen Friedrich heard the rolling peals and saw the sky all on fire. Next day he met and praised the Old Dessauer, through whose rough old face of gunpowder colour looked joy. Dresden, incapable of defence, opened its gates to Friedrich. Polish Majesty now accepted peace : Convention of Hanover ; Old Treaty of Breslau to be guaranteed ; Silesia to remain Friedrich's ; Saxony to pay £150,000. By knowing his own mind Friedrich possessed a fine implement capable of shearing through no end of cobwebs. . . . Valori was horror-struck at such a peace ; he was in disgrace at Berlin owing to the behaviour of Louis. He now sent his secretary, D'Arget, to Friedrich at Dresden to urge him towards a general peace. In conversation Friedrich admitted that he desired peace because he felt his danger, and that he regarded his military career as completed, having satisfied his ambitions. But France had not assisted him enough, and henceforth he would be neutral. As to playing the part of Pacificator of Europe, it was too dangerous. . . . If luck had been against him at Hennersdorf, he would have become a Monarch without a throne, and his subjects

would have been reduced to the cruellest oppression. The Austrians dreaded his Army and would remain quiet for the dozen years or so he expected to live. He concluded : " Are we never to have any good of our life then ? There is more for me in the true greatness of labouring for the happiness of my subjects than in the repose of Europe. . . . "

The Peace of Dresden was signed on December 25th ; so the big battles done against him were big defeats. He remained eight days in Dresden, admired by those who admire success, and the few who understand what it is to deserve success. . . . As he approached Berlin he was greeted as " Friedrich the Great," saviour of his countrymen. But he stole away to see a friend who was dying : Duhan de Jaudun, his early School-master, who had suffered much for him, and whom he always loved.

XVI. 1 (1746-7). Friedrich's enemies have now had enough of him ; he has climbed the heights and sees himself on the upper tableland of Victory and Success. " Five Victories ! " as Voltaire keeps on counting on his fingers, with upturned eyes. Austrian and English opinion was sinister and gloomy ; but he was recognised as a demon for fighting, and the stoutest living King. For the next ten or eleven years there was perfect external peace, the history of which must be riddled down out of the sad Prussian Repositories. His Life-Task was a Battle for Silesia : three grand Struggles of War. Only when a nation can defend itself against the world does it cease to be a Horde and become baptized into the general commonwealth. The Prussian baptism was done three times over till no doubt was left in gods or men. Austria, sunk in superstitions, called itself the Nation of Teutschland ; but here is a man of the properly unconquerable type, with a drilled Population. . . .

The events of peace have now fallen dead to us in the huge new Time and its uproars ; but Friedrich first concerned himself with the settlement of individual claims in Silesia, and then with Law Reform. He was thankful for his escape rather than uplifted by his greatness. He seemed to take little pride even in his " Five Victories " ; and only spoke of them with his old comrades in praise of *their* prowess ; and he acknowledged the omnipotence of luck in war. In May '47 he occupied Sans Souci, a modest country box on the hill-top near Potsdam. It became more and more his favourite retreat, where he indulged his inborn proclivity to study and reflection as the chosen element of life. Besides Law Reform he furthered Husbandry, Commerce, and the Practical Arts. But his endeavour to improve the Domesticities and Household Enjoyments, and revive the Reinsberg program, met with failure. Voltaire paid his fifth and

crowning visit ; and it is strange how the memory of this man endures, while the Gods of the lower world have gone to inorganic powder. It is because he had a spark of Heaven's own lucency, extremely noticeable now the Dance is over, the wax lights out, and the brawl of the night gone to bed.

2 (1746-7). In the Netherlands Saxe was victorious over the Sea-Powers and Austria ; but Hungarian Majesty captured Genoa and defeated the French and Spaniards. . . . Voltaire had gained his seat in the Academy, and also an uncertain footing at Court, through the Pompadour, who was now Head-Butterfly of the Universe. But she became set against him by cabals ; and gradually he withdrew from the Versailles Olympus. . . . He is described as long and thin, nose and underlip tending more to coalesce, owing to decay of teeth, but eyes shining like carbuncles, and such touches of speech in the ringing voice ! Thus we see him and Madame du Châtelet walking their Life-minuet ; but unfortunately their relation is not now a flourishing one. . . .

War still raged in '47, though money ran low in France. Saxe took most of the Netherlands and threatened Holland ; but in Italy Chevalier de Belieus was killed in storming the Fort of Exilles and his army heavily defeated. In December an army of 36,000 Russians was hired by George II for the Rhine countries, to the discomposure of the French. General Keith, disappointed of its leadership, went to Friedrich, who welcomed and made him Feldmarschall. Early in the year Friedrich had something like a stroke of apoplexy, from indigestion and over-fatigue, but it never recurred.

3 (1748-9). Great preparations were made for the campaign of '48, and the Russians were actually dawning on the horizon. But on the one hand Cumberland was no use against Saxe, and on the other, Louis was tired of glory, with funds running out. An armistice was agreed on, and by October 18th was concluded the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. War was over because powder had run out, but would be resumed when breath and gunpowder were gathered again. Such a peace disgusted Maria Theresa.

Dryasdust now gives some information about Friedrich's habits. He possessed over a hundred expensive snuff-boxes, but no other jewelry. He drew £180,000 yearly, spent £33,000, and gave the rest away in Royal beneficences.

Kaunitz made his first appearance at the Congress of Aix, then aged thirty-seven. He became more and more the guide of Austrian policy, though he achieved only temporary great results. He had the difficult glory of uniting France and Austria against the poor old Sea-Power milk-cows, to recover Silesia from

Friedrich. He was a hater of fresh air, and would suffer no mention of the word *Death* by any mortal. A most high-sniffing, fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king.

On July 13th Saxe paid a visit of a few days to Friedrich at Sans Souci. No details are known of the meeting of these two Suns—or one Sun and one immense Tar-Barrel. In Saxe was much wild natural ingenuity, with perfect intrepidity and great good-nature, though hot temper. Perhaps a graver face would have been of better augury. Friedrich's soldiers, on the eve of battle, settled their worldly business, and wound up with a hoarse whisper of prayer; so did Cromwell's. . . . In another decade we shall see what an army this has grown. . . . In September '49 we hear of Madame du Châtelet's death, so that Voltaire is a widower. . . . A year before, Wilhelmina's one daughter and child was married to the Duke of Würtemberg. Of airy high spirit was she; graceful, clever, good, perhaps too proud: while he had the temper of an angry mule. The marriage split asunder: with what thoughts for our dear Wilhelmina in her latter weak years!

4 (1749-50). Friedrich was progressing with Law Reform, and also with literary work. The latter was an amusement, but he had the creditable wish to do it well. Twelve copies were printed of his poems, so that the gift of a single copy indicated you were among the choicest of the chosen. Other multifarious activities were his, and at the Review seasons he never failed in strict inspections.

5 (1750). After all one's reading Berlin remains dim and empty, and one cannot form a picture of Friedrich as King or Man. This trifling adventure of old Linsenbarth, a rugged, poverty-stricken old Licentiate of Theology, shows us for a moment, as by the glimmer of a rushlight, the thing as it worked and lived. He was a Thuringian Dominie Sampson, aged sixty-one, who lost the Pastorate through declining to fulfil the condition of marrying the Ladyship's maid. He went to Berlin with £60, but it was seized, as being in quarter groats: a coinage so debased that it was made contraband. For eight weeks he continued at an inn, with no money, and was advised to go straight to the King. At Potsdam he saw Friedrich alone in the garden. "He gave such a look at me, like a flash of sunbeams glancing through you." Friedrich examined his papers and questioned him as to his studies; gave him dinner, as he had fasted for twenty-seven hours; sent him £3 10s., and had him conveyed back to Berlin by a wagon. His money was restored to him and his score paid at the inn.

Many distinguished strangers visited Berlin in the autumn, and the King entertained them with an unusually hearty outburst

of magnificence. Voltaire had arrived on July 10th, and was received with splendour and kindness. Only when he delivered the Pompadour's compliments, Friedrich, who stood in no awe of Divine Butterflies, replied, "I don't know her." . . . Sir Jonas Hanway noted that Friedrich rode about with a pleasant business aspect, humane though imperative. . . . Lord Malton (Rockingham to be) visited Berlin, but had no great reception, as the Courts were not well together.

6 (1750). Since they last met, Friedrich had had some experiences of Voltaire which he did not much like. Correspondence had languished, as their roads lay far apart: one adulating Trajan in Versailles; the other battling for his existence against men and devils. This was his fifth and last visit, extremely celebrated in the world. Friedrich had sent him £600 for travelling expenses, and now gave him honours and £850 a year. Amid the gaities of Berlin were performances of his plays, where Princesses and Princes did parts, and he himself acted elderly characters. There were suppers with the King and his chosen circle; a radiant Friedrich flashing out to right and left, till all kindled into coruscation. . . . Friedrich was perfectly sincere and simple in his high treatment of Voltaire; he rashly hoped to realise the Reinsberg program and the dreams of his youth. He was eager in all ways to content Voltaire and make him happy. Voltaire was not disloyal, but less completely loyal. He truly admired and partly feared Friedrich, the terrible practical Doer, with his cutting brilliancies of mind and character. He had a kind of love for him, made up of gratitude for past favours and lively anticipation of future. By nature Voltaire was attached and attachable: if only the surrounding element had been quiet. But quarrels between König and Maupertuis were preparing an explosion.

7 (1750-1). First appeared little clouds, and then followed the world-famous Voltaire-Hirsch Lawsuit: the most despicable thing in the Annals of Jurisprudence. Hirsch agreed to go to Dresden and illegally purchase Exchequer Bills, payable in gold to a Prussian, though much in discount otherwise. On November 23rd Voltaire handed him bills for £2,250, nominally to purchase furs; and as security for the money he had deposited jewels with Voltaire. Hirsch delayed to start, did not reach Dresden till December 4th, and then sent no Bills to Voltaire. Their value was sinking, and on the 12th Voltaire stopped payment of his Bill and insisted on Hirsch's return. When Hirsch did return he accused Voltaire of changing the diamonds, and after many stormy meetings, all plunged into publicity and Lawsuit. On January 1st Hirsch was arrested, and after a brief lawsuit, as he could not prove Voltaire had changed the diamonds,

was fined thirty shillings. Voltaire hysterically tried to believe and make others believe that he had come off triumphant. He was not given to lying and forgery, but if driven into a corner he could do a stroke. Berlin was loud in its mockery of the man whom the King delighted to honour! Friedrich, who took the matter with boundless contempt but the minimum of noise, wrote to Wilhelmina: "Voltaire picks Jew pockets." Hirsch prepared an action about the changing of the jewels; but Voltaire consented to pay for them at his price, by which he lost about £150, and was glad to be out of the business. Friedrich wrote to him: "You have had the most villainous affair in the world with a Jew. It has made a frightful scandal. . . . I have preserved peace in my house till your arrival: and I warn you that if you have the passion of intriguing and caballing, you have applied to the wrong hand. I like peaceable composed people. . . ."

8 (1751). The King of Sweden died on April 5th, and the accession of Queen Ulrique did not improve Friedrich's relations with Sweden, which he had been trying to tighten. . . . In July, after much reviewing, he paid his first visit to Ost-Friesland. It was greatly changed, with river embankments and wide spaces converted from ooze to meadow, and wonderful new industries in the last six years. . . . He declared Embden a free haven, and encouraged trade with China, in accordance with his plan of furthering Sea-Commerce. . . . His immense and life-long industry was rewarded by the sight of Prussia shooting into manufactures, commerces, opulences. . . . He was not a free-trader, but advocated constraint and regulation; and his shipping efforts ultimately brought him into jealousies with the English and Dutch. He achieved great success in national husbandry, in canal and road making and bog draining. . . . Only he failed in realising the Reinsberg program, in bringing his own Hearth and Household nearer the Ideal.

9 (1752). At last the Hirsch business blew over and matters again became tolerably glorious. Voltaire's work was the one fixed axis in his fooleries, and he did work for Friedrich. Unfortunately there were little devils in him *ill-chained*, and his skin was too thin. Friedrich began to see that he was not wise in so longing for him, but at the worst it was a little money thrown away! The relation might have long staggered about, if left to itself; but there were other French in Berlin. The second Act endured till the autumn of '52; then came the darker third Act and catastrophe, noisy in the extreme, producing world-wide shrieks from one party, stone-silence from the other, and unlimited hooting, catcalling and haha-ing from all parts of the World-Theatre. . . .

Voltaire compared his surroundings to Athens and Sparta in one ; but to his niece Denis he wrote in a strain of suspicion, and the purport always was : "Keep my retreat to Paris open." He had two sedatives : his work on Louis XIV and verse-correcting for the King. The latter was mere grammatical, stylistic, skin-deep work, not touching the interior harmony. He would write little flattering billets to Friedrich, the prettiest in the world, though never quite sincere or free from something feline. . . .

Though he called himself lonely, Voltaire had plenty of other brilliant society. There was Maupertuis, Perpetual President of the Academy, who was jealous of him. D'Argens was the best of the French lot : he really loved Friedrich and was his friend for thirty years. Algarotti was an agreeable companion ; and Friedrich had some real love for him : but he only loved Friedrich's greatness. . . . Friedrich had a great appetite for conversation, and he both talked and listened well. Perhaps he delighted too much in banter, but with years he became saturnine. . . . There was a certain La Mettrie who had been obliged to quit France for wild attacks on the Medical Faculty, and also Leyden. He fled to Friedrich, the usual refuge of the persecuted ; and Friedrich tolerated, even took pleasure in the poor madcap, and extracted much merriment from him. . . . Tyrconnel, the French ambassador, was chosen for his rough tongue, as Friedrich's sarcasms had piqued the French Court. Of the military sort there were Keith and Rothenburg. Keith was of Scotch type, with broad accent, not given to talk unless there was something to be said. Friedrich liked him better the more he knew him, but pooh-poohed his warning of the military qualities of the Russians.

Voltaire heard that a pirated edition of his *Louis XIV* was out, and wrote to Friedrich that all wagons must be searched. While he was writing these fooleries, the silent Rothenburg died, and the King was plunged in deep and sincere grief. . . . Then Voltaire wrote to his niece a reported speech of the King, through La Mettrie, which had gone through him like electricity, but was probably untrue : "I shall want him (Voltaire) still about a year : you squeeze the orange, you throw away the skin !" . . . He also wrote that Maupertuis had repeated that he had said of Friedrich, on the subject of verse-correcting : "Will he never tire, then, of sending me his dirty linen to wash ?" . . . For Voltaire had his fellow-moons in the Court Firmament, and Maupertuis was egging on one La Beaumelle against him.

10 (1752). The King's French Colony of wits were a sorry set. He succeeded ill in gathering friends, and with the whole

world to choose from, might surely have done better. His love of Wisdom was not deep or reverent enough, and his love of *Esprit* too deep. He took at last more and more to bantering his Table-Companions, as the chief good he could get of them. His "Suppers of the Gods" lasted from 8.30 till twelve. . . .

The *Demon Newswriter* was probably the work of some poor hungry Frenchman. It depended on outside gossip and eaves-dropping, and was often wrong in its accounts of the King's habits; and no one has been more lied about than Friedrich. It described his hours of sleep, morning toilet, how he dandled with his flute, during which business ideas occurred to him. Parade was at eleven, dinner twelve to two, sometimes stretching to four, if conversation was seductive. . . . Of certain abominable rumours, we will say: 1. No negative proof is possible. Friedrich did not live with his wife, and there were no women at his Court. 2. An opposite rumour, fatal to this one, got current, and was conclusively knocked on the head. 3. Affirmative proof has nowhere turned up. Indications point the opposite way. In his verses Friedrich shows the cynicism of an impartial observer on this very matter. He had a modesty almost female in regard to his own person: 4. The Present Editor does not value the rumour at a pin's fee.

11 (1751-3). The cause of the Friedrich-Voltaire catastrophe was the controversy between Maupertuis, Perpetual President of the Berlin Academy, and König, a member of the said Academy, though Professor in a Dutch University: a fine, rugged type of man, of various culture and solid geometric turn of mind. König announced that Maupertuis' "Law of Thrift" had been refuted by Leibnitz in a letter written fifty years ago; but he admitted that he quoted from a copy, and that the original could not be found. Maupertuis should have opposed Olympian silence; one cannot fancy him believing that König had forged the excerpt. He thought safety lay in asking for the original; and the Academy decreed that König must produce it in a month. On December 10, '51, König wrote from The Hague that he had caused search to be made at Basel and no letter had come to light. On April 13, '52, the Academy decided the fragment was a forgery: whereupon König, in a quiet and manful way, resigned his membership and wrote a pamphlet, *Appeal to the Public*.

Opinion rose high, and Voltaire wrote in defence of König, accusing Maupertuis of suppressing free discussion, and persecuting an honest man for not sharing his opinion. Friedrich's position was uncomfortable; he had to believe his Academy right; cared nothing for the controversy; and knew the truculent vanity of Maupertuis. He resented the part Voltaire

had taken, and wrote against him using hard terms. Imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the Gods with such a consciousness burning between them. But Voltaire proceeded to write his *Doctor Akakia*, compared to which his former missile was as a popgun to a park of artillery shotted with old nails and broken glass. Its laughing dexterity and light banter were enough to send Perpetual President Maupertuis pirouetting through the world with red wig unquenchably on fire. In private Friedrich greeted it with peals of laughter, but made Voltaire promise not to publish. He promised but could not perform. *Akakia* was published in November '52, and sold by the thousand. Friedrich was in a towering passion; and Voltaire fled his presence, shrieking "Accident, your Majesty," and fell sick as a resource. Friedrich wrote to him: "Your effrontery astonishes me. . . . You persist . . . instead of owning yourself culpable." *Akakia* was burnt by the hangman; and Voltaire sent in his Gold Key and Cross of Merit, with a tender letter asking permission to seek the waters of Plombières. Friedrich, though in hot wrath, did not wish to part, and after three months came reconciliation. On March 18, '53, Voltaire returned to Potsdam, and there was some private quizzing even of Maupertuis. On the 25th he left for Dresden, and he and Friedrich had seen each other for the last time. Intending or not, they realised that living together must be avoided.

12 (1753). At Dresden and Leipzig Voltaire continued his ridicule of Maupertuis, to the merriment of the world. Friedrich had permitted him to take away his decorations and copy of the Royal Poems, but he now determined to have them back, as Voltaire might publish the thrice-private poems, in which were satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head. When Voltaire returned from a visit of some weeks to the Court of Sachsen Gotha, he found Official Freytag awaiting him at Frankfurt. He gave up the decorations, but had not the *Œuvre* with him, and agreed to be under mild arrest till it came. This was in two weeks; but then, exasperated by a further official delay, Voltaire revoked his word of honour and whisked off in a hackney coach. Freytag pursued and caught him; a mob gathered; and not till July 7th was he let go.

Voltaire's flagrant narrative has held the field for a hundred years and done its share of execution against Friedrich. Only recently Varnhagen's version has exposed its exaggerations. He never applied for his trunk with the money, and it may still lie overwhelmed under dust and lumber in the garrets of the old Rathaus yonder. The reasons for the catastrophe were:

1. In the Order, the indefinite phrase "*Skripturen*" was written,

instead of "*Œuvre*" de *Poésies*. 2. Freytag was of heavy pipe-clay nature. 3. Voltaire was of impatient explosive nature, and readily appealed to the Universe.

In his wanderings, Voltaire met Wilhelmina, but declined to accompany her to Montpellier: on which Friedrich wrote to her, "Thank your stars!" . . . For four years Friedrich held no correspondence with Voltaire; and to a pathetic *cooing* letter replied in a discouraging way through a third person. At the end of 1757 the correspondence was resumed and lasted with life; but Friedrich had silently cast out hope of a Muses' Heaven. Eight years of peace were gone; the next three, though outwardly smooth, were defaced by subterranean mutterings. Unwelcome was the message to Friedrich that he must dive into the Mahlstrom a third time for his Silesia.

13 (1750-3). From 1749-53 George II and Newcastle were attempting a scheme to get Archduke Joseph elected Kaiser; and its failure was ascribed to Friedrich, whose chief aim was not the aggrandisement of the House of Austria. . . . It was thanks to Kaunitz that Austria turned on its pivot and clasped not England but France. In Austria Kaunitz sat supreme over the populations, like a gilt crockery Idol, for forty years. . . . English Privateering was a second Prussian-English cause of offence; the seizure by England of merchant ships against the laws of contraband. To their non-delivery Friedrich opposed non-payment to English Bond-holders of their interest on Silesian Bonds. Newcastle gave vent to shrieks; and mad notions of Friedrich were current in England.

14 (1750-5). There was also the French-English Canada question: of the same kind as Jenkins's ear. Is the Ocean Highway to be free for those who have business on it? . . . France wished to restrict the activity of the English colonies in America; but although Englishmen knew not to whom America belonged, they were convinced it was not to France. In 1755 was the expedition of Braddock: a man with heart of iron, but brain of pipe-clay quality. Luckily there was a Mr. Pitt, with royal eyes more and more indignantly set on this Business. Even before Braddock's disaster, Admiral Boscawen had intercepted and captured the French fleet; and before the end of the year 800 French ships were seized. This was considered a declaration of War.

15 (1753-5). It was becoming fatally clear to Friedrich that a *Third* Silesian War was ripening. Through Menzel he had learned the contents of some thrice-secret Saxon despatches. The old Treaty for partitioning Prussia and reducing Friedrich to a Brandenburg Elector was still alive; and Czarish Majesty was added to Saxon and Hungarian. Menzel was arrested at

Warsaw in 1757, and admitted he was in the pay of the Prussian Minister. He had succeeded in unlocking the Presses of the Foreign Departments at Dresden and Warsaw with forged keys, and communicating French and Austrian despatches. The third war was to break out in August 1756, and prove the heaviest of Friedrich's struggles and the greatest of his achievements and endurances. It was also the last war likely to be memorable with Posterity.

In the summer of '55 Friedrich, in disguise on a passage-boat for Utrecht, spoke to Henri de Catt, a young Swiss, who described him as "a man in cinnamon-coloured coat . . . in black wig; face and coat considerably dusted with Spanish snuff." They conversed and usually disagreed; but Friedrich took a liking to the young man and appointed him "Lecteur du Roi" in 1757, where he continued twenty years. We are surely obliged to de Catt for this view of Friedrich and his manner of talking on light external subjects when weights enough were pressing on his inner man. . . . His age was still under forty-five, but he looked old for his years.

CHAPTER XLI

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" VI: ANALYSIS

XVII. 1 (1755-6). AN ill-informed world has accused Friedrich of starting the third Silesian War and kindling all Europe; but the true cause was Maria Theresa's incurable sorrow at the loss of Silesia. For four years Friedrich had been growing more and more instructed in the "Treaty of Warsaw," which designed to partition Prussia. Winterfeld first communicated to Friedrich the scheme to pick a quarrel, then overwhelm and partition. Whereupon the Prussian Minister at Dresden, at Friedrich's bidding, discovered a traitor Menzel, who gained admittance to the Chamber of the Archives by means of thief keys made to pattern in Berlin, and copied secret despatches. Thus Friedrich was able to anticipate events by a swifter lion-spring than ever.

The uninformed world has raised a huge clamour, but the question is: what did he read in these Menzel Documents? The Sea Powers had recoiled horrorstruck from the partitioning proposals suggested by Austria to Brühl. Brühl did not dare to sign himself, but by his means Russia was got to join; and the two Imperial Majesties bided their time to pick a quarrel. The part of Brühl was to egg on the Czarina with lies against Friedrich; and although Friedrich was eager to avoid ill-will from Russia, he had a sharp tongue, and the birds of the air were diligent. At the end of 1755 he saw ominous signs of Austrian-Russian marchings of troops. . . . There will also be an English-French war, and Austria will join France and complicate Friedrich's position. Kaunitz and love of Silesia have led Maria Theresa into strange predicaments. The soul of Propriety writes little notes to the Pompadour as "Ma cousine."

2 (1756). George II, nervous for Hanover, applied to Austria, but found her cold on the subject and thankless for subsidies, and therefore concluded a Subsidy-Treaty with Russia for 70,000 men. These at once assembled on the frontier looking direct into Preussen. But Friedrich knew the Petersburg private intentions; the French King was not friendly; still less Pompadour ("Je ne la connais pas"); Vienna's

humour towards him was mere cannibalism ; and the implacable Czarina, set afloat upon English guineas, was most immediately perilous. On January 16th he concluded a "Neutrality Convention" with George : to attack any non-German armed force invading German soil. It ruined the late Russian-Subsidy Treaty, and proved the signal for a general system of new Treaties. France wished to retain Friedrich as an auxiliary against Hanover, and was indignant at his "defection." Thanks to the zealous Pompadour, she next concluded a Treaty with Austria. Political Europe made a complete whirl-round, with long months of agonistic shuffle and much Diplomatic fiddling.

3 (1756). On threat of French invasion, England sent for Hessians and Hanoverians, saying : "These drilled louts will guard us." But the threat was a feint to veil the attack on Minorca. This was feebly met by Byng ; whereupon all England rose up in rage and sorrow ; and mobs burnt his effigy and attempted to burn his Seat and Park.

Friedrich would not listen to Winterfeld's advice to attack first. His army, near 200,000, was never so perfect before or since. Death had been busy with the Dessauers, but old Captains were greyer and wiser, and young become veterans of trust. In June Friedrich knew, from the presence of Austrian camps and magazines handy for the Silesian border, that war was intended on some small pretext. . . . One wise action of England was to send Sir Andrew Mitchell to Berlin, between whom and Friedrich grew up great mutual regard. He suggested Friedrich should ask Maria Theresa the meaning of the Bohemian campings.

4 (1756). On July 18th Friedrich put the question, and also called a conference of Generals at Potsdam. When he displayed the Menzel Documents they said, "Attack at once," and "Seize rich corny Saxony and form magazines to operate on Bohemia." His wisdom in beginning the war has been doubted ; but Austria sent evasive and supercilious answers. On the failure of a second application, Friedrich undertook unprecedented military preparations. Sixty-five thousand men marched towards three settled points of the Saxon frontier. The Saxon army of only 18,000 thought to withdraw into the stony labyrinthic Pirna country ; and Brühl and the King, who had not signed the Covenant, were not flurried.

To Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, who was to head one of the three Columns, Friedrich wrote details about pay, etc. No officer or general was to take the least of silver plate ; vinegar was to correct the water. . . . On August 28th Friedrich left Potsdam at the head of his troops ; the three Columns crossed the border eighty miles from one another, and

reached the appointed ground on the eleventh or twelfth day. There was no resistance, and the Saxon army ebbed away to the inexpugnable Rock-Country of Pirna. The King assented to a road through his country for military purposes. He and Brühl whispered comfortably to one another, "Did we ever *sign* anything?" On September 9th Friedrich entered Dresden, and thence led off his Column towards the Pirna country. At Dresden he secured the originals of the Menzel Documents; though the Queen openly sealed the door of the Archive room and stood before it. To avoid mistreatment, she had to give way, and the required box was opened by a smith. Such profit lies in your Brühl, and thus does a poor country suffer from a Beelzebub government.

5 (1756). Friedrich has 65,000 men in Saxony, and Schwerin is issuing from Silesia with 40,000. It might be possible to run into the unready Austrians from front and rear, and cut a gash in Austria that would incline her to peace. All that hinders is the Saxon camp in the strong Pirna country: for how march to Bohemia and leave the road blocked in our rear? . . . This camp did continue, and made his first campaign fruitless, and his enemies became roused to a tenfold pitch of temper. From a misunderstanding public he had to endure world-tornadoes of loud-roaring obloquy.

Saxon Switzerland begins rising in soft hills, on both sides of the Elbe, east of Dresden, and gradually gets wilder till it is riven into chasms and precipices. It is the sandstone *neck* of the Metal Mountains, never rising above 2,000 feet, but torn and tumbled into stone labyrinths and winding rock-walls. The country is a huge Block of sandstone, torn and channelled by the elements for a million Ages past. For it varied in hardness—tenacious as marble, or soft as sand—and the primordial diluviums have swept away the soft parts and left the hard standing in this chaotic manner. . . . It was the strongest military country in the world, and the Saxons have secured themselves behind a ten-mile-long rock bulwark. Elbe rushing through his chasms defends them in the rear.

Friedrich decided to wedge in the Saxons and reduce them by hunger. Polish Majesty sought help from Austria; and a diplomatic incident caused a breach between Prussia and France. Louis was not a hating man, but evil speeches of Friedrich's had been reported to him, and next year he sent 100,000 men across the Rhine. Friedrich grasped Saxony closer, and made it yield all it could, because of its conduct in the past twelve years. Maria Theresa opened her Imperial Studs to supply horses to draw cannon; and noblemen and peasants, stirred to enthusiasm, offered carriage and cart horses. Austrian

Browne, with 60,000, advanced to the relief of Pirna ; but Keith, with 32,000, secured the roads and passes of the Metal Mountains. He was like a strap or bar thrown across the back of the Metal-Mountain range ; and Browne could neither fly nor make a circuit in the difficult country, but he was bidden at all risks relieve the Saxons.

On September 28th Friedrich quitted Pirna, not caring for the position, and marched down the mountains towards Browne. The precipitous Prag-Dresden Post-road offers views to the lover of wild Nature : huge lonesome hills far off, waste expanses near, and futile attempts at moorish agriculture. . . . (One of the hollows on the "Pascopol" holds silver mines : Joachimsthal, whence "Thaler," and at last "Dollar.") . . . From the rising parts of the road could be seen, revealed for a moment, the Basin of the Elbe and the green Bohemian Plains. Browne was by Lobositz, not ten miles off, his camp flanked to right by the Elbe.

6 (1756). Lobositz was a village at the base of Lobosch Hill, between which and its twin hill, Homolka, was a furlong gap. Friedrich promptly seized this pass and the hills. A fine view appeared from this upland, were the morning fine and views one's object : Elbe, like a silver stripe, winding through the finest of all his countries before ducking himself into the rock tumults of the Pirna district. On the morning of October 1st there was a thick mist, and the Austrians were invisible under the grey sea. Pandours crouched hidden, and Hussar parties twinkled dubious. At 7 a.m. the Prussians deployed, the vanguard filling the pass and the rest spreading along Lobosch. The infantry wings were two lines deep and the cavalry in the centre three lines. Deceived by the mist, Friedrich ordered twenty cavalry squadrons to charge the Austrian horse. They stormed down hill, but were forced to retire by unexpected batteries. Before Friedrich could forbid them they again dashed forward, cleared a huge swampy ditch, but found a second impassable, and were saluted by cannon and hurled back with loss. Friedrich sent these unconscious stoic-philosophers in buff to rearward.

The mist cleared at 11 a.m., and Browne was seen in full array. His position behind the oozy brook was impregnable, and the only chance was to attack his right, which extended through Lobositz, where the brook was more wadeable. Friedrich pushed out his left and drove the Pandours towards Lobositz. Attack and defence were vigorous, and battalions rushed on mass after mass. Near Lobositz the ground was leveller, and there was the toughest wrestle yet had with the Austrians. Austrian fury was met with greater counter-fury, and Friedrich

said his troops had never done such miracles of valour. In three hours the Austrians were pushed through Lobositz and the village was set on fire. When cartridges failed, men fought with bayonets and butt-ends. Browne in masterly fashion advanced his centre and left to protect fugitives, and stayed the Prussian pursuit. He retired a mile or two, rather foiled than ruined, and with lighter loss : 2,984 to 3,308. On October 4th Friedrich wrote to Wilhelmina : "Would to Heaven the valour of my army might procure us a stable peace !"

7 (1756). The poor Saxons in their Pirna cage were bidden hold out till October 11th, though they suffered from grim famine, and horses, fed on brown leaves, were become walking trestles. Browne agreed to make a circling march of sixty miles to Lichtenhayn, and instructed the Saxons to cross the Elbe at Königstein, where the Prussian posts were weak. Browne arrived, but there was no cannon signal, for the Saxon adventure had misgone. General Rutowski, despairing of carting pontoons to Königstein over eight miles of abysmal roads, thought to drag them by water. But the fire of the Prussian batteries persuaded the boatmen to forfeit their two shillings. Carting was then tried, and at last pontoons were landed, but it was some days late, and the Prussians were on the watch. The Saxon army got under way in rain and tempest, and the worst roads in nature were doubly champed. The march became more and more perturbed ; cannon were left standing and baggage abandoned. There is no Browne, and the Prussians are in chase of us ! On the 13th, 14,000 were got across towards evening. Browne was a valiant man and soldier, who shared all hardships with his troops, but he had to retire. The road the Saxons must take followed the serpentinings of the river and was occupied by Prussian batteries. Brühl and Polish Majesty, safe at Königstein, are clear for advancing, but Browne does not hear the signal and is off. Rutowski and War Council, with 14,000 starved men, after seventy-two hours of rain, are for surrender.

The terms were hard but had to be accepted : the Saxon army must become Prussian and volunteer. Rutowski afterwards said he never authorised this ; and perhaps Capitulation is not precise. The captives defiled before Friedrich and were soon changed into Prussians. The world loudly censured Friedrich, and he made no defence but "Destiny and Necessity." Who shall say his treatment was wholly wise ?—but *After* is so different from *Before* and *During*. Polish Majesty departed for Warsaw and never returned ; and Friedrich went to Dresden for the winter.

8 (1757). A Prussian Board was appointed to draw taxes and recruits from Saxony, and this time Friedrich did not neglect, as in 1744, to disarm Saxony and hobble it in every limb. The country must suffer for its Brühl: but Friedrich also has suffered. Had Saxony been neutral and let him pass, he could have dealt a heavy stroke at unprepared Bohemia. Austria was unscathed but not grateful, and she prepared armaments and arguments and called Friedrich a robber. Never was misunderstanding of a man at a higher pitch. Kaiser Franz was busy all over Teutschland forging Reich thunder; France promised her army of 100,000; and the sleeping whirlwinds are awakened against this man. Friedrich recognised his perilous position, and he made efforts to meet it without noise. He concluded a closer treaty with England, and issued Counter-Manifestos; but no King so little wasted himself in noise. . . . To cope with Austrian Tolpatcheries he organised the "Prussian Free Corps." . . .

His life was outwardly quiet; and he attended Church, heard good music, had a daily concert. He gave donations to the poor, but reduced salaries. He was gracious to University people, and exempted students from soldiering. His journey to Berlin, January 4th to 13th, was the last for six years. He saw his mother, and the meeting was a light-gleam amid the dark hurricanes. He instructed Graf von Finckenstein, chief Home Minister and one of his boy comrades, in case of invasion to remove the Garrison, Royal Family and Treasure. If he were taken prisoner no ransom must be offered; he would sacrifice himself for the State. It was not known that he always carried poison about him: five or six small pills in a glass tube. When he left Berlin he had seen his mother for the last time.

XVIII. 1 (1757). Seldom was there such a combination as this against any man. Sweden, bribed by France, agreed to join, and destroyed the idea that the war was against Protestantism: Friedrich's last claim to public sympathy. Sweden is to have Pommern; Polish-Saxon Majesty gets Magdeburg, Halle, etc.; Austria the jewel of a Silesia; to Russia falls Preussen and the Königsberg-Memel country; and to France the Wesel-Cleve country. These are serious business-engagements, engrossed on parchment, in the spring of 1757. Over one hundred millions of populations are arrayed against Friedrich, and armed soldiers 430,000. His own dominions contain five millions; he has 150,000 drilled men and 40,000 inferior garrison troops. No country is less defensible than his.

France, urged by the Pompadour, is first in the field, 100,000 strong; is refused a road through Hanover, but finds the Wesel-Cleve countries abandoned. The Duke of Cumberland, against

Friedrich's advice, resolved to defend the Weser ; but the abandoned countries yielded only 5,000 Prussians to the English-Hanoverian army. . . . In the Reich's Diet was thunder on behalf of injured Saxony ; and on the Austrian part, extraordinary rage and hatred against Prussia : a droning that had something of the porcine or wild-boar character, from the depths of the gamut to the shrieky top again. . . . The Reich voted in favour of a "speedy army," but in the proclamation, "eilende" (speedy) got changed to "elende" (miserable) !

Four invading armies were advancing open-mouthed on Friedrich ; but his plans were laid. Neither Sweden nor slow-moving Russia are as yet formidable ; and the West-Prussian militias would serve against Russia. Intense concentration of stroke must be against Austria and France. Austria has a great army at Prag and will invade Saxony ; but it is not Friedrich's habit to stand on the defensive. At the end of April three Prussian columns, led by the King, Bevern, Schwerin, marched rapidly for Prag, to the astonishment of the World-Theatre. Browne and Königseck had to abandon their magazines and retire swiftly on Prag. Königseck, who resisted with superior force, was rolled back by Bevern and Schwerin in turn. On May 1st the Austrians encamped on Ziscaberg, the high ground above Prag.

2 (1757). A most romantic, high-piled, many-towered, most unlevel old city was Prag. . . . Prince Karl, in chief command of the Austrians, was said to be in violent altercation with Browne. . . . On May 5th Friedrich crossed the Moldau and easily joined Schwerin, as arranged. . . . With surprising vividness of eye and mind he read the signs of the times, hours, days, and read men like handwriting not too cramp for him. . . . Zisca Hill rose sheer on the east side of Prag ; but once at the top you find it is precipitous on two sides only. Atop it spreads out into an upland level ; and Moldau, after skirting its northern base, effects a great Horseshoe hollow.

There were 65,000 on each side ; and the Austrians stood ranked on the brow of Ziscaberg slope, four miles long. Their right ended in batteries and marshes, their left in the Horseshoe hollow. Their artillery was excellent ; they had cavalry on both wings ; Karl was on the left, Browne on the right. A brook on the eastern border of the Austrian camp, that fell into the horseshoe, proved most important. . . . The Battle of Prag is one of the furious battles of the world, but the stormy fire of soul that blazed that day is now extinct. Friedrich admitted the Austrian position was strong, and planned to attack their right and take them in flank. In an emphatic dialogue with Schwerin he refused to allow him to rest his men. Infantry

were to attack the right flank, and cavalry sweep south and take them in the rear. A wonderful deployment was effected by the Prussians ; the broad, many-chequered stream moved eastward, then southward, correct as clockwork became two lines, and descended steady and swift, with tornado-storm hidden in it, towards Sterbohol, there to grip-to. Better human stuff there is not, and disciplined as never before or since. By 9 a.m. they were on their ground, to the astonishment of the Austrians. Browne directed a change in the right wing, that front not flank might be presented to the Prussian onslaught. It involved interior wheeling, which they could not do with Prussian velocity. At Sterbohol the hurricane broke loose. Winterfeld seized it before Browne, but his men were driven back by batteries of devouring quality, and he himself was heavily wounded. Such a death-wrestle ensued as was seldom seen in the annals of war. The Austrians were strong in artillery, and Schwerin's problem was to take Sterbohol. Old Schwerin, seventy-three and fiery as ever, had fought from Blenheim onwards, and now reached his hottest and last battle. The Prussian infantry, steady as on parade ground, advanced against the murderous volleys of case-shot. Whole regiments sank to the knee, to the middle, in the mud, till the march became a wild sprawl through viscous mud, with case-shot tearing you away at its ease ! They sprawled on, trailing their cannon, and for three hours the issue was dubious. Fiery old Schwerin got his death in one of the repulses ; but new and ever new Prussian battalions continued to charge, and at last conquered one of the worst problems ever seen in war. Browne also was mortally wounded.

Ziethen, with the Prussian horse on the left, had worked round by the lakelets, charged the Austrian horse and driven it over the horizon. The whole of the Austrian right, horse and foot, batteries and redoubts, was now a ruin. Meanwhile General Mannstein, of Russian fame, had executed a volunteer movement against a gap left in the Austrian elbow, and grown wider from the stress of Sterbohol fighting. Mannstein dashed upon it through the mud tanks, and more fighting ensued of the Sterbohol kind ; but, being well reinforced, he rushed fairly into the Austrian hole-at-elbow, and ruined both fore-arm and shoulder-arm. The entire Austrian line is wrecked, one redoubt after another torn from it. The Austrians rolled pell-mell into Prag, and the Prussians were across Zisca Back.

Friedrich's one disappointment was that Moritz of Dessau with 15,000 men failed to arrive, but his pontoon bridge was spoilt in a short cut that he himself had advised. The Austrian army might have been annihilated, but was only bottled in Prag. Would it have been better if Friedrich had waited a day ? But

he had written in his plan of operations : " May 6th, attack the Austrians, beat them." There were twirls of that kind in him—*knots* in his sound, straight-fibred mind. . . . More perfect soldiers we never read of ; their Platt-Deutsch fire was like anthracite, in contradistinction to Gaelic blaze of kindled straw. Their losses were 12,500, and the Austrian 13,000. The Austrians fought well, and they had Prussian improvements, such as iron ramrods.

3 (1757). This year was perhaps the greatest in Friedrich's life ; his fortunes oscillated from topmost height to lowest deep. He usually restrained his emotions, but now left some impressive gleanings. To his sister, Princess Amelia, he wrote : ' What ! you would have everybody sacrifice his life for the State, and you would not have your brothers give the example ? ' . . . Had the Prag victory been as annihilative as was thought, he might have reached the heart of Austria, stayed France and Russia, and made Austria consent to his modest wish of being left alone.

Prag had 46,000 men and large magazines, and for week after week Friedrich and Keith battered it in vain, and fired red-hot balls on its magazines. Friedrich's enemies were discouraged : French, Russians, Reich, paused in their marching in, with lifted foot, and continued to tramp-tramp in the same place. By means of his Free-Corps Friedrich made now and then a few unexpected sallies upon the Reich. . . . His only allies were Cumberland and Britannic purse ; but Cumberland had to wriggle back from the Weser to the sea : such a universal St. Vitus's dance had seized English affairs. It was England's hour of tide ; she must choose between Formulas and Realities ; but the Eternal Destinies are patient with some nations, and they had their Pitt ready for England.

Pitt was a man of action, not speech ; his speeches were not Parliamentary eloquence, but things which with his whole soul he meant to *do*. Friedrich and Chatham were two radiant Kings ; no King could be prouder than Chatham, though his element was Free-Senate and Democracy. He had a beautiful poetic delicacy, withal ; great tenderness ; an airy as well as a solid loftiness of mind. . . . He had been in office and out, and was now without power in the Royal Councils.

The tedious siege of Prag went on for six weeks, varied by fruitless sallies and bombarding with red-hot balls. The King lodged in the Parsonage of Michel, busiest of all the sons of Adam. He refused an offer of surrender with condition of free withdrawal. On May 23rd-24th a furious sally was defeated with loss of 1,000. Forage was nearly done, and horseflesh rose high. The deluge of bombs and red-hot balls kindled

fires, and a wail rose from the townsfolk, 9,000 of whom perished in the siege. By June 8th the city looked black and ruinous; the population were hiding in cellars or getting killed by falling buildings. But there was still no surrender, and the Garrison had meal till October.

4 (1757). After June 9th it was reported that Daun with a force of 60,000 was advancing to rescue Prag at any cost. Veiled by Pandour clouds, he had planted himself in difficult country, with boggy pools in front and knolls and swamps behind. Friedrich joined Bevern, and rested his right wing on Kaurzim, twelve miles from Kolin. Daun wheeled his right and centre towards Kolin, and his left was "en potence." On June 18th Friedrich was on the march and descried Daun stretching far and wide, leant against the Kamhayck (a long backbone of hill). He was in three lines, covering five miles, unseen from the rising ground. In front of his centre was the village of Chotzemitz; but the hinge of the battle was the easternmost village of Kreezor. There were no hills but the Kamhayck, and the hill on which Friedrich stood, rising suddenly, in conical shape, to 150 feet. Friedrich's plan of fight was his favourite "oblique order of attack"; he considered Daun's left and centre impregnable, but not the Kreezor side. The right flank and rear could be rolled together if well struck at. Ziethen and Hülßen were to lead the van, and at 2 p.m. all was in motion, rolling eastward in two columns to become two lines. Ziethen, opposed by Nadasti and his Austrian squadrons, tumbled them into a hollow behind the lines. Hülßen opened cannon thunders, bayonet charges and platoon-fires on Kreezor, and took it, sweeping the old tenants and their litter out. Ziethen pursued them into an oak wood, but there he was taken in flank by fires and stayed. A strong Austrian force was in this wood behind Kreezor; and Hülßen, for lack of reinforcements, could only just keep his ground, and was at length swept to the edge of Kreezor. A mistake of Mannstein's on the west or right turned the balance and brought an avalanche of ruin on the Prussians. Provoked by Croat musketry, he was drawn deeper and deeper in to extinguish them, and absorbed the regiments marching to support Hülßen. The whole right wing stormed up the difficult steeps and engaged the Austrians where success had been judged impracticable. Friedrich imputed the disaster that followed to Mannstein, but another incident had happened far ahead, which was only dug out of silence after fifty years. It was known that things were well at Kreezor, if Hülßen could be reinforced. Moritz of Dessau was on the way, when Friedrich saw a short cut, and said with Olympian brevity and fire, "Face to right *here!*" Twice Moritz replied "Impossible,"

then gloomily obeyed. It was only excess of brevity and accident of Olympian fire, not caprice or change of plan. He afterwards sent the order, "Face to right, *then* forward half to left." Moritz obeyed, but now struck the Austrian line this side of Kreezor, disjoined from Hülsen, and, like Mannstein, must attack in face.

From right wing to left was universal storm of volleying and wrestle tough and furious. The Prussians did their utmost, but had no reserves, and Friedrich's manœuvring talent was vain. He was everywhere in the hottest of the fight, that lasted four hours and turned upon a hair. Daun's order to retreat was intercepted as premature; and a further attack on Hülsen hurled back the Prussian horse and broke the foot: though the foot instantly ranked itself in impromptu squares, as the manner of Prussians is. But the Saxon dragoons sabred furiously, till Hülsen's sad example of retreating spread like a powder-train, and all were in retreat. . . . Daun did not pursue, but let go the Prussian baggage and made no use of his victory. His army was 60,000, and losses 8,114, and the Prussians 34,000 and 5,880. Next day Friedrich raised the siege of Prag, while Daun was singing *Te Deum*. The Austrians rejoiced at having beaten Friedrich for the first time and sung *Te Deum* and *Te Daunum*!

5 (1757). The fruit of Prag victory was lost, and Schwerin and tens of thousands of unreplaceable men were dead. Report says that Friedrich shed tears when he surveyed the remnant of his Lifeguard of Foot: his only tears in public, but not in private, for his sensibilities were lively and intense. The world of enemies, held in the slip so long, will now rush in from all the four winds. But two months passed and they could form no common plan; while Friedrich roamed about seeking something to fight with. Daun and Prince Karl made no attempt to push their advantage; and Friedrich withdrew successfully from Prag. He remained four weeks at Leitmeritz, watching the hostile element all round him.

On June 28th his mother, Queen Sophie Dorothee, died—of no definite disease, but worn down with chagrins and apprehensions. His depth of affliction is described by Mitchell: how he indulged his grief, gave way to warm filial affections, recalled to mind his many obligations to her late Majesty, and drew his one comfort from his endeavours to make her last years agreeable. The wholly human Friedrich is visible there as he seldom is, going over his past life to Mitchell. An avalanche of public disasters is now thundering down on him, but once he lay safe in his cradle like the rest of us. At Leitmeritz Mitchell first became intimate with the King. Conversation

with one of sense and manly character was what Friedrich much loved, and it was a resource to him in these dark years. He would give himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts and sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping like a child or a woman. Rumour is apt to be a blockhead, and he was not cruel or unfeeling. He once said he had been unhappier than others because of his greater sensibility.

On July 3rd the French took Embden, and on the 5th the Russians took Memel; while the inferior Reich army was emboldened by the result of Kolin to advance. What a sight for Wilhelmina if she ever drove that way! These were dark days for her, and darker lay in store, with no more peace till death. Soubise, urged on by Pompadour, was passing another French army across the Rhine. In letters to Wilhelmina, Friedrich begged her to sound the French on peace conditions, and suggested bribes to the Pompadour. He rejoiced that he had trained himself in philosophy, for nothing else could now sustain him. He felt his responsibility for the safety and happiness of his people; he feared for the liberty of Germany and Protestantism; and how an unlucky quarter of an hour might set the tyrannous House of Austria over Germany for ever. . . . Since Cambrai (1508-10) there had been no such infamous conspiracy as this of Austria, France, Russia.

Prince August-Wilhelm, Friedrich's brother, with whom was Winterfeld, had retired towards Lausitz and made Zittau his chief magazine. Friedrich would have liked a battle and immediate decision, but the Austrians judged the Prince to be safer game, and Daun and Karl pursued him with a force of 70,000. The crisis was aggravated by a multitude of counsellors; the Prince's mind floundered a good deal, and he took the worst course of retreating to Zittau by a parabolic circuit of narrow steep roads, where he lost all and had to fire his wagons. On July 22nd he reached Zittau; but the Austrians commanded it from a hill and fired red-hot balls that burnt it to ashes: its 10,000 innocent souls shrieking in vain to heaven and earth. Devilish things are sometimes done in war, and Prince Karl will always carry a brand-mark from this conflagration. The Prince of Prussia retreated to Bautzen, but Friedrich was in deep grief and indignation at the side-march that left the doors of Saxony and Silesia open. From everywhere came bad news; for on July 26th Cumberland had the bad luck to lose the absurd battle of Hastenbeck against D'Estrées, and retreated to Minden. Friedrich sent a message to Prince August that he deserved Court Martial and death, only he could not forget the tie of brother. The Prince replied that he was grieved, but not crushed, and in his own mind not conscious of the least

reproach. Friedrich wrote again : “. . . If we cannot conquer we must all of us have ourselves killed. . . . You and your children will be more overwhelmed by them (these misfortunes) than I.” The Prince obtained leave to return to Dresden, and died within a year, chiefly of a broken heart. Friedrich has been growled at for “inhuman treatment,” but his humour was desperate. He could not manœuvre the Austrians into fighting, and Soubise and the Reich army were advancing, while the Swedes were getting hold of Pommern and the Russians of Preussen. On August 25th he set out for Thuringen, with 23,000, and marched through Dresden.

6 (1757). Now that Friedrich had gone against the French, the Austrians were two to one against Bevern and resolved to sweep Silesia clear. Bevern lay about Gorlitz, on the left bank of the Neisse, and on September 27th he was attacked by Nadasti. Winterfeld, on one flank, at first made light of the battle, but finding his Grenadiers driven from Moys Hill, stormfully rallied them, retook and defended the hill, but was shot through the breast. The hill was eventually lost, but the loss of Winterfeld was far more serious. Like all brave men, he was not universally liked, but he was the most shining figure in the army next to its chief. “I shall find no Winterfeld again,” said Friedrich. . . . Bevern took the road for Silesia, but his star shot rapidly down, and soon came such news from Silesia as Friedrich had never heard before.

7 (1757). On August 25th the French army of 50,000 under Soubise was at Erfurt, while Friedrich had only 23,000. The late D’Estrées army, now the Richelieu army, was pushing Cumberland into the sea, and victoriously plundering even in Hanover : which plunder Richelieu appropriated to his private uses. . . . Enemies were gathering all about Friedrich, and he must beat them or die. His peace efforts were peremptorily negatived by Versailles, and he passed September and October—the two miserablest months of his life—in confused marching to and fro. At the end of October he was at Rossbach.

Cumberland’s army was dispersed, and he had returned home to be rebuked by George, on which he resigned his offices. Since July 29th Pitt had been in office, and he saw that America could be conquered in France. Heedless of Gazetteer cackle he was King of England for the next four years, and Friedrich’s one blessing. Friedrich was now wandering about unable to get into touch with the “Dauphine,” as the French army was called that came to deliver Saxony. He was in the humour of a man whose house is on fire, but, being spell-bound, he cannot stir to quench it. At Gotha he dined with the Grand Duke and delighted all with his clever sprightly talk that

showed no trace of his weighty toils. On September 18th Seidlitz, with 1,500, surprised and worsted 8,000 of the Dauphine : but from other sides came ill reports. Richelieu might advance on Magdeburg, and in Preussen the Cossacks were committing atrocities. Lehwald, bidden to attack them, was beaten by numbers : yet strangely enough they advanced no further into Preussen.

Friedrich now wrote more verses than in any other three months of his life. He was a bright-glancing, articulate man, who flashed clear-eyed into the physiognomy of Death and Ruin and had a sharp word to say to them. . . . Intolerable periods of waiting alternated with those of fiery velocity, and he took to verses by way of expectorating himself and keeping down his devils. It was not good time wasted, but bad skilfully got over. These documents are veracious, and confessions in the most emphatic sense. It was thus that Mahomet wrote the Koran.

Wilhelmina comes out very strong in this season of trouble : like a shrill mother when her children are in peril. The whole world rising on her brother was a horror and madness to her. To get peace with France she tried to stir up Cardinal de Tencin, once Chief Minister : but his correspondence with Louis was at last forbidden. Voltaire's procedure was polite but two-faced ; and he now began to correspond with Friedrich again, with some touch of grinning malice. To Wilhelmina Friedrich wrote : "Loved by you, what is there of misfortune?" He feared the danger to his beloved People, not the loss of his own position. "I see," he continued, "that all men are but the sport of Destiny. And that, if there do exist some Gloomy and Inexorable Being, who allows a despised herd of creatures to go on multiplying here, he values them as nothing." . . . Wilhelmina to Voltaire : "I am in a frightful state, and will not survive the destruction of my House and Family." . . . "I see the greatest man of his age . . . reduced to the frightfullest extremity." Russian cruelties in Preussen convinced her that war between civilised nations was worst of all. . . . Friedrich to Wilhelmina : ". . . My misfortunes have but gone on accumulating. . . . The moment I retire towards Saxony, this whole swarm will be upon my heels. . . . Only cowards submit to the yoke. . . . There are too many enemies. Were I even to succeed in beating two armies, the third would crush me. . . . Life has been given to us as a benefit : when it ceases to be such . . . if you take the resolution which I have taken, we end together our misfortunes and our unhappiness. . . ." Wilhelmina to Friedrich : "Your letter . . . has almost killed me. What fatal resolutions, great

God ! . . . A great genius like yours finds resources even when all is lost. . . . Hope does not abandon me. . . ." Writing to Voltaire, Friedrich spoke of the ennui of honours and glory, and how one moment of practical happiness was worth a thousand years of fame. . . . "But our respective conditions are our law ; we are bound and commanded to shape our temper to the employment we have undertaken."

On October 11th, hearing that an Austrian Outpost might march on Berlin, and no force was between, he ordered Moritz to march and himself followed. From east, north, west, three invasions were coming on the core of his dominions ; but at least there was an end of lingering. At Leipzig he discoursed with a Professor on literature, and blamed the roughness of the German speech. Wilhelmina's voice through her letters became more shrill and penetrating, gone quite to falsetto, yet with a melody in it. The Austrian invasion of Berlin was a trifling matter, though it roused enthusiasm in France ; and the Dauphine army, reinforced by 15,000, now crossed the Saale towards Leipzig. Better news came from Preussen, but ill news from Silesia. George, however, perhaps inspired by Pitt, will fight again. England, said Friedrich, had at last produced a great man.

8 (1757). The French along the Saale outnumbered Friedrich by three to one, and they guarded the bridges. He took Weissenfels, but the garrison, retreating across the river, burnt the bridge, so there was no crossing there. . . . When he did get across, in the first days of November, the Dauphine retired to a better position among the bogs, and crowed over Friedrich. His left was at Rossbach, which, with half a dozen other scraggy hamlets, was on a dull circular lump of country embraced by the meandering Saale. It was a flat country, slightly puffed-up, in shape not steeper than the mould of an immense tea-saucer. On November 5th Friedrich thought the Dauphine, which was short of supplies, was going for Freiburg and its bread-cupboard ; but the French, who thought the numerical disparity was still greater, were really in exultant spirits. They hoped to coil him up in their boa-constrictor folds and end his trifle of an Army and him.

What Friedrich had despaired of came about voluntarily : the enemy turned to the left. Off eastward ! was the command, and Seidlitz and the cavalry vanished round the height, unseen by the French. They thought the Prussians were in flight for Merseburg to cross by the bridge, and pursued in parallel columns—infantry in long floods and vanguard of cavalry. At 3.30 p.m. Seidlitz, finding he was ahead of the Dauphine, wheeled, came to the top of the hill, and plunged down upon

its flank. They had no time to form ; and Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, plunged through three or four times, tumbled the cavalry off the ground, sent it flying across its own infantry and galloping madly over the horizon. Friedrich with the infantry now emerged over the hill, in highly thunderous manner, and the muzzles of his artillery became visible over the hill-top. His line shot out in mysterious Prussian rhythm obliquely down the hill-side. Regular as clockwork it strode forward, with the lightning sleeping in it. Soubise in despair saw Friedrich pulling himself out like the pieces of a prospect glass, and knew his flank was lost. The enemy was not fled to Merseburg, but mounted on Janus Hill, with twenty-two cannon, and left leg spurning us into the abysses. The French Generals panted to retrieve, but with the regiments thus jammed into the lion's throat, what could be done ? At forty paces the Prussian line burst into platoon fire, hard to endure by masses in a coil. While all things reeled and rocked, Seidlitz again burst out on the rear, and the battle became a rout. Eight thousand were killed, wounded and prisoners ; and of the Prussians 165 killed and 376 wounded. The Prussian army were as one to three, and not half came into fire. Seldom was an army better beaten and reduced to staves and chaotic wreck. The Reich army flowed home, and the Dauphine rushed along plundering. Great joy was in Teutschland, so long snubbed and trampled on by a luckier not a braver nation.

Friedrich's poem on the subject showed cynicism, but also honest exultation : an immense, suppressed, insuppressible Haha from this King. The reign of the French ceased in those parts ; their once triumphant army winged its way like draggled poultry across the Rhine. Great rejoicings were in England, and Pitt thought, " Our way of conquering America." After Rossbach, England found work for France, and these two countries engaged in a duel, with Germany the centre : but the circumference went round from Manilla and Madras to Havana and Quebec again. . . . The Dauphine continued to plunder, rob and torture travellers on its way home, and justified one of its General's sayings—that he led a band of robbers who would turn tail at the first gunshot and were always ready to mutiny.

9 (1757). The French themselves laughed at the Dauphine and wrote epigrams on Soubise : but Friedrich's difficulties were still enormous. After Winterfeld's death Bevern was free to act, and he marched direct for Silesia. Prince Karl followed, and there were manœuvrings between Breslau, the chief city, and Schweidnitz, the chief stronghold. Bevern reached Breslau, but Prince Karl stood between it and Schweidnitz : on which Bevern drew out of Breslau and posted himself

in a safe angle of the river ; while Karl proclaimed Silesia Austrian again, and on October 26th laid siege to Schweidnitz. This was a sudden breaking of the Rossbach effulgency for Friedrich. He marched from Leipzig with 13,000 men, and on the way learned that Schweidnitz had capitulated, through the treachery of the Saxons in the garrison : in spite of its towers and ramparts, its opulence of cannon and stores, and its treasure. On November 22nd Karl with 60,000 made a thunderous attack on hapless Bevern. After fifteen hours Bevern withdrew through Breslau across the Oder, and soon disappeared as no longer equal to events. He was afterwards sent to Stettin to command the invalid garrison, and did his work in silence and with loyal industry. In two years he proved useful against the Swedes and regained Friedrich's favour.

Kyau, who succeeded Bevern, left Breslau to its fate and made for Glogau. Breslau surrendered, and its Silesian garrison took service with Austria ; but Friedrich, at whom the Austrians now snapped their fingers, pushed on like fate. Darker march there seldom was : all black save a light that burns in one heart. He ordered Kyau's arrest, and Ziethen to be general, and a meeting at Parchwitz, where he arrived on November 28th. From this side of the event we can form small image of his horrors and dubieties, and the godlike kind of hope needed. On December 3rd he told his Captains that, against the Rules of Art, he intended to attack Karl's army of 80,000 (thrice his size). The Austrians also decided to leave their defences and "finish" him. On December 4th he marched towards Neumarkt, burst the barrier of the town, and seized the Bakery : for Karl had unwisely exposed his staff of life. The Austrian right leant on peat-bogs, its centre was behind Leuthen, its left under Nadasti extended as far as Sags.

10 (1757). The Prussians left Neumarkt in four columns, and first tumbled into wreck some cavalry drawn across the Highway. Then Friedrich rode up the highest knoll and saw the Austrians distinct in the growing light and fading haze. He soon formed his plan of battle : the left wing was to be attacked in oblique order. The four columns must become two, go south, and face to left opposite Sagschütz.

The Oblique order was practised by Epaminondas, and tried by Friedrich in all his battles, but only now rightly done. Only the Prussian troops could execute it with the indispensable precision and velocity. The line was divided into many pieces and pushed forward stairwise ; and on the minimum of ground the mass of men must be brought to the required point at the required angle. You march up not parallel, but oblique and seemingly chaotic, and in overpowering numbers on the wing

you have chosen, and you roll it up on its own line. None but Prussians, drilled by an Old Dessauer, were capable of doing it.

The commanded silence was now broken by a hymn, but Friedrich would not stop it—and he here showed a tone of religious faith as nowhere else in his history. . . . By losing their cavalry forepost the Austrians had lost sight of Friedrich ; and he appeared unexpectedly at the edge of the expanse of open country. There was nothing to be called a hill, only slight bumps and bare horizon. Friedrich held the Borne ridge of knolls with his cavalry, unseen by the Austrians. Daun thought the Prussians were smuggling off, and only after a time granted an officer's request for reinforcements on the right. Friedrich, seeing Daun and cavalry gone to the right, wended along the southern or invisible side of the knolls to attack Nadasti on the left. He fell upon him with all his strength, in oblique order, streaming over the knolls like a fire-deluge. Nadasti was "en potence," with Croat musketeers, and battery on height to rear, and he made a vigorous defence. He even took the initiative with his cavalry, but was repelled by the Prussian infantry, and Ziethen's counter-attack broke his line. Scouts galloped madly to recall Daun and his cavalry ; but the Austrian battalions, rushing to help, were met by fugitives and chasing Prussians and thrown into disorder. All rolled wildly back on Leuthen, though Nadasti covered the retreat, till Ziethen fairly hewed in.

Karl struggled to defend Leuthen and form a new imperfect line. For an hour ensued the stiffest fighting of the day. The village was crammed with Austrians spitting fire from every coign of vantage ; Church and Churchyard became a citadel of death ; but the Austrians were ejected after a desperate struggle. Thinking the Prussian flank bare, they tried a stroke on it ; but it was protected by Horse in a hollow ; and the Austrians, saluted by bullet storm on this side and edge of sword on that, fled over the horizon. All flowed torrentwise towards the bridges over Schweidnitz Water to Breslau. Ten thousand were left on the field, and prisoners became 21,000. Karl and Austria were fallen from their high hopes in a day.

On the way to Lissa, Friedrich held a dialogue with an innkeeper who reported Austrian boasts and misdoings at his house. The main army followed to Lissa, singing hymns. A pious people they were, tender though stout ; and, except for Cromwell's Ironsides, probably the most perfect soldiers seen hitherto. . . . This was the completest of Friedrich's victories ; and his army was 30,000 against 80,000. He now besieged Breslau, and took it in twelve days. All Silesia was Prussian again, except

Schweidnitz—to the lively joy of Silesia in general, and thrice-lively sorrow of certain leading Catholic Ecclesiastics. Karl was relieved of his command, and he retired to the Netherlands. The “First General in the world” had been beaten five times by Friedrich. Admiration of Friedrich rose to a high pitch; he was reputed the best soldier in modern ages; and Leuthen is still recognised as the finest battle of the century.

11 (1758). Friedrich rested three months in Breslau, worn down by anxieties and tired of business. He sent for his friend D’Argens, and directed that his rooms should be warmed, and good fowls made ready, on the road, and that he should be spared all draughts and noise. . . . He desired peace, but the Pompadour was of another mind, and summoned Belleisle to be War Minister. . . . Kaunitz agreed there would never be a better chance; and Friedrich knew peace would only come by fighting. The Czarina was furious against Apraxin, who had withdrawn from East Prussia, and appointed Fermor General. On January 16th Fermor crossed the boundary, entered Königsberg, and called on the people to take the oath. Preussen found itself made Russian, and Friedrich was so disgusted that he never set foot there again. . . . But not till June 16th did the unwieldy Russian mass (104,000) begin slowly staggering westward, amid incendiary fires and horrid cruelty. . . . The Swedes, urged on by France, had invaded Pommern, but were bottled up in Stralsund, opposed chiefly by Prussian Militias.

Friedrich was shy of English subsidies, but necessity compelled him to accept them, to increase his army; and while Pitt held office they were paid him. Seldom was England in such heat of enthusiasm for any Foreign Man as for Friedrich, since Rossbach. . . . It is said that he received a private subsidy of £1,000 from Miss Barbara Wyndham, whose wrongs in connection with her Embden shares he had promptly righted; and that with part of the money he bought a new flute. A curious circumstance this last, for, during the War, before the current year ended, he had all ways and means fixed for the coming year. But no doubt he had decided to lay out this £1,000 in luxuries and gifts. . . . By April, Duke Ferdinand, commanding the English army, had the French in full flight over the Rhine. Only Pitt’s descents on the French coast failed, for lack of clockwork exactitude; and his generals were not of the Prussian type. Friedrich opened his spring campaign by reducing Schweidnitz and so wiping away the last Austrian speck.

12 (1758). In Bohemia, Daun was perfecting his new levies and entrenching himself as man seldom did, felling whole forests and building abatis within abatis. Friedrich broke out through Neisse, 30,000 to 40,000 strong, and marched

along the elevated upland countries—watershed of Black Sea and Baltic—bleakly illuminated by the April sun : a march into the mists of the future tense. Only two weeks later Daun discovered Friedrich's intentions of besieging Olmütz : a pleasant little city in the plains of Mähren, military storehouse of Austria, and strongly fortified. It was not a prudent enterprise, though as yet there was no fear from French, Swedes, Russians. But Olmütz ours, Vienna would be threatened and Germany drained of Austrians.

On April 27th Friedrich started from Neisse, threading the silent mountain villages and upper streamlets of Oder and Moravia : Ziethen waving intrusive Croateries far off ; Fouquet shoving on from Neisse in wagons the immensity of stores and siege furniture. Olmütz was sighted on May 12th, and for some weeks the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon the siege. Friedrich was not thought to shine in sieges, and Engineer Balbi went wrong with parallels, but the grievous thing was distance from Silesia and supplies : 120 miles of hill carriage for food and ammunition. He would nevertheless have got Olmütz but for the loss of a convoy. Daun declined to fight, and kept his impregnable positions. Stupid perhaps he was, but he honestly did his best and wisest without flurry—a character of great value in war. Rhinoceros Daun did play his Leo a bad prank more than once. . . . Now for nearly three weeks he sat at Leutomischl, immovable on his bread-basket, forty miles from Olmütz, and did not see that a siege was meant.

Balbi began the siege too far off and spent his first shots in vain. Friedrich must have been impatient, for many things were ready, could Olmütz be taken. Prince Henri was rooting out Reichsfolk as far as Baireuth, and we fancy him visiting Wilhelmina. It would be her last sight of a brother and the old Prussian uniforms. She was sunk in sickness this year, journeying towards death, the most pungent of Friedrich's sorrows. . . . The siege made progress, and in a fortnight more Olmütz would have fallen, but supplies were indispensable. A convoy of three to four thousand wagons was coming from Troppau, with meal, money, iron, powder. It had an escort of 7,000, and Ziethen was to meet it with additional troops. No easy matter to drive three thousand four-horse wagons, covering twenty miles, along ninety miles of road ! An enemy breaking in at a difficult point might make a confused transaction of such a convoy, with its 12,000 horses, 6,000 country wagoners, 2,000 sutler people, male and female, not of select quality. Daun has heard of the convoy, and knows that he must either seize it or risk a battle, or Olmütz will go. . . . On June 26th Colonel Mosel was creaking forward many-wheeled ; the

roads were bad, pace quick, and train in a jumble. A rest-day to bring up laggards was perhaps fatal. Mosel repulsed one attack, joined Ziethen, and reached the pass of Domstädtl, memorable ever since. Horses and wagoners were seized with panic, and human drill-sergeantry must do the impossible to keep chaos plugged down. The wagoner, with cannon ahead, whirls homeward if your eye quit him, or cuts his traces and leaves wagon. . . . The Vanguard repulsed the attack and got through, and Ziethen ranked the remainder in a square mass as a wagon fortress, but finally had to accept defeat and retire to Troppau, leaving the convoy a ruin and a prey.

Friedrich knew that Olmütz was over, but he made no complaint, and kept a hopeful face and cheery tone. The Prussians vanished softly in long smooth streams with music playing. They remained at Königgrätz, living on the country, and Daun still would not try a battle. News came of the Russian advance under Fermor, and Cossacks acting like fiends or hyenas; and of a Reich army about to invade Saxony. Ferdinand had defeated the French at Crefeld, and Wolfe was prospering in Canada; but Fermor, with his ravaging Cossacks, was the difficult point, and Friedrich decided it could be suffered no longer. Before marching against the Russians he wrote instructions for Prince Henri, in case he should be killed. And he wrote of Wilhelmina: "Next to our Mother, she is what I have most tenderly loved in this world. . . . A Sister . . . whose character is of price beyond all the crowns in this universe. From my tenderest years I was brought up with her. . . ." Piercingly tragical are his final letters to Wilhelmina, from such scenes of wreck and storm, and her beautiful, ever-loving, quiet answers, dictated when she could no longer write.

13 (1758). On August 20th Friedrich reached Frankfurt-on-Oder. The Russians had got into the Neumark of Brandenburg, but had no Fortress. An overgrown Incompetency and Monstrosity, they could carry no siege-furniture. They reached Cüstrin, a place of great military strength, the garrison of those parts; and they set the town on fire with shells, but could not touch the garrison, safe within strong stone. The black skeleton of Cüstrin stared hideously across the river when Friedrich arrived. His mood was scorn and contemptuous indignation, and he despised the Russian soldiery, in spite of hints from Keith. The regular Russian army did not approve Cossack methods, and the officers despised the Cossack rabble.

By August 22nd Friedrich's army was 30,000, and he crossed the river, to the joy of the people. Women even struggled to kiss the skirts of his coat, at which he was visibly affected. He marched forward toward Zorndorf in the centre between Warta

and Mützel : a peat wilderness, but tamed—cultivated spaces lying upon it like green islands. It was the extensive bald crown of the landscape, girt with a frizzle of fir-woods all round. Friedrich was breaking bridges to cut off the Russian retreat and get them pinfolded between Mützel and Oder. On this Fermor raised the siege of Cüstrin, and drew out his army of 50,000 north of Zorndorf, in a huge quadrilateral mass, with baggage in centre and front everywhere. The western flank was on Zabern Hollow, and eastern on the mud pools. Friedrich crossed the Mützel, intending to sweep round the Russian quadrilateral, break in on the western flank and hurl it back on Mützel quagmires, where it would have to surrender at discretion : while his own retreat was open to Cüstrin.

He advanced south and then turned west, while the Russian Minotaur scrutinised him with dull bloodshot eyes. Smoke rolling back from Zorndorf, fired by the Cossacks, made him still blinder. Owing to bogs, Friedrich decided to attack at the south-west corner, but his two divisions advanced with a gap between them from burning Zorndorf. His batteries enfiladed the thick mass of Russians at a frightful rate and made a very agitated quadrilateral, but Monteuffel's platoon fire was not supported. Then Fermor noticed the gap, plunged into it on Monteuffel's flank and hurled him back. The Russians shouted "Victory," and plunged on, and captured twenty-six cannon. It was a bad moment for Friedrich, but he called on Seidlitz, who fell with 5,000 horse on the flank of this big buffalo stampede, and tumbled it to instant and irretrievable ruin. The Russian Minotaur became one wild mass ; the infantry stood to be sabred like dead oxen ; and the Prussians only gave up sabring from fatigue. The Russians opened brandy casks and got roaring drunk.

Further on the Minotaur formed a new front in reduced shape : the other half of the monster was again alive. Friedrich now attacked at the south-east end, with batteries and platoon volleying. But a torrent, plunging out, met and tumbled back the advance of the Prussian infantry, and it was again Seidlitz to the rescue. Swift as the storm-wind he descended upon the Russian Horse-torrent and drove it before him like chaff. The Minotaur has again gone to shreds, but will not run, and soon after 4 p.m. ammunition was spent. A tug of deadly massacring and wrestling began ; Cossack parties scoured about robbing and murdering ; and the country was alight with incendiary fires. One shudders to think of the plight of the wounded. Seidlitz replied to Friedrich's grateful thanks with an embarrassed blush ; and at last the Russians under a thick mist retreated towards Landsberg. It was the bloodiest battle of the war,

and such rage was unusual in modern wars. It must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, and he was now glad to hasten off to Saxony.

14 (1758). Vienna had decided to make a stroke to recover Saxony; and Daun and the Reich army were menacing Prince Henri, who replied with some admirable manœuvring, when news came that Friedrich had beaten the Russians and will return. Four armies were soon within sword-stroke of each other, when Daun's delaying tactics caused a deadlock as usual. By menacing his bread-basket, Friedrich forced him to quit his beautifully chasmy fastnesses, and at last obtained sight of his army near Hochkirch (October 10th). There was in Friedrich a certain radiancy of self-confidence, and his contempt of Daun as an inert mass has exposed him to the charge of rashness. . . .

Hochkirch stands on the hill-top, conspicuous for miles round except on the south, where it abuts on other heights. The village is on the crown and north slope and the Church near the top. Friedrich's right stretched to Hochkirch and further; and beyond were four flank battalions in potence. Above was a strong battery, higher than Hochkirch; and to the north he extended about four miles, with centre at Rodewitz. His strength was 28,000, while he might have counted on another 10,000 or 12,000 under Retzow, four or five miles to north-east, behind Weissenberg, were they properly joined to him. Daun had 90,000, and his right wing partly divided Friedrich from Retzow.

Daun's plan was good and would have ruined any army but the Prussian. It was to surprise Friedrich in his camp at 5 a.m. on October 14th: to sweep on with a picked 30,000, through shaggy hollows and woods, to Friedrich's flank and enclose him as in the bag of a net. He had kept his plan secret, and secretly hewn roads, and now waits while the poor old clock of Hochkirch unweariedly grunts forward to the stroke of five. Except pickets and Ziethen's cavalry, the Prussian army was in its blankets; and Daun did execute much of his plan of bursting in on the Prussian potence and capturing its battery.

The Prussian Battalion had to retire, but the Cavalry reinstated matters for a time. No one ran, and dogged struggles ensued in the village, which took fire and was captured and recaptured. Battalion Margraf-Karl faced the raging tide of Austrian grenadiers, levelling whole masses of them—till its cartridges were spent—and then it hewed its way out. . . . Rallied battalions charged and pushed the enemy back, but were assailed by endless new strength. At 6.30 Keith's battery was taken, and he himself shot through the heart. Hochkirch was in Austrian hands.

Friedrich was in the thick of the tumult and had a horse shot under him, and he now stormed through to see the Austrians massed on the heights around. Nothing was to be done here ; the question of his flank was settled ; that of his front was to begin. With Ziethen he seized the Drehsa height, pulled up his torn right skirt into compact front against the Austrians, who now retired on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys. Their chance was in superiority of numbers, but they attacked the Prussian left with little success. Retzow, for whom Friedrich had sent, was detained by attacks, but at last appeared the glitter of his vanguard. Friedrich now saw nothing could be done, and ordered a retreat, which was effected in a masterly manner. Daun and his Austrians were left standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues. Friedrich has lost 101 cannon and over 8,000 men, but the Austrian loss exceeded his in men, and he was wonderfully cheerful, till on the fourth day after came news of Wilhelmina's death. His one relief was the necessity of battling with outward business.

There was great joy in Vienna, but Daun was not swift or vigilant enough after. Friedrich deceived him, got immovably astride of the Silesian highway ; and Daun saw that only a battle could prevent him reaching Neisse. The siege of Neisse was abandoned at Friedrich's approach ; and Daun, having threatened Dresden in vain, vanished into the Pirna country. He missed the tide-hour, and the ebb was an inexorable fact. From a Silesia brushed clear Friedrich returned to a Saxony to be brushed.

The third campaign was a draw, but Friedrich's fame stood higher than ever. His wonderful art of marching armies was remarked by Belleisle. He again wintered at Breslau, but this was like to be a sad and silent winter : the royal heart being heavy with private and public sorrows.

CHAPTER XLII

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" VII: ANALYSIS

XIX. 1. (1759). FIVE armies were posted this winter, not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War-Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling. Three hundred thousand men were taking their winter siesta, asleep with one eye open. There had been three campaigns and eleven battles, and there must be four campaigns more, despite Friedrich's longing for peace. Many men longed for peace, but three women did not. The Pompadour's humour was fixed, fell and feminine: the Czarina more so. To Pitt the 1759 campaign proved splendid; to Friedrich it was his most disastrous. His supplies were failing, his veterans dead, and he must now act on the defensive.

He passed a secluded sombre winter, giving way to his grief in solitude, as he wrote to D'Argens. "Nothing solaces me but the vigorous application required in steady and continuous labour." The loss of Wilhelmina had darkened all his life. He ascribed his escape to languor and want of concert of his enemies, and he now expected 300,000 against his 150,000. Finance was a heavy problem, and it was his greatest war-miracle, as he required £3,000,000 a year for his army, and borrowing was not yet invented. English subsidies were his main resource, and money wrung from Enemies, but he also issued base money, and then came paper "Promises to pay." This year the grand tug-of-war was to be with the Russians.

The campaign opened with attacks on magazines, and a few breakages of the grand cordon: such as Ferdinand's attack on Bergen, or Prince Henri's invasion in May of the Bamberg-Nurnberg countries, though he could not get the Reich army to fight. He often passed through Baireuth, but no Wilhelmina was now there with her tremulous melodies of welcome. Friedrich had quitted Breslau in March and gone to his cantonments at Landshut, the main pass into Bohemia. Daun as usual relied on Cunctatorship, but when he discovered that Friedrich did not mean to attack, he resolved to await the Russians. In these tedious weeks Guichard was much about Friedrich: a man of culture unusual for a soldier, he was nicknamed Quintus

Icilius. . . . Friedrich had detached a force against Russia, but he and Daun still watched each other. Daun was at Mark-Lissa, than which there was no better place for waiting on events : it was the converging point of Saxony, Silesia, Bohemia, with Brandenburg itself in the vicinity.

2 (1759). The Russian Lion, urged by Vienna and Versailles, got under way from the beginning of April, with 75,000, excluding Cossacks, led by Soltikof instead of Fermor. Their intention was, with Daun, to enclose Friedrich between two fires, and his task was to prevent their junction. He first drew on his anti-Swedish resource in Pommern, and, as the Russians approached Posen, ordered Dohna and Hülßen to attack them. But Dohna reached Posen on June 23rd, three weeks after the Russians had got through, and then waited eight more days for Hülßen. Friedrich had lost all his noblest Captains—Winterfeld, Schwerin, Keith and others—and must put up with the less noble ; but he had hopes of Wedell and sent him to supersede Dohna. Wedell reached the camp of Züllichau, in the dull peaty countries between Oder and Warta, with Soltikof a mile to the east. Dohna at once demitted, glad to be out of it, but Wedell's Dictatorship lasted one day. He had 26,000 against 70,000, and perhaps not one gun ; and he was ignorant of the boggy nature of the ground between his army and the Russians. Soltikof surprised and got ahead of him, on which he ordered his vanguard to attack the head of the Russian column. It gave way, but they had reserves, guns, and room to manœuvre ; and after four hours the Prussians drew off with a loss of 6,000. Soltikof entered Crossen, followed by Wedell ; and Friedrich, who did not reproach Wedell, ordered him to watch at Crossen, while he applied himself to the problem.

3 (1759). Daun had thrown out two detachments of 30,000 or 36,000 under Haddick and Loudon, and Friedrich now suspected it was their intention to join Soltikof. His labours to prevent it are among his most famous, though they only had half success. The Austrians, free of Wedell, approached Sagan, and now only the Bober was between them and their aim. Friedrich left Henri to watch Daun, and Finck in charge of Saxony, and from July 29th spent six days hunting for the Austrian reynards, and he executed one of the maziest, most unintelligible whirls of marching. . . . Loudon reached Frankfurt on August 3rd and joined the Russians. . . . On August 1st Ferdinand had defeated the French at Minden and terminated their dreams of conquering Hanover and the Weser country. Pitt's public, lately gloomy and dubious, now blazed aloft into joyful certainty again. At the same time, Wolfe's attempt on Quebec failed owing to want of discipline (July 31st).

4 (1759). Six thousand Russians appeared on the eastern side of the Oder and struck consternation into Frankfurt. Armin with 400 militia refused summons to surrender, but the Magistrates finally surrendered the city. Frankfurt endured much misery in the next five weeks, furnishing victual and horses to the Russians. A ransom of £90,000 was demanded, and only £6,000 could be raised; and when the Austrians arrived they behaved worse than the Russians.

Friedrich had picked up Wedell, to whose beaten wretches he was not too cordial, and he had 40,000 against 90,000. Finck was on the march with 10,000, and Berlin and Saxony must take their risk meanwhile. The Enemy now entrenched on the Kunersdorf heights above Frankfurt: one of the strongest camps imaginable, surrounded by redoubts and artillery without end, with woods and intricate wilds to front and rear. Loudon was on the left flank, Soltikof on the right or Kunersdorf wing, ending in steep dells fringed with cannon. They expected Friedrich to appear over Frankfurt bridge.

On August 10th Finck arrived at Reitwein, fifteen miles from Frankfurt, where Friedrich was completing his preparations. On the night of August 10th the army crossed the river in two columns by pontoons and boats, and next day, in windless, sultry weather, arrived weary within two miles of Frankfurt and bivouacked on the scrubby heath. . . . The eastern side of the Oder, with its lakelets and quagmires, formed one of the unloveliest scenes of chaotic desolation anywhere to be met with. On this side rose the heights of Kunersdorf, four miles long, one broad, and too narrow to manœuvre in: once an island or chain of islands in the Oder deluges. The Russians, thrown into agitation by the news that Friedrich was coming on from the north, burnt the village of Kunersdorf—as appeared by the glare rising over the woods—converted their rear to front, and readjusted their batteries. Friedrich marched east, to circle round and fall on their flank; while Finck rode out to persuade them the main army was advancing from the north. Slowly, because of thickets and boggy ooziings, Friedrich marched through the Reppen forest; at Hen Floss, a brook near the base of the Russian camp running away from Oder, he paused to turn angularly. By 8 a.m. (August 12th) he had reached the edge of the wood, while the Russians still thought Finck led the main body.

At 11.30 a violent cannonade began on either side, and then the Prussian grenadiers advanced to storm Mühlberg on the Russian left. Steady as planets they descended into the hollow, where they suffered nothing, emerged a hundred steps from the guns, advanced unwavering against torrents of shot, and found the

batteries empty before they could leap into them. Mühlberg is ours, and the Russians in whirl for a mile ! It was a good beginning, but the wings, which should have closed simultaneously on the beaten Russians, were delayed by the meshwork of straggling lakes. There was no crossing except by narrow isthmuses, and heavy guns could not be dragged up the soft slope to Mühlberg. During the delay, the Russian whirlpool began to settle ; but Friedrich, swiftest of men, wrote off to Berlin : " Russians beaten ; rejoice with me ! "

More and more the fight flamed up from its embers ; but the Prussians, again victorious, drove the enemy out of Kunersdorf. It was 3 p.m. on a blazing day, and, as the Prussians could no longer be fresh, Finck and Seidlitz thought to pause ; but Friedrich was impatient of things half done : which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault all the rest of his life. He ordered his left wing to take the raging battery of Spitzberg on the Russian right. They threaded their lake-labyrinth, ranked again, stormed up under a tearing fire, but could not take it, and fell back under floods of case-shot. Seidlitz and the horse were then bidden try it, but were torn in gaps by the torrents of grape-shot. Thence all went aback with the Prussians, for they could neither take Spitzberg nor advance without it. Friedrich thrice led on the main attack and had two horses shot under him. But gradually the Prussians lost ground, and the Russians advanced, serrying their ranks. Vainly the Prussians strove to retake the height : for fifteen minutes the lines were not fifty yards asunder. When Loudon dashed towards the left flank, all hope ended, and the Prussian ranks melted into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it could. It was 6 p.m., and such a day Friedrich never thought to see : the pillar of the State, the Prussian army, gone to chaos. He entreated even with tears, " Children, don't forsake me in this pinch ! " But the retreat became flight ; guns were jammed and left at Hen-Floss bridge, and the army made through the wood for Oder bridges. Friedrich, among the last to leave, was nearly caught by Cossacks ; and of an army of 43,000 only 3,000 could be got together. His losses were 6,000 killed and 13,000 wounded—and the Russian loss was not much lighter. . . . The couriers of victory and defeat arrived in the wrong order at Berlin, and there was alternate paroxysm of joy and terror.

5 (1759). On the fourth day Friedrich's despair began to abate, and no Russians had followed him to Reitwein. He had now collected 23,000 men, and was sending for the anti-Swedish army. He was indignant with his troops, taking no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness. Externally he was cheerful and hopeful, but within was sorrow, weariness, misery :

a traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes, a most lone soul of a man, but continually toiling forward. The world was now certain of his ruin, and his enemies might have ruined him had they been diligent. Daun and his cunctations, expecting to succeed by the help of others, was the cause of their failure. Against their incoherency of action Friedrich was at least a unity. For two months there was no stroke, but strategic dance of four armies.

From August 18th to 30th Friedrich was at Fürstenwalde, between Frankfurt and Berlin; but when he heard of Soltikof marching south, he followed down the Spree valley. He had written to D'Argens: "I am well resolved, after this stroke, if it fail, to open an outgate for myself." . . . He was once again in the old moorland Wusterhausen countries of thirty years ago. At home Sister and Mother were waiting with many troubles and many loves, while Papa slept Pan-like under the shadow of his big tree. Now were solitude and desolation, and the Russian-Austrian death-deluges instead. . . . Daun wished Soltikof to complete the ruin, but Soltikof replied it was Daun's turn. Daun promised to supply the Russians with meal, if they would keep Friedrich away. . . . The Reich army entered Saxony, left to its garrisons, and took Leipzig and other towns; and the Austrians were to combine with it on Dresden. Schmettau had a garrison of 3,700, and had he defended himself, Dresden would not have been taken. The siege, begun on August 30th, was never conducted with much vigour, but on September 4th the town surrendered. It was one of the most tragical bits of ill luck that ever befell Friedrich, and just missed being a triumph. The capitulation signature was not yet dry when news came that the Prussian General Wunsch was within ten miles and had retaken Torgau. Wunsch had blown out the Reich garrison, and advanced to Dresden, which he could not save, but was lord of the northern regions again. It was a brilliant bit of soldiership on the part of this young General, and a high career may lie ahead for him, for Friedrich has few such men now. . . .

Friedrich, never over-generous to an unfortunate Captain, would not employ Schmettau again or see his face: though such a broken veteran seems rather deserving of tears. He lived silent, poor, but honourable for his remaining fifteen years, with no mutiny in his mind against his chief. The best men in the army continued his friends, and Madam Schmettau came out very beautiful. . . . "Silesia and Saxony both ours," wrote Daun to Soltikof; but Soltikof replied with request for more meal and a victory on Daun's part. And to Daun's sad astonishment, Leipzig and all the north-west were recaptured by Finck and Wunsch.

6 (1759). Daun had gained all at the expense of others, and should now get Saxony finished and then try for Silesia : if he is not over-sparing of his trump cards ! Prince Henri was assiduously threatening his roads and magazines, in the effort to get into communication with his brother. The Russians were behind the pools of Lieberose ; Friedrich was between them and Berlin ; so that he and Henri were wedged asunder by a dike of Russians and Austrians eighty miles long, from the Bober river eastward along the Lausitz Brandenburg frontier. Daun should have attacked and abolished Henri, as he might have done with twice his force ; and no rashness could have better spoilt his game than this extreme caution. He wished Soltikof, already disgusted at him, to attack Glogau, and when this plan was assented to, on condition that Austria furnished artillery and 10,000 men, he reluctantly did so. News reached Friedrich that Soltikof would go for Silesia by a wide sweep northward : on which he seized Sagan, the key of the road to Glogau, and re-opened communications with Henri. . . . The bad health of his brother Ferdinand in Berlin was much an object of anxiety to him, and he corresponded diligently with the dear little man, giving earnest medical advices. . . . Writing to Voltaire on September 22nd, he denied that his position was as desperate as his enemies gave out. "I have honour for ten ; and . . . whatever misfortune befall me, I feel myself incapable of doing anything to wound . . . this principle, which is so sensitive and delicate for one who thinks like a gentleman, and so little regarded by rascally politicians, who think like tradesmen." . . . "My opponents are such foolish people, in the end I bid fair to catch some advantage over them." . . . "Had I been born a private man, I would yield everything for the love of Peace ; but one has to take the tone of one's position."

While Friedrich crossed the Oder and counter-manceuvred the enemy in Silesia, Henri executed his famous march of fifty hours. Urged on by Russians and Reichsfolk, Daun marched to Görlitz, but Henri had quitted his camp at Landskron and vanished like a dream. He marched north to Rothenburg, then west to Klitten, and on to Hoyerswerda, where he surprised and swallowed an Austrian division of 3,000. This march, one of the most extraordinary on record, was the turning-point of the campaign. Henri was usually defensive, frugal of risks, but a highly ingenious, dexterous little man in affairs of War : thin-skinned also, and capricious, giving his brother a great deal of trouble with his jealousies and shrewish whims. Daun's cunctations were ruined, and he now saw there was no hope of Saxony.

Friedrich was in Silesia, his spirits risen, his old pride returned : no longer meek and humbled, even asking advice, though

without Council of Peers. He led Soltikof a bad life on both sides of the Oder, and latterly on the big eastern elbow where Oder takes his final bend or farewell of Poland. Meal for Soltikof was becoming impossible, and Daun promised money instead ! Soltikof grew angry and threatened to march for Posen and his own meal stores. His sulphurous humour found vent in horrible treatment of the country, and on October 24th he took the road to Posen, leaving Loudon to get home as best he could. On November 1st Friedrich was at Glogau, the Silesian business happily over, and things in Saxony looking well. Daun could make nothing of Henri, and took to cutting down whole forests and palisading himself. When Hülßen came from Silesia with 13,000, Daun retreated upon Dresden.

On the other side of the ocean, Wolfe took Quebec, and Friedrich himself could not have done it better. America was to be English, not French : and Pitt traced in it the hand of Providence. Pitt was now King of England, and he ruled as despotically as Friedrich. War requisites were got ready with Prussian punctuality. . . . Good news also came from India.

7 (1759). Daun was ebbing homeward, with Henri following and pricking him forward ; but Friedrich, who arrived in high humour on November 13th, found his methods too slow and ordered a sharp pursuit. He thought things had changed back, that it had all been a hideous nightmare, and he might now repeat the 1757 campaign of Leuthen and Rossbach. After the first skirmish he gave the order for Maxen that proved so unlucky. Finck was to plant himself at Maxen and cut off Austrian communications with Bohemia and the Pirna country. To Finck, who found the business precarious, he said : " You know I can't stand making difficulties ; contrive to get it done ! " . . . On November 16th Finck was at Maxen, a most intertwined Hill country, forecourt of the Pirna rocks : unwelcome news to Daun, as it was on the road of his meal-carts and communications. As he had 42,000 men against 12,000, Daun decided to attack ; and soon Finck from his hill-top saw on all sides his enemies encompassing him like bees. There was still time to manœuvre out, and he should have had the courage to face the King's anger : but true rather to the letter, he determined to remain. On November 20th he was assaulted on all sides, and after five hours' fight the Austrians entered Maxen. Finck retreated northward, met with further disasters, and finally surrendered. About 12,000 men were lost to Friedrich.

Writing to D'Argens on November 22nd, Friedrich described himself as stupefied with the misfortune, which had deranged all his measures and cut him to the quick. " Ill-luck, which persecutes my old age, has followed me from the Mark . . .

to Saxony. . . . I am so crushed down by these incessant reverses and disasters that I wish a thousand times I were dead. . . ." Friedrich always retained a bitter memory of Maxen, and was inexorable to Finck. On his return from Austrian captivity he was sentenced by Court Martial to a year's imprisonment. It would have been more beautiful to have made matters soft for Finck, but Friedrich never went on that score with his Generals, though he was the reverse of a cruel man. But the Laws of Fact are still severer, so a King had better be just, and rhadamanthine in important cases. . . . Another of Friedrich's outposts was now defeated, and Daun issued from Plauen Chasm with 72,000. But Friedrich, though with only 36,000, would not give way, and Daun retired to the Chasm again. He will protect Dresden, but can realise nothing more of the conquest of Saxony.

8 (1759-60). Friedrich was still loath to quit the field before he had retaken Dresden and driven Daun home; but he found the Austrians unattackable in their frozen chasms and rock-labyrinths choked with snow. Not till mid January did he put his troops into partial cantonments near Freyberg. One of the grimmest camps it proved, the canvas roofs grown mere ice-plates. . . .

Ferdinand was sending a reinforcement of 12,000 men to Friedrich; and Karl Eugen of Würtemberg, one of Friedrich's fellest enemies, would cut them off at Fulda. But they appeared suddenly, while his troops were scattered and he was about to give a ball. He made his exit from the war-theatre like a crowned mule that had stepped upon galvanic wires. . . . His Würtembergers were Protestants who fought unwillingly against Friedrich, the Protestant Hero. . . . Friedrich's creed may have differed extremely from Luther's, but the core of it and all human, not simious, creeds was the same: that it is dangerous and abominable to attempt believing what is not true. . . . On July 27, 1759, Perpetual President Maupertuis had died: a man of high talent who unluckily mistook it for the highest. . . . On November 20th, the day of Maxen, the projected French invasion of England found its terminus on the shores of Brittany. Hawke managed to strike his claws into Conflans, in spite of roaring weather, and put an end to French hopes of a navy. Temporary bankruptcy followed in France, foreshadowing the General Overturn.

At this time Friedrich published an authorised edition of his poems, suppressing what he had said about certain crowned heads. . . . Some talk of peace and rumours of a Congress in November '59 came to nothing. . . . Friedrich now corresponded regularly with Voltaire; they were a pair of

lovers hopelessly estranged, yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. They exchanged verses, and Friedrich spoke of passing matters in a swaggering way, lest Voltaire should blab. There was rarely any scolding, but nothing of cordiality. In July Friedrich had written : "Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog of a life ? In seeing and causing the butchery of people you know nothing of ? In losing daily those you do know and love ? . . ." But though he desired peace, it must be of an honourable nature. . . . As Pitt would hear of no peace that did not include Prussia, Choiseul wished to make mischief between him and Friedrich. . . . Voltaire wrote of Friedrich to third parties in a different strain. The affectionately chirping Mouse had become the injured Wild-cat with fur up. He wrote to D'Argental : "I have tasted the vengeance of consoling the King-of Prussia. . . ." "I never will pardon him," he wrote after Kunersdorf, "the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month, without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humiliation, the chastisement of the sinner ; whether his eternal damnation, I don't quite know." . . . Friedrich to Voltaire : "If you saw me, you would scarcely know me again : I am old, broken, grey-headed, wrinkled ; I am losing my teeth and my gaiety : if this go on, there will be nothing of me left but the mania of making verses, and an inviolate attachment to my duties and to the few virtuous men whom I know."

In August '59 Friedrich had hoped for trouble between Austria and Spain, when Carlos, in coming to the throne, gave Naples to his son, against the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle ; but Austria was too intent on Silesia. It was singular that Friedrich's veracious intellect entertained so many fallacies of hope : either of peace or new enemies to Austria and Russia—even the Grand Turk and Cham of Tartary.

9 (1760). On April 25th Friedrich quitted Freyberg and joined his discouraged army. The horoscope of these campaigns grows yearly darker, and there seldom lay ahead of any man a more dangerous-looking year. He would have been starved out of men for his armies but for a system of compelling prisoners and captives to take Prussian service. The whole German Reich was also deluged with secret Prussian Enlisters. A certain Colignon travelled about promising Commissions ; and the renown of the Prussian arms was so universal, combined with hope of booty, that young men would rob their fathers or masters, or travel at their own charge to Magdeburg. There they were received as common recruits and put by force into suitable regiments, 60,000 being thus raised.

Loudon, in co-operation with the Russians, was to attempt

the conquest of Silesia, while Daun kept Friedrich busy in Saxony. . . . The world considered Friedrich ruined ; he had lost 60,000 men in the last campaign and been twice beaten. Now, with incredible diligence, he had got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever), and, as if by art and magic, 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. He hid his gloom from all but D'Argens, and their correspondence presents an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls weighed down with labours and chagrins, such as were seldom laid on any man. His tone is not indignant, oftenest with a touch of humour, and does not solicit sympathy. "Don't forget a poor Philosopher," he writes to D'Argens, "who, perhaps to expiate his incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in *this* world." And in writing to Mitchell, after imputing his late escape to the misconduct of his enemies, who did not follow up their advantages, he adds : "Experience often corrects people of their blunders. I cannot expect to profit by anything of that kind in the course of this Campaign. . . ."

XX. 1 (1760). This campaign was the crisis ; and, after some months of ill luck, the turning in the long lane appeared to Friedrich. When the hope of ruining him became problematic, the will on Austria's part began to slacken. . . . Friedrich was always famed for his marches, but now they exceeded all calculation and example : oversetting his enemies' schemes again and again, and making his one army equal to their three. . . . His task was to defend Saxony, while Henri and Fouquet defended Silesia. They have spun themselves out into a chain of posts 300 miles long, from Landshut, along Bober, Oder, Neumark, to the Baltic. . . . Friedrich remained seven weeks at Schlettau reading the omens, but never had a campaign appeared more indecipherable to him. . . . At the end of May the Russians began to advance, but Henri, though urged by Friedrich, was too cautious to attack. . . . At last Loudon moved, deceived Fouquet, and aimed at Glatz, taking Landshut on the way. Friedrich was angry, and ordered it to be retaken, which was done. . . . On June 18th Friedrich started to march to Radeburg and attack Lacy and his 30,000 : his first great marching feat, though with little result. He wished to get between Daun and Lacy, but cautious Daun ordered Lacy in, and entrenched and palisaded to the teeth. . . . On June 25th news came that Fouquet, obeying to the letter, had been trodden out of Landshut by superior numbers in the scale of three to one. An Austrian force moved rearward to block his retreat ; and though he formed square and cut a way for himself, his army was annihilated. Better had he obeyed in the spirit, for he has probably lost Friedrich Silesia, besides

10,000 Prussian-Spartan fighters and a fine General. The gate of Silesia is burst open, and Loudon may take Glatz, which will keep it so. It was a thunderbolt for Friedrich, and one of the last pillars struck away from his tottering affairs.

But in a few hours his mind was composed and he had new plans on the anvil. There is no end to his contrivances, especially when you have him jammed into a corner. He thought to besiege Dresden and so lure his enemies away, and on July 2nd he started on a second march. Daun thought he was aiming for Silesia and sent Lacy to harass him. It was a hard march through defiles with heavy cannon, and very hot, as morning broke, in the breathless woods. Daun set off for Bautzen, hastening as never before, but Friedrich would not have him reach Silesia first. It was now July 6th, and Friedrich marched on, intending to cross the Spree and leave Bautzen on the right : such a march for heat and difficulty as he had never had before. There were many brooks to cross, at which the soldiers were forbidden to drink, but many did so through irrepressible thirst. Daun was marching almost faster, and when Friedrich reached the Spree, he heard the bird was flown : on which he wheeled to the right and settled within two miles of Bautzen. Nothing in Roman times, though they had less baggage, comes up to such modern marching. On July 7th there was a skirmish of horse near Bautzen, and Friedrich was in the thick of it and in great danger. Next day came news that Daun was fifty miles ahead, and as there was no hope of reaching him, Friedrich turned against Lacy. But Lacy also eluded him, escaped annihilation by being off in time, and reached Dresden and Plauen Chasm on July 10th. Friedrich's first string is snapped in two, but he has a second.

2 (1760). They say that Friedrich might have taken Dresden by storm on the first day, but shuddered at exposing it to sack and plunder. It was one of the rapidest and most furious sieges on record. Maguire was Governor, with 14,000 garrison ; and Lacy, instructed not to fight with Friedrich, had withdrawn to the edge of the Pirna country. On July 14th the cannonade began, and on the 18th the heavy guns arrived. Maguire burnt Pirna suburb, and the siege became altogether furious, some streets being set on fire. Daun succeeded in opening communications with Maguire, and on July 21-22 there was a combined sally and assault ; but it was unsuccessful, and Daun did little afterwards but make Pandour raids. Friedrich, whose soul was black and wrathful and worn almost desperate, continued bombarding till the 26th, and on the 29th withdrew unmolested to Meissen, poorer than if he had stayed.

The same day joy-firing from the Austrian lines announced the fall of Glatz. Jesuits had acted on a garrison mainly of

Austrian deserters, and the southern key of Silesia was lost to Friedrich. It was Loudon's work ; and cautious Henri had only been observing Soltikof. Friedrich wrote to Henri begging him not to look upon the black side of everything, for to this was due the indecision of his mind. " Adopt a resolution—rather, what resolution you like ; but stand by it, and execute it with your whole strength." . . . On July 31st Duke Ferdinand's army defeated the French at Warburg.

3 (1760). Friedrich was about to undertake a fortnight of Soldier History hardly to be paralleled elsewhere ; and seldom did a son of Adam fence better for himself. From Glatz Loudon marched on Breslau : having hardly gained the co-operation of Soltikof, who was anxious for his Posen magazine. But Breslau would not surrender, and Loudon drew off for want of ammunition and fear of Henri, who had marched ninety miles in three days from Glogau. On August 1st Friedrich crossed the Elbe near Meissen on the forlornest adventure in the world, but his arrangements were beyond praise. Daun, keeping ahead of his march, had spoilt roads, broken bridges, felled trees, and Lacy hung on his rear ; so that it seemed as if all armies belonged to one leader. Friedrich entered Silesia at Bunzlau, thirty miles west of Liegnitz, wished to cut through to Jauer, get ahead of Daun, and join Henri. He did not know of Loudon's presence also ; but Loudon, Daun, Lacy, on east, south, west, were gathering in on him ; and on the fourth side was the Oder, and perhaps the Russians. On the 9th he tried for Jauer, but enemies were inexpugnably posted on all sides ; on the 10th and 11th he marched leftward to Liegnitz, but the enemy's position was too strong, and he returned : and some hours lost waiting for baggage were used by Daun, Lacy and Loudon to thrust between him and Jauer. Soltikof became impatient with the three, and urged them to attack Friedrich lest he should cross the Oder.

On August 12th–13th Friedrich again marched to Liegnitz, with the three-lipped Pincers still agape for him, all in scientific postures. Also 24,000 Russians under Czernichef were crossing the Oder to the rear of Loudon. He encamped at Katzbach and then marched for Parchwitz, while his meal-wagons jingled on to Glogau to reload. He had 2,000 wagons to drag with him, for Glogau, forty-five miles off, was his one magazine. He had left his camp fires burning vividly, and now planted himself on the brow of the horseshoe heights of the Schwartzwasser river. It was a beautiful night and no one slept, when news came of an enemy attack on the left wing. Friedrich ordered cannon to the hill-top, and Loudon got an unexpected reception. But his behaviour on repulse was magnificent, for, knowing that retreat

meant ruin, he formed on bad ground and stormed in again and again. He was met with corresponding counter-fury, and retired with loss of 10,000. Daun was within five miles, but said he knew nothing of Loudon's attack. He made an attempt on Ziethen, but his cavalry were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon, so he retired and again missed the tide-hour. Lacy also could not cross Schwartzwasser further up, owing to bogs, so here was the quasi-miracle needed to save Friedrich. Enemies and avalanches had hung round him on every side, and at no moment of his life had ruin been likelier. It was the breaking of his imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths and entry into free field once more.

He now marched for Parchwitz, on the road to Breslau and Glogau; while Daun as usual made no use of his superior forces. Friedrich did not know the whereabouts of Loudon or Lacy, but finally decided to march for Breslau. At Neumarkt, near Leuthen, he saw the whole Austrian army on the march three miles off, and was now secure of Breslau and junction with Henri. In a letter to D'Argens of August 27th he describes himself as growing old and weak, and under the necessity of meeting Herculean tasks with waning powers, while hope, the one comfort of the unhappy, begins to be lacking. If he survives the war he will pass the remainder of his life in solitude, in the bosom of Philosophy and Friendship. . . . From Saxony came news that Hülsen, though greatly outnumbered, had repulsed an Austrian and Reich attack: a bit of sunshine to the Royal mind.

4 (1760). The Battle of Liegnitz was followed by a general going back of Austrians and Russians. To Friedrich's regret, Henri retired either ill or in the sulks to Breslau—and private theatricals. Friedrich now had 50,000 men, and made an "insolent" march through the Austrian chain of Army Posts to Schweidnitz, which he recovered; and then for five weeks he practised this style on Daun, Lacy, Loudon, in the intricate hill country between Schweidnitz and Glatz. Vienna was surprised that Daun could do nothing; and the Russians were intending for home. Daun began to want provisions, and winter was drawing nigh. Friedrich grew weary of the Small War of Posts, and wrote to D'Argens: "My spirits have forsaken me. All gaiety is buried with the Loved Noble Ones whom my heart was bound to."

Daun was pinned to the hills with hunger ahead; and the Russians, who had been besieging Colberg, were forced to retire. Daun was still shrieking hoarsely to the Russians, and at last they took pity on him and agreed to make a raid on Berlin. An army of 20,000 started from Sagan under Czernichef: to be

joined by Lacy with 15,000 from Silesia. On October 3rd the vanguard under Tottleben reached the Berlin environs : but the Court and Archives were gone to Magdeburg, and the population showed extraordinary spirit. Seidlitz and some other Generals were there, and Prince Eugen arrived with 5,000. The bombardment had small result, and was met by good counter-play. Lacy arrived, but also Hülsen with 9,000 men ; but as the invaders were 35,000 to 14,000, Hülsen and Eugen retired to Spandau and left Berlin to capitulate. Tottleben was privately no enemy to Berlin, and Lacy thought the ransom he demanded inadequate. The Russian discipline was excellent compared to the Saxon. The Saxons in a Palace behaved like Attila's Dragoons, smashing furniture, pictures, statues. . . . Gotzhowsky, the rich merchant, became a sort of "spiritual King" of Berlin, and did all the negotiating and interceding between the enemy Generals and suffering people. On October 11th it was rumoured that Friedrich was coming, and at once Lacy and Tottleben disappeared, though as yet he was five marches off. On arrival at Lübben, some miles south, he first forbade the Russian Bill to be discharged, but was convinced by Gotzhowsky that Merchants' bills are a sacred thing.

5 (1760). Friedrich left Lübben on October 20th with full fixity of purpose but gloomy outlook. All Saxony was Daun's, and he and the Russians would strive to close in on Friedrich. Recruits, magazines, resources were needed for a new campaign, and where could Friedrich look for them ? He wrote to D'Argens that he regarded death from the Stoic point of view and would never make a disadvantageous peace ; and that he had always acted according to the interior voice of conscience and honour. "After having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years to my Country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age." With the object of recovering the lost Saxon countries he advanced and re-seized Wittenberg : on which the Reich army fell back to Leipzig. On October 26th he crossed the Elbe, detached Hülsen against the Reich, to prevent a junction with Daun, and on November 2nd marched against Daun at Torgau. Daun had orders to maintain Torgau at all costs, and this will be the tug of wrestle of the Campaign.

Leaving behind Schilda of absurd fame, he traversed long tracts of Pine Forest towards Torgau, that stands near the Elbe on the shoulder, or rather *cheek*, of a knoll, with *neck* intervening : neck *goitry* or quaggy with ponds. Daun's camp was on an elevation, environed by woods and ponds and inaccessibilities. Henri, in the same position with inferior force, had been impregnable, and Daun had superior force. But Friedrich discerned one fault : there was not room to manœuvre 65,000

men ; and this was the *eureka* of the terrible problem. He planned to attack front and rear simultaneously, and on November 3rd, at 6.30 a.m., marched north in four columns through the woods. At a certain point, half were to strike off to the right with Ziethen and issue on the south side of Siplitz Hill ; the other half under Friedrich to continue north, then bend round and attack the north side simultaneously with Ziethen. The Prussians were 44,000, and the essential point was to be simultaneous. Friedrich's march, in three columns, hidden by woods, was more than twice as far as Ziethen's, fourteen or fifteen miles, like a shepherd's crook. It was a wet morning, and there were difficulties with the artillery wagons in the miry lanes : danger also of missing your road in the solitary woods, as one column did. Daun learnt of the advance and whirled round to front Friedrich with 400 cannon, and Lacy as his rearguard. It may fare badly with Friedrich, and his arrangements have gone the wrong way. For the last hour of his march a cannonade had been audible from Ziethen's side ; and, thinking Ziethen engaged, he hurried on : but Ziethen had merely got into a skirmish with a small Austrian party in his route.

Between twelve and one Friedrich and his Vanguard emerged from the woods : no second column under Hülsen or third under Holstein appeared. The ground on Daun's right was too boggy to attack ; he must return to the wood and attack the left. Holstein with the cavalry was wandering by wrong paths, and Ziethen's cannonade grew louder. He decided to attack at once, despite the difficult ground and the cannonade from 400 pieces, which, he said, surpassed anything he had ever heard. His artillery outside the wood was blown away ; but the Grenadiers rushed into the throat of Daun's iron engines and tearing billows of cannon-shot. Yet they got into contact with Daun and sold their lives hand to hand, only falling back when reduced to the tenth man. This was the first attack, and Daun's line was disordered, with all his 400 fire-throats ; and he and Friedrich were both wounded. Soon after three Hülsen's column arrived at the wood's edge, and attacked at the same north-west corner. Daun's line was broken, his artillery surmounted, made useless, his front sent reeling back : if only Ziethen had been seriously busy on the south side ! But resolute Daun called in his reserve, drove back the Prussians by weight of numbers, and after the toughest bout of battle the result was his.

About 4.30 the tardy Holstein, with his cavalry, emerged from the woods, going from us ; but Friedrich halted him in time and organised a third attack. It was of sporadic, intermittent nature in the thickening dust and darkness, part of it successful, none beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Daun's left flank was

ruined, but the rival hosts became interpenetrated with charging and recharging. Night was sinking on this murderous day, and Daun sent a triumphant message to Vienna : but Friedrich would try again on the morrow.

Ziethen had stood all day making idle noises, but when Friedrich's fire ceased at nightfall, his generals urged him to push west. He attacked and captured Siplitz, which the Austrians burnt before leaving, and the Prussians could not get through the burning village. But there arrived Möllendorf, who had discovered the westward road they should have taken in the morning ; and the sound of their march along it reached Hülsen. It led towards the south-west corner of Siplitz height, summit and key of all the battle area, saddle-shaped, accessible from the west side. Hülsen succeeded in joining Möllendorf and Ziethen ; and though Daun sent reinforcements, the Prussians captured the all-important pommel of the saddle, and the Austrians rolled off eastward. Daun saw the key of his ground was lost, and retreated across the Elbe in good order. He joined with Lacy at Dresden, and as usual they sheltered in the Plauen Chasms.

Terrible confusion reigned on the battlefield, where the wounded weltered in their blood on the cold wet ground and merciless predatory sutlers were abroad. In Elsnig Church, where Friedrich had sought refuge and used the altar as a writing-table, he heard news of the final victory. Except Dresden, all Saxony was his as heretofore. Torgau was his last battle, and also Daun's : and Daun's losses were 20,000 to Friedrich's 13,000 or 14,000. But no conquest of Silesia or Saxony was now possible to Daun ; and Glatz was all that remained to him of Silesia. Friedrich spent the winter at Leipzig, whence he wrote to D'Argens (November 10th) : " We have saved our reputation by the day of Torgau, but don't imagine our enemies are so disheartened as to desire peace." . . . " Don't forget a poor devil who curses ten times a day his fatal existence, and could wish he already were in those Silent Countries from which nobody returns with news." . . . To Madame Camas¹ he described himself as become grey-haired, with teeth falling out, wrinkled face, and back bent like a fiddle-bow. . . .

Duke Ferdinand had tried vainly to take Wesel, and henceforth his campaigns turned on the defence of Hanover. The huge war was beginning to burn lower, like a lamp with the oil getting done. France knew Canada and India were lost, and tried only for Hanover.

6 (1760-1). The death of George II on October 25th proved unfortunate for Friedrich. He had stood loyal to the Enterprise, and there were now fears of Bute and Company.

¹ See I. iv. 9.

The argument of expense was brought against the war, and Pitt was held responsible for the enormous fortunes realised by swindling Army Furnishers. The ablest and noblest man in England will soon be forbidden to do England any service farther.

Friedrich passed a fairly cheerful winter, with books and friends, besides his business. He had D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, Mitchell, and his two nephews, sons of his dead brother, aged sixteen and fourteen : the elder of whom, Friedrich-Wilhelm, became King. There were daily concerts, though he had ceased to play the flute ; but he retained his passion for conversing with the learned. Though a whole breaking world lay on his shoulders, he always welcomed a talk with anyone of sense and knowledge. His celebrated interview with Gellert now took place : Gellert, the oracle of those parts, who received sheaves of daily letters on affairs of conscience—a modest, despondent, orthodox, commonplace man. Friedrich complained there were no good German authors, and he prescribed riding for Gellert's dyspepsia (disease of the learned). He said : "You must come again often ; bring your *Fables* with you, and read me something." . . . Gellert was too modest to press himself on Friedrich, and was not sent for in the hurries succeeding ; but Friedrich never quite forgot him, and Prince Henri sent him a horse. . . . When the Saxons were at Berlin they had sacked the castle of Charlottenburg, and their King had expressed no regret. Now, in reprisal, Friedrich ordered the furniture of Hubertsburg Schloss (within his cantonments) to be sold for Field Hospitals. General Saldern refused to obey the King's order, as contrary to his honour and oath, and had to retire honourably ruined. Quintus Icilius, however, cheerfully sacked Hubertsburg, made a good thing for himself, and was bantered all his life about it by Friedrich. But after the peace Saldern was recalled and made more of than ever.

During the winter there was some Small War between Ferdinand and the French, with varying fortune. . . . In March '61 came a formal proposal from France for a peace congress, but it ended in nothing. . . . Belleisle, last of the grand old Frenchmen, had died on January 26th. Twenty years ago he planned to cut Teutschland in four, and now that grandiose enterprise was drawing to its issue in universal defeat. . . . The last we hear of Friedrich before the campaign is a note, with gift of porcelain, to his beloved Madame Camas.

7 (1761). Friedrich had made a miraculous recovery with Liegnitz and Torgau in 1760, compared to Kunersdorf and Maxen in 1759, and he was a King risen from the deeps. But his resources are melting away, and he is one small Nation against mighty Nations. The hue of his thoughts is settled black, for it is easy to say, "Resist till we die," but not to go about doing

it year after year. No one has ever taken that posture with a more truly stoical and manful figure of demeanour. . . . He entertained his usual hopes of peace, but with no slackening of preparations, and got together 96,000 men. Henri would defend Saxony against Daun, and he Silesia against Loudon and the Russians. The campaign opened two months later than usual, and was indecisive, with manœuvrings and small events from April to August. . . . Goltz was Friedrich's deputy in Silesia—a useful type of man—and the strong positions he took up deterred Loudon from assault. Vienna desired no action till the Russians arrived towards June end, and then, with numbers three to one, they would sweep all Silesia. . . . On May 3rd Friedrich marched to Silesia to relieve Goltz, leaving Henri in Saxony against Daun in huge force. Henri's success in maintaining himself afterwards drew forth Napoleon's praise.

The Russians entered Silesia and marched to Breslau; and Goltz unfortunately died of fever when about to attack them. Friedrich, by one of his famous marches, prevented their junction with the Austrians at Neisse; but Loudon suggested junction at Schweidnitz. Friedrich was between 60,000 Russians and 72,000 Austrians, and they should have fallen on him simultaneously. They did, however, join on August 18th, and on the 20th Friedrich began to form the world-famous Camp of Bunzelwitz, between Schweidnitz and Striegau. The ground was a wavy champaign, neither abrupt nor high, seven to eight miles long and broad. Twenty-five thousand spades and picks set to work at batteries, redoubts, trenches. . . . The angry enemies lay in huge half-moon on the edge of the distant hills; and Loudon was astonished that Friedrich had made himself so unattackable. Friedrich knew this to be his last card, that if beaten he had no army or resource left. Every night, in expectation of attack, there was vigilance and no sleep; and the life was hard but necessary. The King was ear and eye of the whole, and when he slept it was in a small tent on a bundle of straw. He would stroll about among the guard-parties, or warm himself by their fires. Many anecdotes are current to this day about his pleasant homely ways and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they showed him. His authority was a law of nature and needed no keeping up, so he even permitted bantering, or a rough joke at himself. The men grew tired of waiting for the battle which never came, and meat was getting scarce. The Russian General Butturlin, urged by Loudon to co-operate, would only promise a division; and Loudon was nearly heart-broken, for the campaign season was all but done and the result nothing. On September 10th the Russians retired, and the Prussians thenceforth encamped in a more human way. On

September 11th Friedrich sent Platen to get round Butturlin's flank and burn his magazines—which he did with great success—so that the Russians must hasten forward or starve.

In July Duke Ferdinand had won a victory over the French under Broglio and Soubise, largely through the incompatibility of the two Maréchaux. They parted company, but each did nothing on his own account. English and French peace negotiations opened in Paris between Choiseul and Stanley, with Pitt warily and loftily presiding in the distance. Choiseul was soon satisfied the bargain would be hard, and induced Spain to declare war. . . . In August–September Romanzow undertook a third siege of Colberg, but it proved as impossible as Bunzelwitz, though he fired 2,000 red-hot balls into it daily. At the end of September the effects of Bunzelwitz were felt, including the coming of Platen and Butturlin's retirement on the score of hunger.

8 (1761). On September 26th Friedrich quitted Bunzelwitz, but there came news that Loudon by a sudden panther-spring had taken Schweidnitz. From want of men in the field, Friedrich had neglected his garrisons, and Loudon was everywhere victorious in the storming. It was the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia, and real prospect of finishing the remainder next year. The hardest stroke to Friedrich in the course of this war, it made his campaign of no worth. He became ill of gout, and it was whispered his inflexible heart was at last breaking : that is the very axis of the Prussian world giving way. But he appeared on horseback again with a cheerful face, and wrote a mild letter to Zastrow, the Commandant who had surrendered : "You have behaved like a brave Officer, and . . . neither you nor the Garrison have brought disgrace or reproach on yourselves." . . . The Kaiser was delighted, but the Olympian brow of Maria Theresa gloomed indignantly : "No order from Kriegshofrath or me !"

9 (1761). Early in October, while at Schönbrunn as the guest of Warkotsch, Friedrich heard of a plot on his host's part to seize him living or dead. Warkotsch escaped, on the discovery of his plot, and one of Friedrich's first questions was, "But how have I offended Warkotsch ?" His capture would have ended the war, but so would one of the million bullets that had whistled round his head. Particular heads, meant for use in the scheme of things, are not to be hit till the use is had. . . . On December 9th Friedrich settled in Breslau, where bad news reached him from Colberg. Conveyance of supplies across a hundred miles of wilderness was the difficulty, with a waylaying Russian force of 15,000. Winter was early, snow ell-deep, and the soldier's bread a block of ice. : . . Eugen of Würtemberg

would not surrender, but lacked horse-fodder, and decided to retire. He got clean away, and lightened the pressure on Heyde's small store, and Heyde rejected the twenty-fifth summons to surrender. He poured water on the walls, and the grim frost made them like glass, so that storming had no effect. But Eugen tried to relieve him in vain, and on the 16th he marched out with all the honours of war. . . . In Saxony all that happened was that Daun drove in Henri's outposts.

10 (1761-2). Friedrich was in Breslau, with his nephews and other society, and he still fostered Turk illusions. Unfortunately for him, great Pitt was thrown out and perverse small Butes came in. Russians were in Pommern and Neumark, Austrians held all but a strip of Saxony and fraction of Silesia. He must double his present force of 60,000 men, but from where? All admit this long agonistic tragedy must terminate next year. Austria has cash difficulties, France is bankrupt, starving, passionate for peace—and the war waxes feeble. Austria must kill Friedrich this year if at all: but he grows terribly elastic when you compress him into a corner. . . . The Choiseul peace negotiations led to the resignation of Pitt (October 3, '61), who resented Spanish interference and wished to declare war on Spain so as to humble the whole House of Bourbon; but his policy was opposed by the Cabinet. The nation was thunderstruck, and within three months of his retirement war had to be declared on Spain. In April Mitchell announced to Friedrich that the English subsidy could no longer be paid. The alloy this year became as three to one, and there was complete abeyance of Gift-moneys to Prussian officers: one of the greatest sins charged upon Friedrich. But he did raise his additional 60,000 men.

"But for my books," wrote Friedrich to D'Argens, "I think hypochondria would have had me in Bedlam before now." . . . Henri, who was watching the Austrians and Reich, became gloomy and acidulous. Being blamed by Friedrich, he wished to retire, and wrote: "You are pleased to make me responsible for what misfortune may come of it." . . . Friedrich replied: "You who preach indulgence, have a little of it for persons who have no intention of offending you." . . . Henri, however, did beautifully this season in small war.

In mid January came the glad news from Petersburg that the Czarina was dead. Friedrich knew that Peter, the successor, was secretly his friend and admirer. Russia was the uglier and more ruinous half of all he had to strive with; and this might prove a daybreak when night was at its blackest. It did indeed prove daylight and sunrise, and Peter III at once made clear his intention of bringing peace to Europe. . . . (His tragical six months of Czarship is known well enough, the intricacies

between himself and Catherine the Great, and how it was he that had to go in a hideous manner.) . . . Friedrich showed a friendly attitude towards the new Czar, who rushed forward with arms flung wide. On February 23rd he declared there should be peace with Friedrich, and gave up his conquest of East Prussen. Vienna was horrified, and still more so when the Treaty of Peace became one of Alliance, and Czernichef was ordered to join his force to the Prussians. A Swedish peace followed, through Queen Ulrique : a small matter but welcome.

Friedrich to D'Argens (May 28, '62) : "All things show me the sure prospect of Peace by the end of this year ; and, in the background of it, Sans Souci, and my dear Marquis. . . . A feeling of hope, to which for six years I had got unused, consoles me for all I have come through." . . . The Catherine-Peter business is well known and may be briefly summarised. Peter was all for liberalism and enlightenment, never disguised his Prussian predilections, and for two or three months was the idol of the world. He abolished torture, but unfortunately claimed Spiritual Sovereignty ; and "Church in danger" and Prussian tendencies did him mischief. The Czarina saw the Czar was gone from her, that Siberia or worse was possible by and by, and by degrees she entered on a plot. . . . The Prussian Treaties, with conquests returned, were less popular in Petersburg than in Berlin, and from May 5th Peter rather declined. Revolution broke out, and he abdicated and wished to retire to Holstein, but was murdered on July 17th. . . . Catherine, one must own with a shudder, has not attained the autocracy of All the Russias gratis.

11 (1762). Friedrich's plan was to recapture Schweidnitz, clear Silesia of the enemy, and then stand fencible against the Austrian perseverances. Peace is evidently near, and the tide of war on the ebb. Daun, who had succeeded Loudon in the command (as Friedrich was cheered to know), encamped crescent-wise round Schweidnitz ; while Friedrich confined himself to small war till the arrival of Czernichef on July 1st. He had changed his opinion about the Russian Soldiery ; they varied from predatory Cossacks to noble Grenadiers, and would obey to the death with a steadfastness of rocks or gravitation. But all the work he got from them was that a party of Cossacks under General Wied scoured as far as Prag, to the horror of Austria, who shrieked loudly, feeling them in her own bowels, though she cared not when they were in other people's on her score. Wied was recalled to assist in an attack on Daun's right, since no result had followed an attack on the left. This was reckoned a beautiful plan of Friedrich's, his last notable performance in the war. The scene was the Wall of Heights which were the beginning

of the Mountain Glacis rising towards Glatz. Daun's strength in guns was great, in man-devouring batteries and abatis; and his battalions were palisaded to the teeth. Seldom was such a problem, and Friedrich's plan combined flashing insight and care for the smallest practical detail.

But what were Friedrich's feelings when on July 17th Czernichef informed him that there was a Revolution in Petersburg and he was ordered home? Grief for one's hapless friend Peter, for one's still more hapless self! Czernichef at least consented to keep the matter secret and remain three days, and on the 20th Friedrich crushed Daun's people out of Burkersdorf Village, and set to trenching and building batteries. On the 21st, the advance was led by Möllendorf and Wied, who were to attack successively for strategic reasons. Wied pushed up by the slacker eastern ascents, sheltering in hollows from the batteries atop, getting at the enemy side-wise and rear-wise. Möllendorf ascended on the west by a sheep-track, with men dragging up his cannon. After such a climb it was a very prickly, if precious, pomegranate to catch hold of on different sides. The Austrians resisted till their abatis caught fire, and then surrendered. . . . By nightfall Daun had ebbed totally away, bag and baggage, and Friedrich was free to begin on Schweidnitz.

Ferdinand was still fighting with the French and winning small victories; but Bute was ravenous for peace and would have let Austria keep Silesia. Friedrich, when informed of this by the Czar, regarded Bute as a knave and imbecile, and never quite forgave Bute's nation either.

12 (1762). On August 7th Friedrich opened the siege of Schweidnitz, and he expected to have the place in a couple of weeks, but it held out for tedious months. Resistance was skilful, and rival engineers engaged in an underground wrestle with their mining and counter-mining. Daun plotted to intervene, but was outmanœuvred in his attempt to seize Fischerberg Height, key to the position. To recover it he fought the battle of Reichenbach on August 16th—not much more than a theatre fight—from which he withdrew through the gorges of the mountains and for seven weeks sat contemplative. . . . (At this time Madame Daun went to a Levee and had her carriage half filled with symbolical nightcaps.) . . . The siege continued without result, and weeks of rain reduced the trenches to swimming condition. Friedrich was getting into dreadful humour, and would accept no capitulation short of "Prisoners of War." . . . At last an accidental explosion blew part of the wall into wreck, and Schweidnitz surrendered on October 7th. It was the last Austrian fighting in Silesia, and Daun

was forced by sleets and snows to retire into Bohemia. Friedrich left for Saxony, thinking Dresden recaptured might mean peace. Daun followed, but never arrived, and will require no further mention. He died in three years aged sixty : an honourable, imperturbable, eupeptic kind of man. Friedrich did not recapture Dresden, but peace came all the same. Henri's posts were pushed back, but he rallied and gave a stunning return-blow at Freyberg (October 29th), his sole battle and last of the war. . . . On September 21st Ferdinand had repulsed a furious attack of the French at Amöneburg, near Marburg, and terminated the French-English part of the Seven Years War. Bute, embarrassed even by good news, had started decisively on the Peace Negotiation. . . . Henri's fight at Freyberg, against the impregnabilities, with 30,000 to 40,000, broke the back of Austrian obstinacy, and quenched their hope of a Saxon victory to balance Silesian disgraces. On November 24th they made a truce with Friedrich till March 1st.

13 (1762-3). While in winter quarters the Prussians nevertheless prepared for a new campaign. Friedrich was at Leipzig, with his nephews, D'Argens, Henri, and his Berlin Ministers. . . . In one of his letters occurs the passage : "Messieurs the English continue to betray. Poor M. Mitchell has had a stroke of apoplexy on hearing it." . . . He had no doubt that general Peace was at hand, and replied to the Austrians that he was thrice-willing to treat, and his terms were well known. . . . The dance of the Furies was about to waltz itself off, *home* out of this upper sunlight. . . . The one anxiety to Friedrich was Wesel, in French hands for six years ; and he now raised 5,000 to 6,000 men and sent them to the Cleve countries under Colonel Bauer : to whom Wesel was afterwards delivered. Painful to relate, Bauer and his people were at once paid off and flung loose by a necessitous King ! Much public sympathy was expressed for these poor fellows—specimens of the bastard heroic, under difficulties from every country in the world.

Peace terms were discussed at the Schloss of Hubertsburg, and on February 10, 1763, the Treaty was signed. The war had cost 853,000 lives, of whom 180,000 were Prussian ; and the Prussian population was less by 500,000. As regards Military Arts and Virtues this war has as yet no rival. Between Austria and Prussia the issue is "As you were."

Results : 1. No taking of Silesia from this man. Teutschland has found Prussia : a nation grounded on living Facts—Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in. . . . 2. England : America to be English, not French, thanks to Pitt. Merchandisings and colonisings are the result, and England's comely face has become

covered with soot-blotches, and her ears filled with metallic clangour. . . . 3. France: Noble old Teutschland is not to be cut in four and dance to Versailles piping. Versailles is found wanting, and France, fallen into dry-rot, shall pass into Spontaneous Combustion, and kindle the whole world. . . .

On March 16th Friedrich quitted Leipzig, spent eight days in Silesia, and on the 30th entered Berlin between 8 and 9 p.m. He went straight to the Queen's Apartment, where he supped, and next day made gifts to the Queen, Princess Amelia, and everybody, and saw true hearts all merry round him—merrier perhaps than his own.

CHAPTER XLIII

"FREDERICK THE GREAT" VIII : ANALYSIS

XXI. 1 (1763). THE twelve Hercules-labours of this King have ended here, and his part in World-History is done. He has twenty-three years more to live, but they concern Prussian history rather than European. 1789 is the next milestone in the history of Mankind : that universal burning-up, as in hell fire, of Human Shams. . . . It was strange that Friedrich had pity rather than dread for France, for he still loved it ; and neither he nor Voltaire anticipated the Revolution. Both saw, to their contentment, superstition declining, but never dreamed of anarchy in the shape of revolt against Authorities. . . . Friedrich's history henceforth is that of a Prussian King ; it interests us as the biography of a distinguished fellow-man. But we do not want very much even of this, for though a unique King, he had not as a man the depth and singularity that authorises much painting. . . . There are few available details of his later life, and the anecdotes are doubtful. . . . We must part the living from the dead, pick out what has some meaning, leave what has none, and thus pluck up the memory of a hero, like drowned honour by the locks. . . . The story of the *Te Deum* celebration is doubtful, for though he must have had his own thoughts on entering Berlin again, after such a voyage through the deeps, and was not without piety, it did not take the devotional form. He at once set about repairing the immense miscellany of ruin, and was surprisingly successful in dealing with it. Within little more than a year the coin was in order again, and many houses were rebuilt. Prussia has defended itself against overwhelming odds, but the real soul of its merit was that of having merited such a King to command it. Reverence of Human Worth is the summary of all virtues in this world.

2 (1763-6). Friedrich is now fifty-one, unusually old for his age, broken with years and toils : and here lies his Kingdom in haggard, slashed condition, worn to skin and bone. How is he, resourceless, to remedy it ? . . . The money for the next campaign was given to the most necessitous, and artillery horses

were parted into plough teams. Some call Friedrich as great in peace as war ; and there might not have been in Prussia any Trade at all, had it always been " Free " ! He began his problem on the first morrow morning, and undertook a gradual improvement of the coin to avoid oversetting commercial arrangement. . . . In June he was at Wesel on business of house-building. . . . His account of this Battle against Chaos has an eloquence that his other victories have not. He is cold on his Leuthens and Rossbachs, and records them without pleasure. . . . His country was in a state of utter desolation, and he took active remedies instead of leaving it to time. . . . He obliged rich Abbeys to establish manufactures. . . . Needing another two million thalers a year, he was advised to try the French excise system, of which Helvetius was a master. Helvetius, at his request, came and stayed a year, and set up the system, to Friedrich's lasting gratitude rather than Prussia's. It was one of his unsuccessfulest Finance adventures, and awakened some real discontent, being of no profit in proportion to the trouble. The desired overplus did come in, but it was owing to the great prosperity of Prussia at large after the war, and the awakening of manifold industries.

Meanwhile the new Palace of Sans Souci was being built at Potsdam, in Louis XV style, as planned before the war. It was never much lived in, and stands there like the stone apotheosis of an old French Beau. . . . Friedrich to Lord Marischal (Keith's brother), February 16, '64 : " . . . If I had ships I would make a descent on Scotland, to steal off my *cher Mylord*, and bring him hither. . . . I was your late Brother's friend, and had obligations to him ; I am yours with heart and soul." . . . The violent stress of effort for repairing Prussia was mostly over in 1766. . . . We must record a little fraction of *Necrology*. . . . Hour after hour strikes on the Horologe of Time, intimating how the Afternoon wears, and that Night will come. . . . The departing guests may be dear, less dear, indifferent or hostile, but each of them means : " Gone, then, gone ; thus we all go ! " . . . Polish Majesty died October 5, '63 ; Brühl, November 28, '63 ; the wretched Pompadour, age forty-four, April 14, '64 ; Algarotti, May 23, '64 ; excellent old Madame Camas, November 18, '65 ; Mitchell, January 28, '71 ; faithful D'Argens, December 26, '71. . . . Long before, Friedrich had often alluded to the tragic fact that all the souls he loved most were gone. . . . In August '65 Kaiser Franz died suddenly.

3 (1763-9). On April 11, '64, Friedrich made a Treaty with Russia, and each guaranteed 12,000 men in case of war. The Russians had done him frightful damage in the last War,

and he was eager now and always to keep well with such a country. In his correspondence he repressed into absolute zero all that had no bearing upon business. For we are an old King, and have learned by bitter experiences ! No more nicknames, biting verses, or words which a bird of the air could carry. . . . It was by following this passive rule that he acquired a singular bit of gain. . . . The partition of Poland was called "Unjust gain," and produced an immense outcry. . . . The Polish King died October 5, '63, and his son and successor soon after, leaving a boy of thirteen—Friedrich August. His mother, a brilliant creature, was chief guardian, and she wrote to Friedrich (October 5, '63): "You have assured us that you would with pleasure contribute to secure Poland for us. . . . Russia cannot disapprove the mediation you might deign to offer on that behalf. . . ." Friedrich, who was then negotiating his Treaty with Russia, and knew they did not mean to have a Saxon, must have been a little embarrassed by this appeal from his fair friend. He thus adroitly brushes off, without hurt, rather with kisses to it, the beautiful hand that has him by the button. . . . October 8, '63: "I have not the ascendant there which you suppose : I act under rule of all the delicacies and discretions with a Court which separated itself from my Enemies when all Europe wished to crush me." . . . November 3, '63: "All this is one consequence of the course which Count Brühl induced his late Polish Majesty to take with regard to the interests of Prince Karl in Courland." . . . November 15, '63: "I endeavour to cultivate friendship with all my neighbours, and to get embroiled with nobody. With regard to the affairs of Poland, an Empress whom I ought to be well with, and to whom I owe great obligations, requires me to enter into her measures ; you, Madam, whom I would fain please if I could, you want me to change the sentiments of this Empress. Do but enter into my embarrassment."

Poland was now dead or moribund and well deserved to die, for anarchies are not permitted in this world. . . . By the incredible law of 1652, one man had power to stop the proceedings of Parliament, and this had rendered "government" impossible. On the strength of Saxony and its connections, the two Augusts had contrived to exist merely with the name of Kings. There had been forty Diets under the late King, and they had all vanished in shrieks and curses. As a house chronically smoking through the slates, and bringing a European war with every change of King, Poland deserved to be taken charge of by its neighbours. For thirty years there has been no Government, and only those Judges were elected who would lean in the desirable direction. It was important to get Judges with a proper bias in a country

overrun with lawsuits, debts, credits. . . . Russia does our Politics, fights across us. . . . Russia never showed ill-nature till this of Courland. . . . Now we are become Russia's doormat, or stepping-stone into Europe. . . . The Poles regarded the Russians as barbarous people, but the Russians had the gift of obeying, for lack of which the Polish Chivalry got flung out of the world. . . . Polish Society was given up to *Laissez-faire* ; religion was Jesuit fanaticism. . . . The grandiose Czarina Catharine, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze, now decided there should be no more Saxon Kings of Poland. She made her cast lover King, but after five years the country was further than ever from a settlement. She set up Stanislaus and tried to cure Poland of anarchy with Russian troops ; but instead she stirred up incurable anarchies that first struck the world dumb, and then into tempests of vociferation. Friedrich punctually followed Czarish Majesty in every respect.

The most serious question was between Dissidents and Protestants ; and the Confederation of Bar, which attempted a settlement, produced fury, murder, arson. Russian troops, summoned by trembling Stanislaus, blew the Polack chivalry over the Turk frontier. Cossacks, called in to assist, joined with revolted peasants in a massacre of Jews, Noblemen, Landlords, Catholic Priests. They also set fire to Balta, a Turkish town, and this led to a catastrophe. On October 6, '68, Turkey declared war, though Friedrich tried to dissuade them, fearing that Austria and Russia would be involved, and then himself. In March '69 the Turks were in the field, and the Russians at first did no great things. . . . But the substance of the war has little importance, only the shadow as mirrored in the Austrian mind.

4 (1769-73). Friedrich at first thought the matter farcical, but when the Russian-Turk war sprang from it, he took a serious view. He was bound to supply 12,000 men or £72,000 annually, and preferred the latter ; but he feared Austrian complications and a world kindled round him again. He was anxious to be civil to Austria, and in August '69 met the young Kaiser at Neisse. The two Majesties parted with protestations of inviolate friendship. Friedrich was pleased with the Kaiser's frankness of manner, but discerned in him through accidental chinks an ambition beyond measure. It therefore behoved an old King to be wary.

The Turks were getting scattered in panic rout, to the horror of the Polish Confederation ; and Friedrich, afraid of Austrian gloomings, was anxious about peace. Austria might strike into the Ukraine and cut off Russia's provisions. Friedrich suggested that Russia should lay hold of the essential bit of Polish territory

for provisioning itself against the Turk, and allow to Austria and Prussia certain other bits : an excellent project, though not successful.

A second interview took place between Friedrich and the Kaiser on September 3, 1770. Some particulars have been preserved from a letter written by Prince de Ligne several years after. He spoke of the supper as one of the gayest and pleasantest he had seen. "The two Sovereigns were without pretension and without reserve . . . and the amiability of two men so superior . . . was the agreeablest thing you can imagine." . . . Loudon and Lacy were present, to whom Friedrich paid compliments and made gifts. . . . Religion was discussed, and it seemed to the Prince de Ligne that Friedrich boasted too much of "being doomed." "It was with people of bad taste whom he had about him . . . that he had acquired the habit of mocking at Religion." . . . Friedrich was at times ceremonious to excess ; he would annoy the Kaiser by holding his stirrup. . . . "One saw that Friedrich II loved Joseph II, but that the preponderance of the Empire, and the contact of Bohemia and Silesia, a good deal barred the sentiments of King and Kaiser." . . . The Russian-Turk war was of course the political subject of this interview.

In the first campaign of 1769 the Turks marched for Poland, but 12,000, who had crossed the Dniester, were cut off and massacred by the Russians : on which the Turk army flowed home in delirium of ruin. Moldavia was conquered, and next year Wallachia, and an attempt followed to liberate Greece. (This kindled Voltaire, though his head was now covered with the snow of age.) It failed, though the Russian fleet, led by Elphinstone, an English officer, attacked and burnt the Turkish. Elphinstone then sailed up the Dardanelles, but alone, as the Russian Admiral refused : after which he threw up his command, and signified to the Czarina, in language perhaps too plain, some unwelcome Naval facts. . . . On August 1st took place the Battle or rather "Slaughtery" of Kaghul, where 200,000 Turks and Tartars, without a blow struck, were thrown by a surprise attack into universal panic rout.

All this was giving matter of discourse to Friedrich and Kaunitz. Friedrich credited Kaunitz with a clear intellect, but thought him conceited and arrogant, and of preaching rather than talking habit. Kaunitz knew that only Friedrich did not acknowledge his claims to distinction. . . . He suggested that Russian encroachments should be met by a joint protest from Prussia and Austria. Friedrich replied that he wished to stand well with Austria, but was bound by Treaty to Russia,

and would therefore labour to conciliate. . . . On August 12th, after Kaghul, the Turks invited Friedrich to mediate. It was a difficult position, as Kaunitz planted himself on the Turk side; and, apart from conflicting interests, there was a rooted private aversion between the two Empresses. Friedrich was between Russian exorbitancy and Austrian cupidity, pride, mulishness. . . .

In 1770 Poland was sunk in pestilence, with pigs and dogs devouring dead bodies, but even the rage of pestilence was second to that of hunger. Austria and Prussia drew cordons along the frontiers to keep out the pestilence; and as the Austrian cordon looked over on Zips, which 300 years ago had belonged to Hungary, they seized it, to the amazement of the outer world. . . . Prince Henri, returning by Petersburg from a visit to his sister, Queen Ulrique of Sweden, had a fateful interview with the Czarina. She said with pique: "If the Court of Vienna have the notion to dismember that Kingdom, its neighbours will have right to do as much." This was supposed to be the first mention of the astonishing Partition, though it had entered Friedrich's head a year ago. To him, after a time, it seemed the one way to save his Prussia and the world from conflagration; and he laboured for it despite the enormous difficulties of two incompatible Empresses; while Kaunitz, who wished to share Poland with the Turk, privately thwarted everything. But Friedrich mastered him by hinting at a new Seven Years War, with Russia on his side. . . . Readers ask if Friedrich had no feeling about the atrocious Partitioning? Apparently none, except that deliverance from Anarchy, Pestilence, Famine, was an advantage for Poland and the only way of saving Europe from war! No one seemed more contented in conscience and certain of the thanks of all wise men than Friedrich in regard to this Polish atrocity!

On June 14, '71, Friedrich chose West Prussen, and the Czarina four or five Provinces; but it took another year to get hard-mouthed Kaunitz into step. By February 17, '72, the bargain between Russia and Prussia was complete; on March 4th Austria claimed exorbitantly; but on August 5th came the final agreement. Friedrich's share was 9,465 square miles; Austria's 62,500; Russia's 87,500. . . . In February, '72, Maria Theresa had written: "In this thing, where not only public law cries to Heaven against us, but also all natural justice and sound reason, I must confess never in my life to have been in such trouble, and am ashamed to show my face."

It was an instance of the fulfilment of the demands of Eternal Justice. In the earthly instruments that fulfil them there may be all degrees of demerit and merit, from a world-ruffian Attila

to a heroic Cromwell. With Friedrich in regard to Poland there was nothing considerable of merit or demerit ; he simply accepted what Providence sent, and never concealed his sense of the great value of West-Preussen to him. He says : " I seized by the forelock this unexpected opportunity ; and, by dint of negotiating and intriguing (candid King !) I succeeded in indemnifying our Monarchy for its past losses by incorporating Polish Prussia with my old Provinces." . . . No autobiographer has ever been more careless to defend himself on points marked against him as criminal. . . . He had always respected his own boundaries and kept to his own business, and must therefore have considered Poland an exceptional case : the case of a moribund Anarchy fallen down as carrion on the common highways of the world. . . . As for the moral rightness, we will say that if Heaven appointed such an action, Heaven will at last justify it ; and the solution of the riddle is not Logic but Silence.

He found West Preussen a desolate land, and was attracted by its very rottenness : ruined towns, people living in cellars. . . . He set to work to rebuild, brought schoolmasters, mechanics, etc., into the country, dug a great canal, drained swamps, undertook an enormous Labour of Peace. He built fortresses there as elsewhere : and in Silesia was building a new fortress impregnable on all sides.

5 (1771-7). Henceforth Friedrich's political energies were devoted to guarding himself and the German Reich from Austrian encroachment. But the historical interest continues to diminish, and only the biographical remains. Dr. Zimmermann, who suffered from hypochondria and visited Berlin for a cure, was received by Friedrich at Sans Souci. " The terror of Europe " was lying on an old worn mattress, and he quickened into extraordinary vivacity, and examined Zimmermann in the character of doctor with a stringency far surpassing the Professors. . . . The King of Sweden's death caused Queen Ulrique to visit Berlin in December '71 ; and Friedrich received his sister, after an absence of twenty-eight years, like one risen from the dead. . . . Of our dear Wilhelmina's high and unfortunate daughter little is known ; but in September '73 she is seen clearly in the light of day with Voltaire at Ferney. " I should have recognised her even without warning," wrote Voltaire to Friedrich ; " she has the turn of her mother's face with your eyes." Voltaire was growing old, his outworks getting decayed, though a piercing radiance still bursts at times from the central part of him. He knows the Night is at hand, and his bearing is rather beautiful. A shrill melody, as of a woman or child, sounds in his last letters to Friedrich. He grieves unappeasably to have lost Friedrich

and will never forgive Maupertuis ! Friedrich answers in a robust, friendly, encouraging manner.

By 1770 the Prussian military department was in complete trim, and the annual reviews were becoming famous over Europe. Now and then a new manœuvre would be executed with closed doors : that is, the Potsdam environs carefully shut in and sentries on every road. . . . The concourse of military strangers increased yearly, and among them in July '74 was Field Marshal Conway, who thus wrote to his brother about Friedrich : "The new Palace at Potsdam is extremely noble. . . . The King dislikes living there ; never does, except when there is High Company about him ; for seven or eight months in the year he prefers Little Sans Souci, and freedom among his intimates and some of his Generals. . . . His Music still takes up a great share of the King's time." . . . From Breslau Conway wrote again on September 4th : "The beauty and order of the Troops, their great discipline . . . almost passes all belief"

Friedrich's reviews were not only spectacular, but almost solemn and terrible. They were like a Royal Assize or Doomsday of the year, and of serious import to the upper classes of Berlin Society. The fortune of whole families often depended on a review ; and wives, mothers, children, friends, had an anxious time in those terrible days. The King weighed the merits of his officers, and distributed praise or blame, and often, too often, punishments to be felt through life. An unhappy moment might deprive the bravest officer of his bread, painfully earned in peace and war, and of his reputation and honour, at least in the eyes of most men who judge of everything only by its issue. Yet the King delighted to see people's faces cheerful about him, provided the price were not too high. He spoke beautifully and instructively, if not in bad humour, and delivered a military lecture to perfection, pointing out who had failed, the cause of the fault, and how it might have been retrieved. The punishment of dismissal was rare ; but flashes of unjust rebuke from the gloom of one's own sorrows were more frequent, though seldom carried to practical result.

In 1775 a plot of the Kaiser's to invade Saxony and get back Silesia brought nothing but mockery ; but Austria's greed of territory caused Friedrich anxiety in his then sick state. He was suffering from gout, and an unusual number of deaths had taken place in his circle. Among them was that of Fouquet, his benefactor in the early Cüstrin distresses, and his chosen friend ever since. Friedrich's one consolation was to stand steadfast to his work. . . . Elliot, then British Excellency, writes of the joy displayed by the people at seeing the King on horseback,

and how all the Grub Street nonsense of "a country groaning under the weight of its burdens" and "a nation governed with a rod of iron" vanished before the sincere acclamations of all ranks. . . . A word of reminiscence spoken by Friedrich of Pitt is worth recording: "A man whom I highly esteemed." . . . England was now at war with America, and, suspecting that Friedrich was a bad neighbour, ordered Elliot to steal the despatch-box of Lee, the American envoy. It was done, but the letters which were copied and sent to England revealed Friedrich to be absolutely unconcerned with the war. Friedrich discovered the theft but decided to drop the matter. . . . In a letter to D'Alembert he thus alludes to the Kaiser's failure to visit Voltaire, while passing near Ferney: "Arsenals, ships, manufactures, these you can see anywhere; but it requires ages to produce a Voltaire. By the rumours I hear, it will have been a certain great Lady Theresa, very Orthodox and little Philosophical, who forbade her son to visit the Apostle of Tolerance."

6 (1777-9). The Bavarian-Succession War, at the beginning of '78, sprung from the chronic quarrel with Austria become acute. The King of Bavaria had died childless, and the heir was Karl Theodor, Elector Palatine, who would unite the two Electorates. Austria, inspired by Kaunitz, had been bargaining with him to get hold of Bavaria, and only Friedrich said No. Little came of this war, though it bade fair to be as the Seven Years War; for the two Nations were again ranked against each other ready for mortal duel. . . . To Kaunitz the incorporation of Bavaria seemed an infinite convenience, and he knew that France would not stand in his way, while England was at war with her colonies and Russia attentive to the Turk. Austria's claim was shadowy, but Kaunitz hoped the consent of Karl Theodor would be a Title in full, and Theodor was of the kind to care more for himself—for peace and ready money—than Bavaria. His heir was a nephew whom he did not mind disappointing, and he therefore scandalously left Bavaria to its fate. Max Joseph died on December 30, '77, and Theodor was proclaimed in München against his will. The Kaiser, in a fume, threatened with troops, and compelled the Bavarian Minister to sign the bargain of half Bavaria. . . . Friedrich said this must be withstood, and sent a messenger to the heir, Karl August Christian, a gallant enough young gentleman. The messenger was Görtz, the young Duke's late Tutor, and he proved an excellent choice. A clear-eyed, stout-hearted man, he displayed much cleverness and sureness in what he did and forbore to do. He travelled about, saw many people whom he had to judge of on the instant, and made no mistake. . . . Theodor had signed the bargain, but August Christian, on sight of Görtz,

with an armed Friedrich looming in the distance, refused. France and the Reich did nothing, but Friedrich, though in weak health, bade Austria desist and set regiments on the march towards Bohemia. On April 5, '78, Friedrich reviewed his army, enjoined the exercise of humanity on unarmed enemies and the strictest discipline. He was no lover of pomp, but through increasing age (sixty-six) and weakness, had to travel in a postchaise. . . . (On March 30th Voltaire had had his apotheosis: "smothered under roses.") . . .

Friedrich was 100,000 strong, and there were not 10,000 on the frontiers to oppose him. He has been blamed for not marching on and taking Austria by the throat, as he would have done in his youth; but his aim was to extract justice with the minimum of violence, rather than kindle Europe into war. Kaunitz changed his tone and began to speak like a Bishop, while the Reich lay silent in its bedrid condition and feared partition like Poland. This may have been the ultimate intention, and it throws light on the question of Poland, and the assertion that Kaunitz began the partition. . . . The Kaiser now suggested a conference, and Friedrich welcomed it, but nothing came of it, for Kaunitz intended to keep his part of Bavaria and give Friedrich an imaginary gain. But two months' delay allowed the Austrians to assemble from all sides. Friedrich was unwilling to begin a war which nobody could see the end of; but when his offer of a thin rim of Bavaria to Austria was refused, he resolved to act (July 3rd). He flowed over the Bohemian border, while Henri with 100,000 invaded from the west. Terror seized Vienna; and Maria Theresa, with her fine motherly heart in alarm for her country and her two sons, overcame all scruples of pride, and started new negotiations that ended no better. Lacy, who opposed Friedrich, made masterly use of ground, rivers, rocks, woods, swamps. All heights were crowned, passes bristling with cannon, and bogs and thickets full of Croats. Friedrich, in his reconnoitring, often ran risk from Croats, and was in sour humour, backward and loath for the enterprise, but striving to think he was not. Henri spoke of joining Friedrich and cutting off Lacy's supplies, but he also was averse to act. . . . At last Friedrich made a move for Hohenelbe, and had his cannon tugged thither through the mire. He encamped for a week, and suffered little from the enemy, but much from rain and mud and scarcity. Then he decided he could not carry out his plan, and by September 10th his army, and also Henri's, were on the march homeward.

Friedrich spent a quiet winter at Breslau, where he wrote his *Eloge* of Voltaire (recently dead) and prepared for "real work next year." But on November 27, '78, the Czarina offered to

mediate, as Friedrich had got her Turks compressed into peace for her. The result was the Congress of Teschen (March 10, '79), and by May 13th everything was completed. Austria acquired a rim of Bavaria, but the general position was "As you were." . . . Friedrich had gained nothing for himself, but was overjoyed to get out of it on any terms. He was poorer by two millions and 10,000 men, but he had put a spoke in Austria's proud wheel and seen fair play in the Reich.

7 (1779-80). In 1776 Friedrich had set about a second Law Reform, as abuses had again become unendurable. The Prussian Code, the nation's law to this day, was thus begun; and connected with it is a little lawsuit called the *Miller Arnold* case, which made an immense noise in the world. . . . A certain Crab-mill, in the sandy moors towards the Silesian border of Neumark, had belonged for generations to the Arnolds; but in 1779-80 they were in arrears with rent to their landlord Schmettau, because their neighbour, a Baron, deducted part of their water for his fishpond. The Mill was sold, the Arnolds ousted, and they tried Petitions in vain. . . . In August '79 they again petitioned the King, and he directed that a soldier, with human eyes, should accompany a mere lawyer in the business. Investigations were made, and each saw a different issue and made his report; but, to Friedrich's indignation, no mention was made by the lawyers of the soldier's report. Chancellor Fürst was then set upon the business, and he pronounced the first legal report "Right in every particular." Friedrich was ill of gout when he received this news, and, like his father, in bad humour with men of law. He summoned Fürst and others to his presence and spoke like Rhadamanthus of the injustice of taking from a peasant what enabled him to get his living and pay his rent, because a nobleman had a ditch dug that drew away the water which drove his mill. . . . He dismissed Fürst and seemed peculiarly irritated that the judgment had been pronounced in *his* name. All men should be equal before the law: Prince and beggar. The Raths were imprisoned, and Arnold received compensation out of their pockets. . . .

Prussian society condemned Friedrich for his harshness to Fürst and respectable old Official gentlemen; but he disdained wig-respectability that failed to do justice and even screened and embellished injustice. . . . Berlin society accused Arnold of subterfuges for idle conduct, and on Friedrich's death Fürst was restored and Arnold bidden refund: but Friedrich's successor handsomely paid the money. Friedrich's devotion to justice was beautiful, and his impatience great when he came upon Imbecility and Pedantry threatening to extinguish Essence and Fact among his Law people.

8 (1780-5). Maria Theresa died on November 29, '80. Since the death of her beloved Franz fifteen years ago, she had looked on herself as having done with the world. . . . Joseph and Kaunitz were now supreme, and they effected an understanding with the Czarina : hers was to be an Eastern Empire, and theirs a Western. To Friedrich's apprehension the Czarina stiffly refused to renew her Treaty with him ; but he checkmated Austria's project to incorporate Bavaria by creating a general "Confederation of German Princes," Prussia atop, which forbade infringement of the Laws of the Reich. It was his last feat in the world, and had no result, for in a few years it was swallowed bodily in the World-Explosion of Democracy.

Friedrich's old age is not unamiable ; he was a sound-hearted, brave old man, who did not grieve or despond. Old friends were mostly dead, and new of little moment, but he tried for substitutes, and did not take refuge in solitude. He received foreign visitors, but old Generals chiefly formed his company, and dinner was always his bright hour. Ziethen came rarely, and fell asleep when he did. . . . If fine speculation do not suit, old pranks of youth, old tales of war, become the staple conversation ; and there is always plenty of banter on the old King's part. . . . Occasionally he laughs at the Clergy, and has little of the reverence seemly in an old King. . . . Heartily an old Stoic, he avoids useless despondency, secures a cheerful hour at dinner if he can, and holds to literature more than ever. . . . The Queen behaved perfectly in her difficult position, and was respected by all, including Friedrich. He never spoke to her, and when he dined with her, would merely bow. The last time he spoke was in the seventies, when she suffered from gout, and he enquired after her. . . . He was fond of children, and had his grand-nephews much about him.

Prince de Ligne, whose second visit now occurred, was enchanted with the King's encyclopedical conversation. By turns he passed in review the fine arts, war, medicine, literature, religion, philosophy, ethics, history, legislation. . . . Like Homer's heroes, he was somewhat of a talker ; also an old sorcerer who guessed everything, and whose tact was the finest ever known. . . . The Prince continues : "His eyes are too hard in the portraits : by work in the Cabinet and the hardships of War they had become intense, and of piercing quality ; but they softened finely in hearing, or telling, some trait of nobleness or sensibility." . . . From General von der Marwitz, a fine old Prussian Gentleman, we get three beautiful little reminiscences of Friedrich. As a child, he was held up by an old woman to the window of the King's carriage, on his return from a review. He writes, "I felt

as if I were looking in the face of God Almighty" (1782 or '83). The second time was in 1785, when he saw Friedrich in a sedan, because he was ill and the weather bad : otherwise he thought it a disgrace for a soldier to ride in a carriage. The third time was the same year, when Friedrich was riding on a big white horse, *continually* taking off his hat, and observing a marked gradation according to the deserts of the onlookers.

Friedrich was visited by many Frenchmen of distinction, among them Mirabeau. Bouillé, of Varennes fame, attended his Silesian Review in 1784. Friedrich rode alone at the Review, in utter silence, and it was then that he had his *regard terrible*. He selected even Corporals and Sergeants, and nominated Cadets, all of whom were noble. Though democratic, he was very strict on this point ; "because (he said) Nobles have honour ; a Noble that misbehaves, or flinches in the moment of crisis, can find no refuge in his own class ; whereas a man of lower birth always can in his." . . . The King spoke of England to Bouillé, and admired young Pitt, though he did not like the English, and blamed them for the American War. In his conversation he showed a modesty which seemed a little affected. He thought French literature surpassed that of the Ancients ; he had a small opinion of English literature, and turned Shakespeare into ridicule, besides making bitter fun of German Letters. . . . He had been most displeased with this Silesian Review, and next year, if the King be alive, it will be a terrible matter.

Austrian encroachments continued, regardless of Treaties ; and in January 1785 a bribe was offered to the King of Zweibrück to yield up his dominions to the King of Bavaria : for Bavaria was to become Austrian. Zweibrück shot off an express to Friedrich, who remonstrated with the Czarina, and sent his envoy to sound the various Courts : for the Fürstenbund, or Reich-Confederation, was no longer hypothetic. Kaunitz, in protesting, rose quite into alt ; but the Czarina declared to the Reich that she would hold the peace of Teschen sacred. . . . The Fürstenbund went forward at a mighty pace ; and on June 29th Prussian, Saxon, Hanoverian Plenipotentiaries met at Berlin and completed the Covenant.

In May '85 Bouillé paid a second visit, and stayed with Prince Henri, who represented his brother as "impatient, restless, envious, suspicious, even timid, and of an ill-regulated imagination." Henri seemed silently to cherish an almost ghastly indignation against his brother on some points. . . . Comte de Ségur, in the preceding January, remarked on the fire of Friedrich's eyes, on the genius that appeared through his small and stooping figure. His bearing was that of an invalid, yet you discerned a spirit greater than any other man's. He continues :

"Friedrich, in his private sphere, was of sufficiently unequal humour; wayward, wilful, open to prejudices . . . agreeable to strangers whom he pleased to favour, but bitterly piquant for those he was prepossessed against, or who, without knowing it, had ill-chosen the hour of approaching him. . . ."

The Fürstenbund was a check on Kaiser Joseph, and the would-be mighty reformer succeeded in nothing. The whole weight of Austrian *vis inertiae* bore against him, he bearing the other way with the force of a steam-ram. All he did was to dislocate every joint in the Austrian edifice, and have it ready for the Napoleonic Earthquakes that ensued. A man of high qualities, he mistook half genius for whole.

9 (1785-6). On August 16, '85, Friedrich went to the Silesian Review and to inspect fortresses. Reports are current of his affability and kindness, of the people's love for him, and his fatherly benignity of look. The Review was not unsatisfactory, but took place amid deluges of rain, and Friedrich was wetted to the bone and got chill and fever. But he finished the Review and went round by Neisse, Brieg, Breslau, returning to Berlin on September 9th. Next day he left Berlin for the last time, with his health in a ruinous state. 18th-19th he had a fit of suffocation, with gout; and on November 8th he left Sans Souci for Potsdam Old Palace. In January '86 he was afflicted by asthma and dropsy, and called in Selle, the chief Berlin doctor, who saw the disease was desperate. Friedrich understood, but hoped from the fine weather, and the spring was mild. On April 17th he returned to Sans Souci, dismissed Selle, rode out now and then—for the last time on July 4th. He continued to guide his affairs, with an intellect that was never clearer, though the body was a ruin. . . . Erysipelas and want of sleep were added to his sufferings, and he sat up in a chair, from difficulty of getting breath. He saw his friends daily, and discoursed on literature.

By long *second-nature* he had attained to a grand simplicity of stoicism. In death he had neither fear nor hope, and though he could not abide Atheism, or the thought that intellect and moral emotion had been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own, there his Theism stopped. He believed that only Right can ultimately prevail, but hope for himself in Divine Justice and Providence he had none. It was incredible to him that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such animalcules as oneself and mankind. A sad creed this, for he must do his duty without fee or reward; and none did it more faithfully. We see in him complete superiority to Fear and Hope, and we also get half glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of Sorrow.

In June he sent for Zimmermann, who did him little good, and afterwards wrote a foolish conceited book about him. Zimmermann found the King a pleasant Talker but a wilful Patient. . . . He still did business, and, while life endured, neglected nothing great or small. . . . On August 15th he woke late, but gave his orders as usual; next day his sleep was of an ominous character, and Selle was sent for. The fever abated, he fell into a soft sleep, and became cold to the knee. On the 17th he uttered his last words, "We are over the hill, we shall go better now." The valet Strützki, to save the King from hustling into the corner of his chair, where breathing was impossible, supported him for two hours on one knee, kneeling on the ground with his other knee. Within doors all was silence, except this breathing; around it the dark earth silent, above it the silent stars. At 2.20 a.m. Friedrich's life-battle was fought out: August 17, 1786, age seventy-four. His death seems very stern and lonely, especially for a man of such affectionate feelings: but so his life had been. . . . Lying in state at Potsdam he appeared wasted, worn, but beautiful in death, with the thin grey hair parted into locks and slightly powdered. . . . He was laid in the vault beside his father.

Last of the Kings. When will be the next? Perhaps nations in despair with Anarchy, or the Rule of Baser over Nobler, will more and more bethink themselves of such a Man.

CHAPTER XLIV

"FREDERICK THE GREAT"

CARLYLE turned with a kind of relief from the confused political arena in his own country to the gigantic phenomenon of modern Prussia. The world heeded not his insistence on the evils of Let-alone and no-Government, of cash-payment as sole bond between men, and of that pseudo liberty which means liberty to starve. But while he pleaded in vain to his countrymen, a mighty work had been silently accomplishing itself on the continent of Europe, and now he could turn upon the scoffers and unbelievers and point to a nation which had tempered itself to the point of invincibility by observing the laws he had laid down.

With *Latter-Day Pamphlets* Carlyle delivered his last direct judgment on the condition of things at home, and thenceforth his method of teaching was indirect. We have ascribed his divergence in middle years into political life to the poetic sensibility and feeling of responsibility towards his fellow-creatures which has operated in like manner with others of his kind. But with him the strong bands of reality never relaxed their grip, and there was no return to the ideal world of his early years. This was partly due to his continued life in London, in touch with the world of action and politics, and partly to the disorders of the late age in which his lot was cast : to the loud voice of democracy, the predominance given by the daily Press to political problems, and the ever increasing difficulties of seclusion and silent meditation.

But the fact remains that Carlyle by nature was a poet and idealist, and though he assumed the garment of mortality because he thought he could best serve his fellow-men, it became him not. The gravity of the worldly situation appalled him, so

that his eyes became wholly fixed upon earth ; and he even lamented that neither Shakespeare nor Goethe had written history instead of fiction.¹ Such a lament has not been widely echoed ; but we will hesitate to reverse his own judgment upon himself, and, in the presence of such a work as *Frederick*, ungratefully censure Carlyle because he did write history. Only we would point out a certain disharmony between the ideal and real world in his pages, and though it is the ideal which has given the book its stamp of quality, it is to the excess of its presence that we owe some misknowledge of the real.

If much of the spiritual territory conquered by Carlyle at Craigenputtock was lost to him in later years, there remained more than the common share of man. If it brought him little personal comfort, he at least never surrendered his reverence for a God-created world, and for the human soul which is the nearest thing to God. He himself had suppressed his inner discords by work, and risen to a calm conception of life, and it seemed incredible to him that if the laws of the Universe were ascertained and obeyed, the soul could be vanquished in its struggle with matter. That frugality and self-denial, courage and discipline, could lead to blacker abysses of materialism than sloth and self-indulgence, was a thought that no power on earth could have forced into his mind.

It is the old story of the transference of the laws of the spiritual to the material world, as the fashion is of the reverent and lofty-minded poet and prophet who makes his dwelling among men that he may help them, but who can never become quite initiated into their ways. We have seen the strength of the recoil of Carlyle's mind in his political writings and the Jove's thunders which astonished a decadent world. From this world of wrecked hopes he now turned with a kind of relief to the supreme phenomenon of modern times—the rise of Prussia. Here, it seemed to him, was a realised ideal, only needing the Prophet's voice that its message, compounded of hope and warning, might become known to all nations around. If the French Revolution succeeded in burning up shams, it had also interrupted man's spiritual progress and thrown the world, perhaps for centuries, into a wild welter of anarchy. But

¹ *Frederick*, I. i. 1.

perhaps here, in this appearance of a new disciplined nation, among the relaxed social aggregates of older times, observing God's laws and thereby extending its power, there might be hope of universal reconstruction. It seemed to Carlyle that there was no place in Prussian affairs for the political maladies of which he complained in his own country: the supine indifference of the State to all departments but the financial, the mockery of liberty of which the unemployed operative could boast, the mistaken method of dealing with criminals. According to him, a man's only real property is his soul; his only right, to be ruled by one wiser than himself; and the only kind method of treating him is to help him to find his work on earth, if necessary by blows.

Such statements have led to charges of personal harshness against Carlyle, but we have shown them to rest on insufficient foundation and to be divorced from his practice. Now, however, he had the chance of exemplifying them in a living organism which had grown great by their assimilation, and was sufficiently removed from himself by time and place to permit of ideal treatment. Had Carlyle actually lived in Prussia under Frederick, it is doubtful whether the reality would have pleased him any more than England of the mid nineteenth century, but he saw it with the transmuting eye of genius, much as Homer saw the quarrels between small Greek States magnified into battles of the Gods. Macaulay aptly illustrates the Homeric method by contrasting the real and ideal Achilles. The real Achilles was equipped with shield and helmet of Sidonian make and horses of Thessalian breed, and was distinguished from the rabble by his familiarity with the use of weapons; but through the poet's vision he appears clad in celestial armour, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear that none but he can wield.¹ Carlyle, in his disgust at the condition of English affairs and the errors of his countrymen, which he imputed to false reading of the laws of the Universe, sought for a hero who, like Frederick, had attained success by observing these laws, such as they appeared in the eighteenth century: though we know from many a statement that Frederick was neither a hero after his heart nor one whom he could love, but chosen in default of better.

¹ Essay on Addison.

But Frederick had the virtues of veracity and regard for fact, with the clearest and most rapid brain of his age, and if he was no ideal hero, it was the eighteenth century that must be blamed. For the world in which he played so dominating a part was, as Carlyle saw it, abandoned by God. He does not question the existence of God, but he looks upon God as sitting apart, no longer minded to intervene actively in the affairs of men. He has formulated a set of rules, or laws of the Universe, and those who decipher and keep them will survive, those who fail to do so will perish in the struggle with their clearer-sighted fellows. In the French Revolution, God seemed to be present in every crisis, urging the work of destruction : much as, at the sack of Troy, Æneas was bidden depart by his divine mother because the Gods had not only resolved that the city should fall but were actively participating in its demolition. Similarly, in the battles of Cromwell, it is God not man who must be thanked for victory ; it is God who can make the enemy as stubble to our swords, or even veil the moon with a cloud for the sake of a strategical advantage.

But in the eighteenth century it was to human ingenuity that man looked for salvation, not catastrophic interpositions of Providence. When a battle hung in the balance, ultimate victory was likely to fall to the best armed and best drilled side, independent of the “justice” of the cause. Thus the founders of Prussian greatness were Frederick-William and the Old Dessauer : of whom the first recognised that all depended on the army, that it was the heart and pith of Prussia, and its state of readiness and efficiency must never be relaxed ; and the second drilled the infantry to become the wonder of the world, and invented the iron ramrod, whereby, at Mollwitz, the rate of firing was five Prussian shots to two Austrian : which had much to do in deciding whose Silesia was to be.¹ The most penetrating observers of the old world that was passing away foresaw the enlargement of man’s purely human energies. Prince Eugene, for instance, advocated a well-trained army and full treasury rather than the endless diplomatic wiles with which the Kaiser was endeavouring to secure Pragmatic Sanction.²

¹ I. iv. 2, 3.

² II. v. 2.

Unknown to himself, Carlyle was approving the gospel of Force, but we must look on Prussia under Frederick as situated midway between the decay of the old religion and the rise of the unabashed materialism of the twentieth century. So far the passing of the old order was known only to the head of the body politic and had not reached the members. So far only kings and statesmen had abolished fear of God in the diplomatic game ; but the ancient pieties still lingered in the hearts of soldier-peasants. Frederick complained that good faith and the virtues do not now succeed, and politicians have banished sincerity into private life ;¹ and the repudiation of Pragmatic Sanction by all the Great Powers except England, after the battle of Mollwitz, made it evident that the Ten Commandments were now a figure of speech.² The word "justice" has been already mentioned, and it naturally calls up the central episode of Frederick's career : the seizure of Silesia. We cannot say whether or not his claim was valid, but it is worthy of note that Carlyle believed that it was. Yet he boldly says : "As for 'just rights,' what are they if you cannot make them valid? If you have rights and can assert them into facts, it is worth doing."³

We must also remember Carlyle's belief that the ultimate result of Prussian occupation would be beneficial to Silesia itself. He says that when wrought to the Prussian model it was worth six times to Prussia what it had been to Austria ; and for the last hundred years no part of the Prussian dominion has been more loyal to the Hohenzollerns.⁴ And he describes how its second capture from the Austrians was effected to the lively joy of Silesia in general.⁵ All this accords with his principle that the nation which can best govern has the "right" to occupy. Nor must we forget his acceptance of drill and discipline as a moral agent in the evolution of the race. From the restraints of the army the poor peasant learnt cleanliness of person and mind, sobriety, frugality.⁶ Passages abound which tell how the invading Prussians did no damage and paid for everything, and that plundering was forbidden under pain of death ; while at the storming of Glogau no insult was offered even to those defenders who had fired from windows.⁷ On the eve of

¹ III. ix. 4.² IV. xii. 11.³ III. xi. 9.⁴ IV. xiv. 1.⁵ VI. xviii. 10.⁶ II. v. 5.⁷ IV. xii. 9.

battle a hoarse whisper of prayer would rise from Frederick's soldiers, as from Cromwell's ;¹ before Leuthen the commanded silence was broken by a hymn ; and after Leuthen the army marched on singing hymns.² They were a pious people, tender though stout, and a fund of faith existed in the armies and populations of the time.³ These instances read strangely in the light of modern events, but we must not attribute them wholly to Carlyle's psychology ; for the faith which has been distilled into a nation through centuries cannot be eliminated in a day, and even the process of descent from ideals, and materialisation, is a gradual one. War never was a soft business, and in the Thirty Years' War, for instance, untold barbarities were committed ; but these were due to the sudden escape of the wild beast in man rather than his deliberate enrolment in the forces of aggression. But our main preoccupation is Carlyle's angle of vision, and he looked upon the beneficent results of Prussianisation as proven : since man's only real property is his soul, and, judging by his own lofty example, it is by work that man finds his soul. He was too convinced that God and not Beelzebub made the Universe to suspect that adherence to the Laws of Fact—such as the maintenance of big battalions—could bring about moral disaster.

It was a survival in Carlyle's soul of the belief of the ages of Chivalry in the power of virtue, rather than anticipation of the modern worship of force, that led him to his conclusion. If the original state of the world was chaos, a King who contended against chaos was observing the laws of God. Such a King was Frederick-William, who drained bogs and built solid houses, and established manufactures, and saved money, and drilled not only the army but the whole population : by which latter achievement he escaped the fate of Cromwell, who, victorious in the field, was condemned to squander his energies in struggles with a Pedant Parliament. That activities of a beneficent kind could fail to lay the foundations of the spiritual life was inconceivable to one of Carlyle's reverential mind. That the above-mentioned good behaviour of the Prussian soldiers (if the report be true) was owing to survival of the old superstitions rather than the

¹ V. xvi. 3.

² IV. xiv. 1.

³ VI. xviii. 10.

first-fruits of modern organisation would not have won acceptance in his then mood.

And yet one piece of censure with which Carlyle corrects his eulogy of the Prussian system contains in it the seed of much destructive criticism. He complains that religion was taught like drill exercise, and it was in spite of his teachers that Frederick acquired some human piety.¹ The times were indeed political when the inner citadel of the individual mind must be surrendered to the claims of the State ; and here we are conscious of a gulf between the real and the ideal which Carlyle never bridged. He had travelled far since the days of *Sartor* and his conception of man as a spirit ; and the path, as we know, led him through the Inferno of the French Revolution to the Purgatorio of modern politics. But now at the very moment when the ideal was realised, when he could point to the most astonishing practical phenomenon of modern times as justification of his criticism of home affairs, he seemed to become aware of a disharmony : as if the road, instead of leading straight to a far other destination, had imperceptibly curved, and the traveller found that, unknown to himself, he was returning to the early land of the spirit. There was a time when wars and Moscow retreats seemed to Carlyle of such minor importance that he compared them to the somnambulism of uneasy sleepers. In the present book, though we must admit that it is against the author's intention, we now and then feel as if this vast organisation of the State were an illusion, as if this huge output of energy to raise and drill armies and win victories were misdirected, and only worthy of mention because of their effect in reaction upon the infinite individual soul.

This is more marked in the earlier than the later volumes, because the interest of Frederick in his youth, and his father, Frederick-William, transcends in human quality the events that follow. By the time the Seven Years' War has ebbed to its close, the reader's mind has become dulled by battle thunder and can scarcely resume interest in Frederick apart from his martial doings. But in the earlier volumes Carlyle's power of characterisation attains a perfection beyond his previous writings, for he adds to his vivid presentment against an infinite background a disinterestedness which is Shakespearean. In

the *French Revolution* the actors are dimmed by the events ; or their personal traits are made salient by the element in which they move : like gigantic shadows cast in the glare of conflagration. A Louis XVI is interesting in every detail because of his unspeakable fortune ; a “sea-green ” Robespierre becomes the sounding-board of a tempest which is enveloping the world. Later on we find a Cromwell, an Abbot Samson, in the world but not of it, playing active parts among men but solitary of soul, and idealised by the biographer’s pen. But in *Frederick*, we repeat, there is a Shakespearean disinterestedness, a concern for earthly matters, and an absence of preconception. Carlyle was not narrow-minded in the ordinary sense, but his strong conviction that the Laws of the Universe were just made him intolerant towards those who endeavoured to deceive themselves and gain both worlds. Now, however, his mind approaches more nearly to passivity, and, moving among strange surroundings, he suspends his judgment.

For the first time the reader finds in Carlyle something of the fellow-traveller in a new country. As usual, his grasp of his subject is so complete that he seems to hold it in the hollow of his hand, despite its vastness ; and yet there is a note of curiosity rather than omniscience. He follows up the intricate windings of a character like Frederick-William with a sympathy that absolves him from the charges of conventional historians. And though Carlyle sees human nature as crushed and limited by the State—in the necessity of which he himself acquiesces—it is from its aspirations beyond that the interest grows. Frederick-William, as he tells us often enough, behind all his harshness, had the sensitiveness of a poet, of a woman ;¹ but he saw Prussia encompassed by a ring of potential foes, and as no country was less defensible by nature, all depended on the army ; and it seemed to him that his son’s conduct would bring ruin to the army and Prussia.² To whatever extent the reader may take the Prince’s part at the time of his meditated flight and consequent sufferings, he cannot deny justice to the King’s speech at the reconciliation—that all he had done for the army was for him.³ Or let us take the case of the Old Dessauer, who had lived through Blenheim and Malplaquet and was the practical

¹ II. vi. 8.

² I. iv. 12.

³ II. viii. 5.

creator of the Prussian army, the inventor of the iron ramrod, the equal step, and the whole of modern tactics. A true native product of the rigorous north was this man, yet there were wells of strange sorrow in his rugged heart. He married an apothecary's daughter, to whom he always remained faithful, and when she died, it seemed that the soft lining of his hard existence was torn away. And when his daughter died we hear that he stole away from the officers' dinner at the Prince's table to weep alone.¹

But if Carlyle thus sees human nature bound to the Promethean rock of the State, no instance is more typical than that of Frederick himself. It is true that Carlyle thinks little of his poetical powers and denies to his mind any great range of speculation, yet we must take into account the iron mould through which his most susceptible years were passed. His early preferences for the airy and fanciful over the military stiffness that surrounded him aroused the terrible father's suspicions and caused him to urge the Prince's instructors to "infuse in him a true love of soldiering."² And, indeed, Frederick's whole career is an instance of the mortification of private wishes by the claims of the State. In youth it was his complex and imaginative nature, his love of poetry and music, his leaning towards the scepticism made fashionable by Voltaire, which estranged him from his father and led to his domestic sufferings, culminating in the attempt to escape and the awful tragedy of Katte's execution. He had, as Carlyle says, that devotion to reality which is the best symptom of intellect;³ but he also saw the dark shadows on the highway of life dappled with the rays of imagination, and it was his refusal to recognise this light as illusory which provoked the wrath of Frederick-William. It seemed to the latter that the Prussia of his making would fall to pieces, and that perfect cutting instrument, the Prussian army, lose its edge, in the hands of such a one as this. Of the gradual extinction of the divine light and full surrender to the claims of "reality" these volumes tell us in detail; and yet, in the crisis of his fate, the decision to invade Silesia, something was conceded to imagination. He confessed that glory was his loadstar, and one of his motives for making war was the hope of Fame.⁴ How soon

¹ I. iv. 2; V. xv. 7.

² I. iv. 13.

³ I. iv. 8.

⁴ IV. xii. 3.

these hopes were tarnished we see as we read on—how infinitesimally the pleasures of a triumphant General weighed against his anxieties! Many are Frederick's letters and utterances in which he repudiates Glory and longs for peace. "Are we never to have any good of our life then?" is the burden of his song during all but the first Silesian war.¹

The greatest thing in *Frederick* is the character-drawing, and the interest of the characters is intensified, not dwarfed, by the towering structure of the State; while the picture is completed by the background of inhospitable nature—sandy plains and dark sluggish rivers—against which these terrible figures stand out. In the *French Revolution* the commonest man was interesting because he lived on the edge of an abyss, because at any moment the fire-depths might open to engulf him. But this horror of sudden death gives place in *Frederick* to the infinite sadness of lingering death. Man dies daily because he must subdue all his personal inclinations and yearnings of the heart in obedience to that law of military efficiency, the neglect of which would mean ruin to Prussia. Of the enforced development of the ruder side of the character we have given the Old Dessauer as an instance, and similar stories were current of Bismarck's marital and paternal goodness. Carlyle had his own reasons for holding up to admiration the ordered grandeur of the Prussian political system, but, like all poets, his true business was with the heart of man. He is therefore at his best when—as may happen even in Prussia—the individual sojourns in an oasis or touches at some happy islet; but for the most part he is occupied in interpreting the messages which come from a stern northern land where human nature is agonizing and crucified.

Until Carlyle wrote, only one side of Frederick-William's nature lay open to the public: as tyrant, bully, miser, and possessed of many other unamiable traits, he was popularly known. Only Carlyle penetrated the essential depths and discovered that he had the sensitiveness of a poet or a woman. It was precisely in such a nature that the recoil was strongest, that the violence to himself in carrying out the stern life-task imposed by Necessity was greatest. We can forgive his domestic tyrannies or think of them as the ill-effects of the choked fountains of sensibility

¹ V. xv. 5.

rather than deliberate ill-nature. Who will forget the meeting with his son, shortly before his death, where the bystanders, including the crabbed English groom, Philips, shed tears? Or his inability, during illness, to see about him faces that he did not like? Or his death-bed conversations with the clergyman, who was not wholly encouraging, and with whom he did not care to be left alone?¹ Perhaps Frederick-William is the greatest portrait Carlyle has drawn, because to an unfailing sympathy and insight is added a larger amount of disinterested curiosity. Such a man was rare at all times, but such a man as king was unknown, and it is with a kind of delighted surprise that Carlyle rescues one singular trait after another from the Prussian Dryasdust. We feel that even his mighty intellect has all but met its match, that here was one whom its far-spreading wings did not immediately outflank and swallow up, that it was not till the third time that he guessed such a Sphinx-riddle as this. That intuition of Frederick-William's womanly poetical sensitiveness was not sent to him in his sleep—as Goethe would say—but dawned rather after a wakeful night of deliberation. There is a triumph of solved mystery, a sense almost of personal elation, in Carlyle's presentment, and a greater depth of strangeness in the shadows of the background.

It was otherwise with his treatment of Frederick himself, for between them was much community of temperament and something of similarity of destiny. Carlyle, like Frederick, had to deny his softer nature and devote himself to an external ideal, and hence the wistfulness with which he depicts the great Prussian king. If Frederick-William had to do violence to his nature, the wrench was once and for all, and the high road of duty lay clear before him; but Frederick was of infinitely greater complexity, and his æsthetic temperament created a twin world of enchantment to the world of realities. Hence the process of dedication far exceeded in pain that of Frederick-William's or the Old Dessauer's. From the age of seven his hours of sleep were regulated and the whole day portioned out according to military discipline.² We know how his own preferences were for music and literature and French delicacy, and how estrangement from his father became open quarrel and then

¹ III. x. 8.² I. iv. 8.

revolt and attempt to escape, resulting in failure and the tragedy of Katte's death. From that time forth Frederick acquiesced in his destiny, or recognised that he must surrender to overwhelming fact. Further proof of the State's omnipresence is afforded by Frederick-William's instructions to the officers in attendance upon his son at Cüstrin to hold useful discourses with him on husbandry, brewing, etc., when he rode about to inspect farms.¹ Later on in life, amid the turmoil and anxieties of war, we find Frederick's mind moving in a similar manner. On the way to Prag he would look out from the window of his carriage and put military problems to himself, and advise every officer to do the like.² This, says Carlyle, was the value to him of picturesque scenery; and it is noticeable how Carlyle himself, with his professed scorn for view-hunting, on the eve of a battle, will turn from the gathering hosts to describe the azure distances in the mountainous regions of Silesia or Nature's mighty erosions in the Pirna country. The love of beauty, the softness of temperament, in himself and Frederick, must be ruthlessly laid upon the altar of the State.

Frederick once said, not bragging but lamenting, that he had more feeling than other men,³ and hence the pains of his life-long mortification exceeded in severity. His happiest years were spent at Reinsberg, while his father yet lived, and when, in spite of military duties, he had ample leisure to indulge his taste for literature and philosophy and enjoy his weekly concert. The picture is delightful which represents him sauntering meditatively under the colonnade overlooking the lake and its islands.⁴ In after life his main preoccupation was to revive the Reinsberg programme, as it was called, to improve his domesticities and household enjoyments, to bring his own hearth and household nearer the ideal, but it fell far short of realisation.⁵ His action in regard to Silesia in 1740 determined the whole course of his life, that it was to be a long battle for Silesia, and when the Seven Years' War ebbed to its close in 1763 he had become a prematurely aged man. During these long years he many times recorded his disgust at “this dog of a life”;⁶ and the phantom of “glory” vanished in

¹ II. viii. 5.

² V. xv. 2.

³ IV. xiv. 1.

⁴ III. x. 1.

⁵ V. xvi. 1, 8.

⁶ VII. xix. 8.

his first campaign. For his last twenty-three years he was at peace, except for the episode of the Bavarian war, but the haunting memory of his former perils and anxieties never left him. The fear that he might see a world kindled round him again redoubled his solicitude for the state of the army. The annual reviews were solemn and terrible, and the fate of whole families often depended on a review. Yet the King delighted to see people's faces cheerful about him, and we remember his claim to an excessive sensibility. It was a symptom of his weakness that he was apt to blame the unsuccessful,² and was severe on an unfortunate general.³

To the question whether, in Carlyle's opinion, Frederick's life was a success, the answer is that success was limited to his Kingship. Prussia under his leadership proved itself in the furnace of war and was not to be conquered by the whole world. It was Carlyle's opinion of the moment that the individual should be sacrificed to the State, but, like Thucydides, the massive foundations of his mind supported equally the political and human interest. The magnitude of the Syracusan disaster did not prevent Thucydides from winning the reader's sympathy for the peculiar sorrows of Nicias ; and Carlyle's business, as we have said, was with the soul of man, and his back at times grew weary with the vast political burden which the exigencies of the century laid upon him. Despite Frederick's resounding military success, therefore, we ask ourselves whether Carlyle is not writing of him in his old age as a failure, insisting chiefly on his stoicism. Had he refused the Silesian adventure, carried out the Reinsberg programme in mature years, coaxed his thin stream of verse to greater fulness and enlarged his speculative faculty, would not his life have been more complete ? It is in spite of Carlyle's conscious design that these thoughts assail the reader ; the conscious duty he has laid upon himself is to exalt the supremacy of the State.

But the most poignant instance of the crushing of the individual by the relentless wheel of the State is the execution of Katte, at the age of twenty-six, for assisting the Crown Prince in his attempt to escape.⁴ Frederick-William was not a cruel man, but the crime was high treason and the punishment must

¹ VIII. xxi. 5. ² V. xv. 4. ³ VII. xix. 7. ⁴ II. vii. 9.

be death. Happily, Carlyle writes, Katte's mother died long ago ; and his old grandfather, thinking of his lost daughter, wrote a mournful letter to the King, but received a mournful but inexorable answer.

It is no wonder that a man like Frederick, with his acute sensibilities and tendency to attach himself, found the part of King hard to play. That with the whole world open to him he was unlucky in the choice of his friends is a proof of the quickness of his sympathies to go out to all who were drawn into his orbit ;¹ and when his first expectations were disappointed, he could only fall back upon banter. But early in his career he had begun to see the solitude of soul that must be his, and that a good King cannot be amiable.² When, soon after his accession, the Kaiser died, and he decided to enforce his Silesian "rights," which meant a generation of war, the die was cast as to the side of his character that should attain full development.

We must now recur to the subject of "might" and "right" and the condition of the eighteenth century. We know that Carlyle considered the men of this century degenerate because of their forgetfulness of all but earthly interests. Tidings of Heaven had fallen uncertain, but the Earth and her joys were still interesting,³ and therefore the object of Kings and Statesmen was frankly the acquisition of power. Treaties were no longer held sacred, and Prince Eugene said aptly that a well-trained army and full treasury would have been the best means of guaranteeing Pragmatic Sanction. Carlyle selected Frederick-William and Frederick the Great for admiration among the feeble and dissolute Princes who held sway in Europe, and spoke of their recognition of Fact, because they saw that the existing world could only be reformed by methods of its choosing. Not by prophetic discourses on men's wickedness but by the establishment of good government and enforcement of habits of industry on the people could this come to pass.

Frederick-William was no philosopher of the idealist pattern, but one who judged men as they are rather than as they should be. He saw his country encompassed by a ring of potential foes, and he knew that if she grew wealthy, with an inadequate

¹ III. x. 1. ² II. viii. 6 ; III. xi. 6. ³ III. xi. 1.

army, no "fear of God" or considerations of "justice" would prevent an attack upon her. The efficiency of the army, therefore, became his preoccupying thought, and the army was merely the last and highest expression of a drilled and disciplined nation. Idleness was a crime, and every human being must spend himself in the service of the State. How true his premonitions were, history has abundantly testified, when, after Napoleon's single stroke of Jena, the whole country was laid open to the French invader.

Intense preoccupation with life, and belief in its reality, abandonment of the thought that another world will right the wrongs of this, is the key-note of eighteenth-century political thought. Men of action tell us that we should live as if we were never to die, and such seems to have been the habit of those who then ruled in the Council chambers of Europe. The skeleton was not permitted at the banquet, but when the writing appeared upon the wall, no one was more susceptible of shock than Frederick-William. He wept tenderly at the death of George I, the poor old uncle who had been good to him in boyhood,¹ and his own sufferings from hypochondria are curious reading. He had faith of a positive kind; the future world was no less certain to him than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers,² and yet the final scene contains a note of surprise that death has found him. We conclude that his whole life was made up of self-mortification and suppression of instinct, and the reason of the incomparable vividness of the portraiture is Carlyle's sympathy from like practice.

The views of statesmen and leaders of thought take long to filter down to the masses, and so far the effect of Frederick-William's universal discipline seemed to Carlyle beneficial. It was his belief that the peasant's moral and spiritual interests were served by the military training, and we have alluded to passages where he distinguished the Prussian soldiery for good behaviour. But nothing here continues in stable equilibrium, and as Frederick-William was representative of the earlier mood of the century, so was Frederick the Great of the later. Frederick the Great, as Carlyle tells us, could not abide atheism, but his theism was limited to a conviction that intellect and moral

¹ II. vi. 2.

² III. x. 8.

emotion could not have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. He had no personal hope, and “it was incredible to him that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such animalcules as oneself and mankind.”¹ Carlyle calls his creed a sad one, for it requires the performance of duty without fee or reward, and no one did his duty more faithfully than Frederick.

But, needless to say, this creed is not for the million, and the attainment of superiority to hope and fear has little charm for the vulgar. With the progress of time such thoughts inevitably filter down to the masses, and when tidings of Heaven become uncertain, the interests of Earth wax disproportionately large. It was not the new discipline but the lingering old-world pieties—the fear of death and judgment—that inspired the good behaviour of the Prussian armies, if Carlyle was well informed on the subject. The history of their campaigns, down to the Great War, bears witness to the progressive fading from the soul of the medieval “splendour of God.” We know something of how Carlyle fell into the error of advocating work as a means of finding the soul. The two forces of the modern world destructive to the soul are militarism and commercialism; and their exactions from the individual in the middle of the eighteenth century were trifling in comparison with the beginning of the twentieth. With the growing strenuousness of work came decrease of spiritual activity, of leisure—parent of disinterested thought—and of personal refinement: for the herding of men in barrack, office, workshop, factory, facilitates the enlargement of their bestial nature.

The eighteenth century marked the disappearance of the feeling in each heart that its secrets were known to an omniscient God; and hence the gospel of work as a means of ministering to vanity and sensuality. Men acquired the habit of working not for a living but a superfluity, and the result was loss of dignity of character, care for appearances, low-mindedness. But the divine light perished slowly, the men and women of Carlyle’s age were less obstructed by the clay of this planet than our own: although even he found it hard to value a fellow-creature entirely for his soul, and was forced to seek his friends among those who were placed above the need to work.

¹ VIII. xxi. 9.

We hold it proven that the effect of unrelieved work is to degrade and brutalise, to abolish the feeling of human brotherhood and restore the conditions of bestial competition. It was the ceaseless and anxious work undertaken for his country by Frederick-William that stimulated his harshness and repressed the true tenderness of his nature. Carlyle told us that Labour must find its soul, but he ascribed the need of it to lack of organisation, to the presence of idlers, to inadequate strenuousness. Since his day the increase of strenuousness has been phenomenal, and we see the result in the nation most marked for this quality, the Germans, whose educational system, by substituting early specialisation for disinterested culture, created not men but machines.

With the powerlessness of work to effect spiritual recovery we consider Carlyle's theory, that might is right and all talent moral, becomes untenable. Frederick was justified in seizing Silesia and partitioning Poland because he could best administer the conquered territories. In the same way he concluded that the victories of Prussia over France in 1870 were matter for congratulation because Prussia was well governed and France plunged in anarchy. Modern events have shown that nations can silently accumulate magazines of material force to launch upon an unprepared world with a total disregard of the moral law, and that the effect of the long training, with its undeniable industry, self-denial, and devotion to duty of a kind, has not been to spiritualise. But let us remember that the object of all Carlyle's political philosophy was the redemption of the individual soul ; that his theory of might being right pertained to the spiritual world ; that his error lay in busying himself with the active world of men ; but it was the natural error of a large-hearted poet keenly solicitous for the woes of his fellow-men. Did not Milton shorten his Italian voyage, at the outbreak of the Civil War, because his conscience pricked him to be travelling abroad for his amusement while his countrymen were undergoing such distresses at home ?

The cause of Carlyle's error was that he happened to be a man of genius, whose great thoughts came from his heart ; and work with him implied the operation of the soul. Like his "Heroes," he had the simplicity of genius, and all his faculties obeyed his

soul, as the tides of the ocean obey the moon. For this reason he is willing to believe in the perfection of his great men ; he refutes the theory that Mahomet was an impostor, Cromwell a lover of power, Knox a gloomy fanatic. Or he describes the manner in which Frederick the Great humoured his father as "surrender to overwhelming fact," rather than endorses the prevalent view of his hypocrisy. He ignored that meaner kind of work which proceeds not from the soul but one faculty or another, and therefore plays no part in the stimulation of the soul. It is true that Cromwell was visited with great thoughts as he worked upon the land at Ely and St. Ives. But would Milton have made himself a true poem through the sole agency of the Latin Secretaryship ? Was it the practice of art or the cannonade of Valmy that turned Goethe from sceptic to believer ?

In Carlyle's Journal occurs the passage that only while at work did he feel himself alive ; and we remember his nervous fears and anxieties that hindered enjoyment of the present. "What signifies happiness," he once wrote, "when to-morrows become yesterdays so quickly ?" ² Happiness, we may say, is appreciation of the present, and, except in the above-mentioned limited sense, it therefore eluded Carlyle's grasp. That he achieved what he did was because his work was performed with his soul ; but the greater part of mankind, who work not with the soul but the portions of the nature nearest earth, cannot find happiness in work. To deny happiness is to starve the soul : as that of Carlyle was partly starved through its reliance only upon work. It was failure to perceive this distinction, between the result of work with the soul and the outlying faculties, that led him to subscribe to the doctrine of material efficiency. And its possible ill consequences disappeared in the optimistic and reverent belief, expressed in *Sartor*, that the soul which had effected its reunion with God could do no wrong on earth.

Besides the collection of portraits against the peculiar background of the eighteenth century, we must also touch upon the surpassing literary quality of this book. When we consider the advanced age at which Carlyle undertook it, the long roll of his previous compositions, and the period of thirteen years over

¹ II. viii. 5.

² *Past and Present*, iii. 4.

which it extended, we must indeed rank it as one of the greatest of human works. His native strength of brain, intellectual vitality, and perseverance in the accomplishment of the hardest task of his life in the season of physical decline, alike move us to wonder. How hard the task was we know from his own laments over the intractability of the Prussian Dryasdust and the absence of a single "genial" book on his subject. It was as if the pearl-diver had to build the ship which was to carry him to the favoured latitudes, or the diamond-miner construct his machinery for boring the earth. Unlike the *French Revolution*, all that he found ready to his hand were inchoate masses of facts, often of doubtful accuracy and absolutely untouched by imagination, so that when the true was riddled from the false, its whole bulk had to be fused in the furnace of his thought. That from these mounds as of a modern Babylon he rebuilt a spired and domed city is proof of the extraordinary energy and fertility of his genius.

Of the intense reality of the characters we have already spoken, and also of the circumstances which modified their individual natures. It remains to touch upon the battle scenes, where Carlyle's power of treating large effects with pictorial vividness attains its zenith. As Prussia appeared to him the emblem of order, good government, and victory over chaos, so the army was the ultimate expression of this spirit. The uniformed and brigaded section of the population were a kind of survival of the fittest, the triumph of a widely operative and refining power of discipline. The note of preparation sounds all through the long volumes devoted to Frederick's childhood and upbringing. The army is getting ready, its steel receiving the finest temper from men like the Old Dessauer, who have fought all over Europe and stood the French fire at Blenheim and the still more terrible Malplaquet. We feel that some great new heroism is about to be enacted on earth : as the reader of the *Iliad*, delighting in the deeds of Ajax and Diomed, yet cannot conceal his impatience to see Achilles in action.

Frederick's whole life proved to be a battle for Silesia ; his first act of aggression led to a second Silesian war, and, during the ten years of peace that followed, the outraged Sovereigns plotted to attack him simultaneously and partition his kingdom. He fought the Seven Years' War in self-defence and proved

to the satisfaction of the world that he was “not to be overwhelmed.” When this concluded, the military habit was fixed, and he was too old and broken to recur to the idealism of his youth. He was thankful for peace, even in an imperfect world, and always in the recesses of his mind lurked the fear that he might see a united Europe storming in upon him again.

Frederick’s history is therefore a military episode in the European epic ; and the two Silesian wars and the Seven Years’ War are the result of his victorious handling of the mighty instrument fashioned by the toil and patience and self-mortification of Frederick-William and the Old Dessauer : as the slaying of Hector was accomplished by the weapons forged in heaven. As the last word is spoken by the Prussian army, and the Court of Appeal is force, it follows that all other scenes are subsidiary to those of battle—that the battles stand out like peaks above the panoramic scenery of *Frederick*. Carlyle’s art and inspiration are most intense in their presentment ; but this is far from saying that they overcome the vividness of the individual portraits. As the spirit of the dead Cæsar prevailed at Philippi, so Carlyle makes us feel that these phalanxes of drilled and disciplined men have been called into being by a personal directing power beyond themselves. With their “equal step” and “oblique order of attack” and clockwork precision, they are like a weapon in the hand of a giant rather than an independent body.

For Carlyle’s prime interest, despite the political part which he forced himself to play, was the human soul ; and the book before us resembles less a formal history than a Greek drama, on the central figure of which Fate has placed a curse or obligation. Frederick was himself averse to war, but he was born in a country perilously situated, whose master-minds were engrossed with its problems, and at a period when the failure of religion to curb men’s predatory instincts made excellence of preparation the only safeguard. With his personal leaning towards the delicacies of Versailles, he had to endure the stern northern discipline and compulsory military duties. He must eschew philosophers and musicians and conquer his repugnance to attend the Tobacco Parliament and hear the rough jokes of men who had faced the iron whirlwinds of Malplaquet. With his elevation to the throne came the chance to order his life as he willed : but now

the hand of Fate interposed. The army must prove itself; the energy of preparation is not to be dissipated in poetical rhapsodies or flute-adagios. And it was precisely his quality of imagination through which Fate worked to attain her end. He elected to seize Silesia, and thenceforth his whole life was consumed in the toils of war.

In this vast drama or epic the Prussian army takes the place of the enchanted sword of the early saga. It is the instrument with which Frederick confounds united Europe: an instrument silently worked to perfection by the inherited industries of men rather than the fire which descended from heaven. For the impression left by Carlyle's descriptions is of unity in multiplicity, of the fusion through marvellous discipline of the complex parts that make up an army into one organism directed by a single will. And as the book itself is a pæan on the triumphs of good government, it is natural that Carlyle's delight appears most strongly when he deals with the victorious use of the flower of a whole drilled nation. Thus, in the first invasion of Silesia, we see the troops ranking themselves in the market-place at Liegnitz;¹ or standing firm in the vortexes of ruin at Mollwitz and pouring out deluges of fire, and, when the enemy was repelled, breaking into field music and advancing arrow-straight as if on parade;² or the column striding forward at Rossbach, "with the lightning sleeping in it";³ or the left wing storming the raging battery of Spitzberg against torrents of grape-shot at fatal Kunersdorf.⁴

But the selections are endless, and the more we delve into the unexhausted store, the more oppressed we become with admiration and despair: admiration at the reserves of strength in a mind which, after more than thirty years of production, could culminate in such a work as this; despair that, in the part of critic and interpreter, one can but touch the fringe of this mighty subject.

¹ IV. xii. 3.

² VI. xviii. 8.

³ IV. xii. 10.

⁴ VII. xix. 4.

CHAPTER XLV

LAST ESSAYS—"EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY"— "HISTORICAL SKETCHES"

It remains to speak of the few miscellaneous writings of Carlyle that have escaped the chronological net, of the work of his latest years and his posthumous volume.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO (1850).—The subject of these few pages is Duelling, and as usual Carlyle bases his descriptions on an elemental fact of human nature. A "background of wrath," he says, exists in every man; it is "the general radical fire, in its least elaborate shape, whereof Life itself is composed." From such a preface he proceeds to describe two or three duels rescued by old chroniclers from oblivion, in which the actors were minor historical personages. It is needless to draw attention to the vivid portraiture and special kind of interest arising from Carlyle's method of envisaging the past.

THE OPERA (1852).—The phenomenon of the modern Opera affords Carlyle an opportunity of including music among the arts which have become degenerate by exchanging reality for fiction. Music is the speech of angels, but it is a long road from a Psalm of David to the Haymarket Opera. Not that the artists are without skill; some of them, indeed, bear the stamp of genius, and might have done better work than provide an hour's amusement for a so-called Aristocracy. Another instance of waste; another heroism perverted or extinguished by the world.

EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH PORTRAITS.—The project of such an exhibition drew from Carlyle a letter in which he first mentions

the great importance to the historian of having before him the bodily likeness of the person enquired after. Historical Portrait Galleries far transcend others in worth, yet none are rarer. In Dresden or Berlin, for instance, you find endless mythological pictures, and no genuine one of a National hero. For the present purpose let the seeker ask himself the kind of Scottish soul he would most like to see for illuminating Scottish history. Observe a few principles, such as avoidance of portraits of living men. Include only genuine "Historical Characters," those who *live* in the memory of Scotchmen.

THE PRINZENRAUB (1855).—Four hundred years ago the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Pacific, of the *Wettin* line of Saxon Princes, incurred the enmity of one Kunz von Kaufungen, a sort of Dugald Dalgetty or soldier of fortune. Kunz revenged himself by stealing from the castle of Altenburg Frederick's two sons, Ernst and Albert, aged fourteen and twelve. The theft was discovered, the alarm-bell rung, the raiding party was pursued and caught on the Metal Mountains, largely through the initiative of a charcoal-burner, who was afterwards handsomely rewarded, and Kunz suffered decapitation.

The fortunes of the Ernestine and Albertine Lines, the descendants of the two stolen Princes, now become the subject of the essay. Some names are familiar to the reader of *Frederick*, others are little known; but the Ernestine Line closes with the "actual Prince Consort of these happy realms"; and the reader becomes aware that the then Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) was thirteenth in direct descent from the stolen Prince Ernst.

FRENCH-GERMAN WAR (November 11, 1870).—A letter to the *Times* in deprecation of the feelings of pity towards France that were gaining ground in England. Carlyle argued that France had been a bad neighbour to Germany for 400 years, as proved by the aggressions of Louis XI, Richelieu, Louis XIV and others, terminating in Napoleon. Now that Germany had dealt a smashing blow, she was right in raising up a secure boundary fence. Alsace and Lorraine were stolen goods, and therefore let France restore them, and not complain of "dishonour."

She can only regain her honour by repentance, but at present her condition is indeed anarchic and miserable. Her great modern work was the annihilation of shams by Revolution ; but the further stage of this, the achievement of realities, must be under better presidency than hers. Noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany will now become Queen of the Continent instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless and over-sensitive France.

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY (1872).—ANALYSIS. 1. Harald Haarfagr was the first King of Norway in so far as between 860 and 872 he conquered the Yarls who had divided up the country and centralised the power in his own hands. It was also the time of Norse colonisation, and in 876 Rolf the Ganger settled in Normandy.

2. Haarfagr, grown old, tried to part the kingdom between his sons, and the eldest, Eric Blood-Axe, had by no means an easy time with his feudatory brothers. Haarfagr, when aged seventy, had another son, Hakon, who was adopted by King Athelstan of England.

3. Eric Blood-Axe crushed down his brothers, but became so unpopular that when Hakon suddenly appeared in Norway he was acclaimed by the people and Blood-Axe had to fly. Hakon earned the name of Good, and he tried, though in vain, to introduce Christianity. He had to contend with Danish invasions, for the sons of Blood-Axe had found refuge with the Danes, and he met his death in battle against them and in the hour of victory, about 961.

4. The sons of Blood-Axe now possessed Norway and committed many violences, though the eldest, Harald Greyfell, was not a bad man. He was treacherously slain, between 969 and 975, by Hakon, son of the Sigurd who had been a counsellor of Hakon the Good.

5. Hakon now governed as Hakon Yarl, not with the title of King, for about twenty years in a strong-handed way. His grandest exploit was to defeat the Jomsvikings, a Sea-Robbery Association, in a fierce battle where a thunderstorm intervened with timely effect on his side. . . . It may have been these Jomsburgers who invaded Scotland and sustained a defeat at

Loncarty, near Perth, about 975. . . . Hakon's dissolute practices in late years opened the door for Olaf Trygveson

6. Olaf lived in Dublin, and his fame alarmed Hakon, who sent a confidential spy. When the spy and Olaf reached Norway they found a disturbance on foot as the result of Hakon's evil practices with a Bonder's wife. The result was that the people went over to Olaf, and Hakon met an ignominious death. . . . At the end of this tenth century America was discovered : at least, a dim knowledge of it reached the Norse mind.

7. Olaf Trygveson was of noble birth, but his father had been murdered, and his mother had to fly for safety three months before he was born. He became a viking, accepted Christianity, was concerned in an invasion of England. Of his removal to Norway and elevation to the kingship we know ; and in about two years he trampled down heathenism and converted the people. He opened marriage negotiations with the imperious Sigrid, Dowager Queen of Sweden, but she refused to change her faith, on which he broke them off in a contemptuous manner that was to cost him dear. Some time after he married Thyri, who fled to him for protection ; she was the sister of King Svein, with whom he had invaded England, and who was now married to Sigrid. Thyri induced Olaf to make an expedition to Wendland to recover property she had there ; but Svein, incited by Sigrid, and leagued with the King of Sweden and Jarl Eric (son of the late Hakon Yar), lay in wait for him on his return. A big naval battle was fought, and Olaf, having survived the loss of all his men, sprang overboard and was drowned (A.D. 1000).

8. Jarl Eric became Governor of Norway under the patronage of Svein, King of Denmark. It was Svein who constantly invaded England ; and England was then in such a miserable condition that she never won a battle, and merely offered the Danes so much money to go away. In 1013, Svein became King of England, but he died suddenly a year later, leaving a son, Knut, who did much to reorganise England and rescue it from its anarchic condition.

9. Olaf the Thick-Set was a descendant of Harald Haarfagr. He lived a wandering, fighting, sea-roving life, and yet acquired a deep religious feeling and love of Christianity. In 1015 he gave up Vikingism and returned to Norway to endeavour to

regain his true position there. Jarl Eric had vanished to England, and Olaf easily won over the people, got himself proclaimed King and bore down opposition. He easily settled young Hakon, whom Jarl Eric had left as successor ; and also Jarl Svein, Hakon's uncle, in a naval battle ; and this was all the fighting he had to do.

10. In the process of Christianising Norway Olaf at times used the severest methods. A certain Gudbrand, a man of great influence, opposed to him the worship of Thor ; but Olaf had the idol struck down before the eyes of the Bonders, and thenceforth they accepted the Christian God. He was a severe but just and righteous King, and reigned victoriously for the first ten years. But in 1026 King Knut of England sent a message claiming tribute : and this Olaf refused. Next year Knut sent a great armament, which Olaf disabled by a stratagem ; after which Knut merely blockaded the Baltic. But many of Olaf's people deserted to Knut, and in the summer Knut returned home “Sovereign of Norway,” leaving his nephew Hakon Vice-regent. Olaf took to the sea with twelve ships that remained to him, but these in time were reduced to five by desertion. Then he beached his ships, and with a hundred followers escaped over the mountains to Sweden, and thence to Russia. But in about two years he meditated a stroke for Norway, hearing that Yarl Hakon had been drowned on his way to England. Knut would impose on Norway his bastard son Svein, but Olaf reached Sweden and marched through the passes into Norway with 3,000 men that gathered to him. But a Bonder army was marching against him, for his former severity had left a memory of discontent. In the battle that followed Olaf was defeated, and he himself, struck down with many wounds, quitted a world that little deserved such a man. But the feelings of all Norway changed towards him, and he became Olaf the Saint.

11. Knut's natural son, Svein, had no success in Norway, as he and his mother were grasping and oppressive. The very men who slew Olaf now sought out his son Magnus and brought him back in triumph. He proved a good and valiant King, who beat the Danes under their drunken Harda-Knut ; and about 1040 a treaty of perpetual peace was made between the two nations. Two years later, on Harda-Knut's death, Magnus became

King of Denmark, though he had much fighting to do against powerful Yarls. He put down much anarchy and trampled out the sea-pirates. Later on he shared the throne of Norway with his uncle Harald, half-brother of Saint Olaf. Magnus did not live long, and his uncle Harald, who had a claim on the throne of England and led a great army there and captured York, was killed at Stamford Bridge in 1066.

12. Harald's son, Olaf, ruled for twenty-five years in Norway in a soft and gentle way. His son, Magnus Barefoot, invaded Ireland in 1102-3, reached the wilds of Connaught and perished in a bog. He left three sons who ruled together, and one of them, Sigurd, travelled to Jerusalem, where he was much honoured. Sigurd, the last of the Haarfags, died in 1130, and for some generations after the country was given up to contention and massacre. The cause was Gylle, an Irishman who claimed to be a natural son of Magnus Barefoot.

13. Sigurd's son, Magnus, succeeded, but shifty Gylle claimed the throne and defeated Magnus, whom he maimed and blinded. Gylle in turn was murdered by the avenging kinsfolk of Magnus ; and for forty years there was a war of extermination between the descendants of these two kindreds.

14. In 1177 Sverrir, a man of humble birth, by means of cunning and popular eloquence, founded a new Dynasty. His followers, the Birkebeins, were a desperate set of thralls driven mad by their miseries.

15. The last of his descendants was Hakon VII, who made a big expedition to Scotland. He landed at Largs, but suffered a defeat and loss by tempest, and withdrew to Orkney, where he died.

16. In 1397 the three Scandinavian kingdoms were united under Queen Margaret. . . . Looking back, we see through all confusions the beginning of Human Order, the first transformation of Chaos into Cosmos. And the one saving element of the crimes and violences was that they were done to find out "Who is best man ?"

The interest of the *Norse Kings* is antiquarian, if the term be understood as applying to Carlyle's mind. There is nothing in these hundred pages that has not been better said in the works

of his prime, but as they belong to his latest years the reader accepts them in reminiscent mood, and is pleased by a thought or image suggestive of battles long ago. Now and then we get a passage that delights for its own sake, as the description of Olaf Trygvesson's naval expedition to Wendland in the seventh chapter. At times there is a suspension of creative power, and a blank pattern on the web, such as the crime which Olaf the Saint commits, which "does seem rather strong!"¹ But for the most part Norway furnishes a new and ready-made framework for the familiar ideas on Government, Democracy, Heroism, etc., and these are repeated rather than proclaimed. Otherwise there is no sign of weariness, no failing grasp of subject, or failing interest, especially in those manifestations of human character which reveal the identical heart of man under changed times and conditions.

PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX (1875).—A book by Theodore Beza in 1580 contained a portrait of Knox which, strangely enough, represents him as a stolid eupeptic individual. In a translation of it from Latin to French by Goulart, there was substituted for Knox a portrait of Tyndale, translator of the Bible. In 1602 the engraving by Hondius improved on Beza, but does not physiognomically remind us of Knox. The famous Torphichen portrait, of unknown authorship, is a poor reproduction of the Beza Figure-head. And, indeed, all the incredible portraits of Knox have sprung from this Figure-head.

The second part of the essay gives excerpts from Knox's writings, that the reader may have glimpses of his inner physiognomy, since the outer is inaccessible. They illustrate every stage of his career: at home in his early efforts, attended with peril, on behalf of the Reformation; his nineteen months as a prisoner in the French galleys; his return to England under the protection of Edward VI and Cranmer; his flight from Bloody Mary; his ministry in Scotland, and interviews with Mary Queen of Scots. His books testify to high intellectual qualities, extensive reading, and a veracity, zeal and conviction that explain his success as a preacher to the then earnest populations.

¹ Ch. 10.

In 1836 an engraving of the Somerville portrait of Knox was published. It gave a far more credible account of his appearance, and was at first thought to be a genuine work by Francis Porbus, done before 1766. Expert opinion, however, has decided that it is only the copy of a portrait of the time of Porbus.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—Carlyle began this work in October 1843, but relinquished it in favour of a more particular treatment of Cromwell, consisting, as we know, in the editing of the Letters and Speeches. It was not published till 1898.

ANALYSIS. I. 1. James VI of Scotland, on his way to become James I of England, passes through Hinchinbrook on April 28, 1603. Of the 3,000 spectators of the solemnities and ceremonies, the one we will note is a little boy aged four : Oliver Cromwell. In future, when he hears of a king he will think of this shambling, extraordinary individual, in his chaos of pomp and gilding.

2. On the same day the funeral of Elizabeth was taking place in London, amid general lamentation. She was the last sovereign who was truly loved, for she nobly divined what the heart of her people meant, and endeavoured to lead in the doing of it. . . . Shakespeare, the beautifullest soul in England, was then a hale man of thirty-nine.

3. In January 1603-4 the Hampton Court Conference was held, where the modest demands of Puritanism, put forth by the learned Reynolds, were scornfully rejected by the King. All that remains of that epoch are Puritanism and Shakespeare's Plays ; but the King had not the instinct to recognise a nascent heroism. Next time Puritanism will come with drawn sword and higher demands. In those ages men understood Judgment and Eternity to be a fact ; and man was conscious of his infinite nature, not only of his five senses. Puritanism was conformity to the Maker's own Laws, not human rubrics, and there was no nobler thing.

4. If clever speech could guide a nation, James would have made an excellent King. But it was the only thing in which he excelled, and the Destinies are born deaf. We do not say he had no heart, but rather too much—a kind of morbid enlarge-

ment of the heart, as proved by his favourites. As he could not do his duty by eloquence he became ever idler. He was the first man who "sold honours," for as he did not conform to facts he was always in need of cash. Yet he was conscientious, and felt himself Heaven-appointed Governor of England. But he could not coax his Parliaments any more than he could Facts. . . . It was an age of theory without practice, of Decay struggling with Newbirth.

5. Strange people have dwelt in the Fen country, but this little boy Oliver is one of its strangest productions. Attempts were being made at the time of his childhood to drain the Fen country, but it was not done till many years later. An emblem of all human history were these countries : the flowerage and decay of one generation after another, till at a certain depth below the surface all is black bog-substance.

6. The oblivion of Guy Faux is another proof that all dies away in this world. For Guy Faux was no Dilettante, but a serious man with his thirty-six barrels of gunpowder. He would recall from Chaos the Papal Antichrist, and was ready to die for his cause. Parliament would have ended in a flash of hell-fire, had not the King by special inspiration detected an ambiguous phrase with his vigilant goggle-eyes.

7. On May 31, 1610, Prince Henry was knighted, but that immense event, which deafened England, affects us little now. The thing that interests us is that Ben Jonson composed the Masque. He made many Masques, amid the world's applause, in an age that did have in it something to symbolise. The "Elder Dramatists" were New Dramatists then, gliding about in rusty outfit and lodging God knows where. Nightly at the "Mermaid" there were wit combats between Jonson and Shakespeare.

8. The progress of improvement in England, and especially London, is astonishing. Moorfields, once the home of pestilence, has been drained ; Smithfield is drained and paved with clear whinstone ; and on market days the streets become impassable from a growing population. New buildings rise, and London and Westminster seem about to coalesce. The pacific King has settled Ireland ; and Ulster is getting planted with Saxons and Scots. Alum, invaluable to weavers, is dug in Yorkshire,

and cloth manufacture begins to thrive. We hear of Liverpool growing to the size of Chester and increasing its traffic with Ireland.

9. Spiritual progress announces itself in the Translation of the Bible, which enables men to see into the stillness of Eternity. . . . In 1609 eight ships sailed for Virginia, and one, separated from the rest by a storm, and drifting before the wind in a leaking condition, reached the Bermudas. . . . This year Virginia, supplied with new settlers and artificers, flourishes as never before. . . . Traffic begins with India ; the kingdoms of the Sun are opened to our dim Fog-land. It leads to trouble with Portugal ; but Captain Thomas Best blows their Galleons and frigates to splinters. . . . Surely this People is conquering something for itself : American Colonies, Indian Empire, Heavenly Empire.

10. All cultivated persons walk daily in the Middle Aisle of St. Paul's and discourse of the news. Around them Old London is vocal with its shop cries ; and men in general strut and fret their hour. But the Stage is fearfully emblematic, or who would consent to act on it ?

11. The death of Prince Henry in November 1612 plunged the population into grief that would be inconceivable now ; for as yet the whole nation was like the family of one good landlord with loyal servants and tenants. . . . Next year the Princess Elizabeth was married to a German Prince.

12. In August 1613 two young gentlemen, Edward Sackville and Lord Bruce, met at Antwerp and rode towards Bergen-op-Zoom. They were on no peaceful errand, but in search of a quiet spot on the border—whence, if a deed of violence were committed, the survivor could step from one country into the other—with the object of fighting a duel. The quarrel was about a sister of Lord Bruce's, and we have a description left by Sackville : how they fought in a meadow, ankle-deep in water, with surgeons bidden to remain far off, and no seconds, lest they should interfere, and how they inflicted desperate wounds on each other, but without fatal result.

13. Shakespeare is taking his departure for an unknown land (April 23, 1616) and bidding farewell to all earthly dramaturgies. . . . Ten days before, far off in Spain, had died the

kindly meek Cervantes, who crowned a life of uncomplaining suffering by writing *Don Quixote* in jail. He is now the voice of Spain which soon will be all that survives of it—as with Greece. . . . In the East, see Kepler, in whose eyes, amid sorrow and despair, beams deathless hope, struggling with poverty and neglect, but praying Hunger not to kill him till he has discovered Mars.

14. We may dismiss the stories of James's misgovernment by reflecting that this was not the History of England, and he was not Chief Hero but Chief Chimera. Let us not summon spectres from the vasty deep of Dryasdust, but only now and then record a worthy fact—such as Raleigh's death-sentence, commuted to imprisonment in the Tower, where he wrote his History of the World.

15. The Overbury murder, hidden for two years, set all England ringing. Overbury was Under-Secretary to Robert Car, Earl of Somerset, and he opposed the desire of the beautiful Frances Howard, Lady Essex, who wished to divorce her husband and marry Car. Car responded, and they got Overbury imprisoned in the Tower, while the Lady Frances divorced her husband. But as Overbury held important secrets, it was decided to get rid of him by slow poisoning : and this took effect on September 15, 1613. The lovers were made happy, but murder will out, and in 1615 the gallows was kept busy. Those who did the deed first suffered, followed by others who aided and abetted, and next year Lord and Lady Somerset were arraigned. They pleaded in Westminster Hall before the assembled Lords and Attorney Bacon with his viper eyes. The sentence was death, but James, who was Rhadamanthus only in theory, sent them to the Tower, and even liberated them with much of their term unserved.

16. James's famous discourse in the Star Chamber, pointing out their duties to all ranks, was like the clucking of a Brood-hen. The sham King mistook himself for a real King.

17. At Shrovetide 1617 many young persons assembled and took to smashing houses of ill-fame ; proof that Puritanism was spreading downward to the populace. Towards night they attacked the new Drury Lane Playhouse, but the King, like an angry Parent-fowl, ordered Martial-law to be proclaimed, which meant rapid hanging : so the illegal populace ebbed home.

18. May 7, 1617, was the day of Bacon's procession, on attainment of the post of Lord Keeper—the high topgallant of his fortunes. Though made of the finest elements he had an appetite for earthly promotion. Ambition became his ruin, and at last bribery and common want of cash.

19. His Majesty visited Scotland this year and complained of the condition of the Church. Without Bishops and surplices there seemed to him no religion in the country.

20. Returning by Lancashire, he was struck by the number of Papists, and also the sorrowful way in which the Protestant-Puritans spent Sunday. He therefore, by Royal Proclamation, permitted manly sports on Sunday. It was one of his unsuccessful actions, and roused the horror of Bible Christians.

21. On October 29, 1618, Raleigh was executed, after fifteen years of imprisonment. He was unfortunate, and did not discover the El Dorado mine: such was his crime.

22. Thanks to Sir Simonds D'Ewes, a brisk young gentleman about Town, we realise that London was not a vacant Hades but alive and loud-voiced. We read his description of the Whitehall Tilt-yard, where he saw the Marquis of Buckingham and many other notables. Would he had been at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, on August 22, 1620, and reported for us Cromwell's marriage to Elizabeth Bourchier!

23. The King once, in a rage, struck with the royal foot his faithful valet, John Gibb: on which Gibb rode away in stern humour. On finding his mistake the King sent messengers to bring back Gibb; and, when this was done with difficulty, went down on his knees to him, and even blubbered. It was unmajestic, but many pattern-characters could not have done it. He was a good man wrongly placed.

24. Our ancestors regarded Spain with horror, as a rich and wondrous country, with its huge empire, but of infernal nature. And yet James solicits alliances with Spain, thinks even to *convert* the Spanish Devil! It was the beginning of a breach between King and Parliament. . . . We can understand why in August 1623 the joy-bells rang all over England at the Prince's home-coming without the thick-lipped Infanta.

25. James, who did not recognise the dim instinct of the real England, got on ill with his Parliaments. He summoned

and dismissed several, and in the intervals tried other means for supplies, such as monopolies, tonnage, poundage. . . . If England of that day was dim, how much more the continent of Europe ! But a certain phenomenon in Prague becomes strangely visible across the dusk of ages. The Kaiser had committed a breach of faith towards the Bohemian Protestants, and designed to set over them a Catholic King : on which they fling his officials from the window. It was the prelude to the Thirty Years' War between Protestant and Catholic Europe, hardly exemplified for misery and violence ; and it produced the Protestant war in England. . . . Pacific James hardly consented to the despatch of an expedition to Bohemia in the cause of Protestantism. It could not conquer, but died bravely.

26. We notice certain members of James's Parliament of 1620-1, such as Pym, Wentworth (Strafford), Sackville—whom we once saw nearly killed by Lord Bruce in a meadow. Sackville urges the King to fight abroad in the cause of Protestantism. Older venerable persons—Serjeant Crew, Coke upon Littleton—sit there in steeple hats and Spanish cloaks, in the presence of God and King James. It was this earnest Parliament that detected the practices of Bacon and twitched the purple cloak off him. They are severe on all swindlers, monopolists, foul players. See how they disgraced the gilt scoundrel, Sir Francis Michell. . . . But they come into conflict with the King about the Spanish match. He refuses their Deputation, on which they strike work—in awe and dread, not insolence. Attempts at conciliation fail, and Parliament is dissolved. . . . The English love of precedents is notable, of conforming to the law of habit. Indeed, the history of the Past is the real Bible.

II. 1. King Charles I had authentic pretension to command, a right divine which no one questioned, but not the real faculty. In default of the Spanish Infanta he married Henrietta Maria of France. How much better had he married a Protestant Princess, for she was surrounded by Jesuits ; and when the headlong King expelled them, she flew into a tempest of wrath.

2. Like his father, Charles prospered ill with his Parliaments ; for an English Parliament is England in epitome ; and he had parted from the dumb heart of England. . . . The first

Parliament granted meagre supplies, and heard with horror that the King had lent English ships to France to fight the Protestants of Rochelle. . . . The second impeached Buckingham and refused supplies, so that Majesty dissolved them and took again to loans.

3. A certain Richard Montague, in confuting Papists, gave offence also to Protestantism, so that Bishop Laud wrote, "I see a cloud rising." . . . Dr. Manwaring, a truculent flunky in Priest's garments, threatened with damnation those who refused the King's loan.

4. Buckingham failed to relieve Rochelle, and returned from the Isle of Rhé with a loss of 2,000 men, amid curses not loud but deep. Other wars prosper ill, and Forced Loans come in with difficulty. A third Parliament is summoned, March 1627-8, of which Oliver Cromwell is a member.

5. . . . Petition of Right was much spoken of; it was the greatest thing since Magna Charta, but somewhat stingily accepted by the King. It grew up under the cunning hands of Coke upon Littleton. . . . That this Parliament was no fiction of the brain but a corporeal entity is proved to us by the *Commons Journals*. Several of our old friends are here: Pym, decisive Wentworth and others. Hampden also, and Cromwell, who since we last saw him has been much occupied by the question of the Universe, and has grandly solved it by help of the Puritan Gospel. . . . In June 1628 the House designed its Declaration to the King, which was to voice the dumb sorrow of the people at the advance of Papistry and ill success of foreign wars. The King, however, sent word they were to be prorogued in eight days and had better attend only to Subsidies. . . . On this the House burst into a passion of tears, hard as we now find to believe it. Those who represented England present and past had come into conflict with the King, God's Vicegerent. . . . True old Sir Edward Coke blamed the Duke of Buckingham as cause of all these miseries. . . . But the King, for the sake of his Subsidies, decided to conciliate Parliament. He accepted the Declaration, and then, as soon as his Subsidy Bill was passed, hastily prorogued the Commons.

6. The King, with the approval of Laud, rewards sycophants such as Manwaring. It is Buckingham who has brought England to this pass of forsaking God's Laws and staggering

down to the Devil. . . . These thoughts weighed on all men, and especially on Felton, who bought a knife, journeyed to Portsmouth, whence Buckingham was about to start on a second attempt to relieve Rochelle, and stabbed him to death. . . .

7. The King claimed the right of levying Tonnage and Poundage without grant of Parliament. This the Commons disputed, and before dealing with the matter they proceeded to discuss the state of Religion in the country. On January 11, 1629, Oliver Cromwell, in his first speech, complained that flat Popery had been preached at Paul's Cross, and he named Bishops Neile and Laud. The hour had come to choose between Truth or Falsity in the cast-clothes of Truth. . . . The King's Bill is still not passed, and merchants' goods are seized at the Customs by his order. In the House, Speaker Finch says that "he dare not put a certain question," because of the King's command. A few days later there is uproar in the House, and the Speaker is held down in his chair while a paper is read against Neile and Laud and the practice of Tonnage and Poundage. . . . The King first adjourned and then dissolved Parliament, and it was the last Parliament for eleven years.

8. A feature of the century was the religious discussion in noble houses. In modern days it has been superseded by novel reading; and intellect has become divorced from rank.

9. Nicholas Ferrar, a merchant's son, religious by nature, became more and more convinced of the unimportance of this world and the necessity of finding the way to Heaven. As London was soul-distracting, the whole family, of about twenty, retired to Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire. Night and day the ritual went on in the little Manor Chapel, the family relieving one another by turns.

10. A certain Scottish Dr. Leighton wrote a book against the Bishops in 1630, for which he was condemned by Laud and others to be degraded, pilloried, branded, etc., as if such a man were the ugliest scoundrel in England. Though he escaped, he was retaken, and the sentence put into execution.

11. In 1631 Noy was made Attorney-General: a morose man and surly Law-pedant, but the King needed his vast legal knowledge. On his advice the King claimed the monopoly of Soap, but his grand feat was Ship-money.

12. Old Edinburgh is alive in June 1633, like a couchant animal crowned by the Castle and covering with its rhinoceros skin of stone and mortar the back and ribs of the eastward slope towards Holyrood. On the 15th the whole town is on holiday to welcome His Majesty's coming. Orators, impersonating Allegories, congratulate him on the way to Holyrood. Like all ceremonies, it is adumbrative of men's worship for heroes, or even the cloaks of heroes. It was the work of Drummond of Hawthornden, this pageant, of an upholsterer rather than a poet with his eye on the divine fact. And yet when we strip the pageant bare it has the reality of human nature behind it. First there is the King, who has not achieved greatness but was born great. Beside him rides Marquis Hamilton, who has little power to fill his great place : a man to be pitied, with his keen anxious feelings dashed by egoist terrors. Thomas Earl of Arundel is now known by the Parian marbles which he brought from Greece, not for the splendour of his palaces and valets. The young Earl of Montrose rides unnoticed by the King. He has squandered his fortune, but has wild wishes in a wild, deep soul. Bishop Laud is also in that procession.

13. Like ourselves, the men and women of England of two hundred years ago met at evening parties. In all essentials they were the same as us : only the tailor's work dissimilar. But how strange one of us would feel suddenly carried back to the time of Cromwell ! They spoke of the King's right to Tonnage and Poundage, of Laud and railed Altars, of Grace, Predetermination. . . .

14. On June 30, 1637, three worthy men, Bastwick, Burton, Prynne, were set in the pillory, slitted and branded for scrupling to worship God in the Laud manner. Burton was heard to say, "This is too hot to last," and his words circulated through England.

15. Heylin's Life of Laud has become unreadable in the nineteenth century. What concerns us is to discern the *true* Church, her credible message in this Time-World and her relation to the practical State. . . . From its root in the Bethlehem stable eighteen hundred years ago the Church has grown in an astonishing way : but if the root give way the whole tree will fall. . . . Why Laud should cut off men's ears for

the sake of getting his altars set in the East wall is a mystery. The offence of the Puritans in his eyes is that they are too religious. Such a man is inconceivable : or conceivable only as the head of a temporary Church. Man's life is composed of temporal and eternal, and there is a heathen element that must assert itself. But he who has no vision of Eternity will never get a hold of Time.

16. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury since 1633, wished to undertake reforms in England, but he little knew the disasters they would bring about. His faculty was imprisoned in obsolete delusions, and he was confident of his own rectitude. All England must bow towards the East and gesticulate to his order ! It seemed to him the people's spiritual condition was wrong : as proved by their disregard of surplices, etc., and their striving after personal communion with God. He would make all religion like drill-exercise.

17. Richard Farnham, a Colchester weaver, has become famous as a knower of the Scriptures. He has wrestled deeply and thus been able to comfort many. His reading and true understanding of the Hebrew Prophets make him see the wickedness of England. With a fellow-weaver, John Bull, he utters the most astounding prophecies, but unfortunately gives the profane world a chance to cavil by an irregular marriage. Farnham, charged with bigamy, is imprisoned in Bridewell, where he and his friend Bull die of a sickness that is killing many. As Farnham had prophesied that he would rise from the dead, go on a mission of conversion, and return to tread on the proud ones of the world, his women-followers refuse to believe in his death.

18. The English gentry employ themselves with sport and theology and daily household occupations. The tissue of existence, never yet broken, works itself through the miraculous Loom of Time !

19. The King continues to punish by extortions and cutting off ears ; and Puritan emigrants may not even leave for New England. But the people's patience is among its noblest qualities, and the just man's cause is the universe's cause.

20. The Scotch see their beloved Church, emblem of God's presence, threatened by foreign Prelacy. To obey Laud seemed

to them pretending to believe incredibilities : and the feeling that inspired their refusal is the holiest in the soul of man. Laud complained there was no religion in Scotland, the churches were like barns, and worship unmethodic confusion. He resolved to have Scotch Bishops, to impose the Prayer Book, and demand back the Church lands. A querulous little man like Laud would favour with a religion this deep-hearted people ! . . . On July 23, 1637, the Dean began to conduct service in St. Giles's, Edinburgh, with Laud's Prayer Book, but was interrupted by growls and hums. To stay the tumult the Bishop mounted into the pulpit and endeavoured to read the collect. Jenny Geddes then hurled her stool at his head, and the riot spread over Edinburgh and through Scotland.

21. Discovery of the Thurloe Papers and a letter of Oliver Cromwell's lead to the reflection that the spirit of the writing is lost and its words become meaningless to us. But if thou knewest, reader, that Hell pain or Heavenly joy were certain in a few years, thou wouldst write the same. . . . The Past is the dwelling of the Dead, but to worship Tradition is to recognise divineness in the Past. Tradition is the Totality of the memorable acts and thoughts of all mankind.

22. Let us picture grave Hampden in his secluded Manor House. He has discerned the deepest fact, that God exists, that man's actions reach up to Heaven and down to Hell, and his conduct on earth is of infinite moment. To one who regards the Bible as God's authentic word, how does Laud with his Four Surplices appear ? Surely a collision will come to pass between Realities and Phantasms.

23. Wentworth (Strafford), a proud, choleric man, has now left the Reform party and gone over to Laud. He saw a new, shorter course open to him, under the King's favour—and old ugly things, such as his enemy Savile, were passed away. His aim is power, and he looks upon King Charles as a Talismanic Figure with which to conjure the world.

24. In 1639 a Scottish army, encamped at Dunse Law, faced the royal army near Berwick. The Scots proclaimed their loyalty but pleaded for the withdrawal of Laud's Service-book. So far had the matter come in two years : and now His Majesty accepts the Petition.

25. Some word-of-mouth assurances which the King gave at Berwick were embodied by the Scotch Commissioners in their Declaration ; and the King in his altered soul ordered it to be burnt by the hangman. He means war on the Scotch rebels.

26. Charles dissolved the Parliament that would not vote supplies against the Scotch, and tried to raise funds by private subscription (1640). The City favoured the Scotch and would grant no loan ; the apprentices even raided Lambeth Palace. A mutinous army, vociferous against Bishops, marched north, shooting their officers and wrecking Laud's Churches.

27. A Scotch army under Leslie and Montrose entered England to present a petition to the King. (A skirmish took place at Newburn on the Tyne, in which the English were worsted, and peace was arranged at Ripon.)

28. The Long Parliament, Father of all future Parliaments, began sitting on November 3, 1640. . . . What has become of that old London day ? . . . Would we could see Pym or Hampden, but especially Cromwell as he journeys from Ely to London ! His face is not beautiful, but troublous and dark. He is occupied with thoughts of the universe, and his eyes are strange, deep and troubled. Yet there is something in him in the highest degree worth looking at, and perhaps he alone is of interest, while the rest are dead.

At this late hour the circle of light thrown by the waning lamp of criticism on the Carlylean page begins to contract ; and little remains but speculation on his reasons for consigning these chapters to oblivion, and rediscovery, if not of novel traits, at least of those that are specially characteristic.

The first is no doubt explained in the title, for the word "Sketches" is not one that we are wont to associate with Carlyle. The scantiness of material prevented him from following his usual course of probing his subject to the bottom, and the result was unsatisfactory to his own conscience. He admits, for instance, that Laud is incomprehensible ; and until a subject had become transparent to him he did not consider that he had attained its mastery.

But the serious student of Carlyle will find peculiar reasons for gratitude that these papers have not been withheld ; and they

are perhaps best read out of their chronological order. They resemble a book of selections, but their function is inverse to the usual book of selections, which is to introduce a reader to his author. Theirs is rather to bid him farewell, and their qualification is that they are discursive rather than intense. They roam over an immense field, lighting up a variety of scenes and figures perhaps once only; and the pleasure they afford the student is a reminiscent one. Carlyle is no easy writer, and makes large demands of time and attention on his readers; but to those who have already travelled the length and breadth of his works and are fully primed with his characteristic doctrines, this posthumous volume will come with a light and gracious appeal. Though the greater part of the thought has been incorporated into *Cromwell* and other works, the new instances that here remain are not without revealing effect on his own mind. He has written much of Shakespeare, but he now describes him as "the beautifullest soul in England."¹ The name of Bacon we do not elsewhere recall, and therefore start at the picture of the Lord Keeper with his "viper eyes";² while the cause of his fall was that, although made of the finest elements, he had an appetite for earthly promotion.³ It is because these sketches come at so late an hour, when the orientation of the vast mind that threw them off is well known, that they make their appeal. They come like an aftermath to please the reader who, with much strain, has already laid Carlyle's philosophy to heart.

They belong to his best period, when his mind was circling in full vigour, and before the political tinge became too marked: before the need to make examples of things too near home had added a grating note of anger to the sound of its mighty revolutions. Among new applications let us note the description of Queen Elizabeth as the last sovereign to divine what the heart of her people meant and lead in the doing of it;⁴ and the oft-repeated lament for the failure of James, with admirable intentions, and also of Charles, to penetrate the "dim instinct of real England."⁵ We have the implied reproach to the diminished feeling of human brotherhood at the present day, and increased class-estrangement, in the nation's grief for Prince Henry's death.⁶ The old earnest days are shown when

¹ I. 2. ² I. 15. ³ I. 18. ⁴ I. 2. ⁵ I. 25. ⁶ I. 11.

Parliament actually bursts into tears because it may not frame its Declaration against Papistry.¹ They appear similarly in the habits of the people—such as the religious discussions in noble houses, now superseded by novel-reading.² Nor are wanting pictures of old London, such as the walks in the middle aisle of St. Paul's, and the old shop-cries.³ Among outstanding descriptions not met with elsewhere, that of Spain, its sinister character and infernal nature, is pre-eminent.⁴ The group of portraits that include Hamilton, “with his keen anxious feelings dashed by egoist terrors,” is likewise unsurpassed of its kind.⁵ And his summary of Tradition as the totality of the memorable acts and thoughts of all mankind,⁶ though largely reminiscent, is an aid to the consolidation in the mind of the many things he has written on that subject.

¹ II. 5. ² II. 8. ³ I. 10. ⁴ I. 24. ⁵ II. 12. ⁶ II. 21.

CHAPTER XLVI

LAST YEARS

(1866-81)

1866-81
70-85) CARLYLE's working life practically synchronised with his married life ; his writings before marriage were a kind of prelude, and those that came after, little more than the dying echo from a vast orchestration. The fifteen years that remained were years of decline, though of physical rather than mental nature, for his mind persisted in its strength to the end. He had his seasons of remorse, as was natural, but it is false to think of him as a broken man weighed down by the thought of wrong conduct towards a loved one now beyond the reach of reparation. His remorse was characteristic of a generous mind which, in a scrupulous examination of the past, is needlessly severe upon itself, and heroically appreciative of the virtues of the dead. To Carlyle life had never been a great boon, and he did not exploit its opportunities for happiness : but when the present became the past, he looked back upon it with regret. To this we owe much of the beauty of his work, and much that is characteristic in his life, and the supreme instance is the calamity which had now visited him. Perhaps nothing expresses his individual mind so clearly as this entry in his *Journal* of December 15, 1870 : "How pungent is remorse, when it turns upon the loved dead, who cannot pardon us, cannot hear us now ! Two plain precepts there are. Dost thou intend a kindness to thy beloved one ? Do it straightway, while the fateful Future is not yet here. Has thy heart's friend carelessly or cruelly stabbed into thy heart ? Oh, forgive him ! Think how, when thou art dead, he will punish himself." ¹

In October 1866 he had written to Alick : "*Her* death was very beautiful, and such as she had always wished ; her noble life

¹ Froude, iv. 407.

at that point of time . . . would be felt by her . . . to be crowned by perfect *victory* : and, indeed, everybody testifies, what was most of all evident to myself, that her last eighteen months, and especially her last two weeks and her last *day*, were the happiest she had had for many years.”¹

1866-81
(70-85)

On returning to London after the funeral, Carlyle derived his one employment from sorting up and settling all that had pertained to his wife's existence, and to writing the *Reminiscences* of her. He spoke of his first awakening in the morning, with the reality all stript bare before him, as the ghastliest half-hour of the day.² At the close of December he started for Mentone to stay with Lady Ashburton till the following March, and while there he wrote the *Reminiscences* of Irving and Jeffrey. In the following years he occupied himself with editing his wife's letters ; and his annotations bear witness to the pain caused by return in imagination to the sacred regions of the past.

In this work he was helped by his niece Mary Aitken, who took up her residence permanently in his house and worthily discharged that part of his late wife's task which consisted in smoothing for him the material difficulties of life. As the years went on, and his grief, though never forgotten, was restrained within one compartment of his mind instead of overflowing his whole nature, we see that the life he led bore a shadowy resemblance to the past. We find a few more visits recorded, a few social functions, the advent of a new horse called Comet. He continued his walks with Froude, begun about 1860 ; he saw friends such as Forster and Sir James Stephen, the latter of whom visited him weekly on Sunday ;³ he even resumed his yearly visit to Scotland. It was in the autumn of 1870 that he passed the five most “heavy-laden” days of his life at Craigenputtock, and he also revisited Ecclefechan, Scotsbrig, and Haddington.⁴ We note a reference to Thornhill and Dr. and Mrs. Russell in a letter of January 1872, and the reader's mind recurs to Mrs. Carlyle's friendship with those admirable people, culminating in her terrible illness of 1864. Literature still had its place in his scheme, for he could not bear idleness, and in these years of decline he added to the long list of his writings

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 237.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 291 *note*.

³ *Reminiscences*, i. 254-5.

⁴ *Ibid.*, ii. 270-1.

1866-81
(70-85) the works on the *Norse Kings*, on the portraits of Knox, and the appendix to the *Life of Schiller*. The two first appeared in *Fraser*, and in January 1875 he writes to John, with a tone of briskness, about the negotiations, and how the *Fraser* people were keeping him six copies of the *Norse Kings*.¹ It is like the last pale ray of autumn sunset straggling over the abandoned country of forty years ago, when his means of livelihood was periodical literature.

The decline, as we said, was physical rather than mental, and one thing after another was laid aside. In October 1868 he had a fall with Comet, and, though uninjured, he never rode again.² In the autumn of 1870 his hand began to fail,³ and became progressively worse, so that he was unable to write himself, and the works named above were written by his niece to his dictation. But his mind still craved for employment, and he attempted to satisfy it by reading instead of writing—though, as he wrote to John in November 1875, it was a poor resource in comparison.⁴ He would read Shakespeare, “unique of speaking mankind,” at night; at another period we find him immersed in Thucydides and Plutarch; and he compares Thucydides to Dante for “brevity, seriousness and pregnant force of expression,” but misses the “wail of unutterable affection,” and religious fervour.⁵

As early as November 1867 he remarked that he was no longer fit for visiting in great houses. This was after a visit to Lady Marian Alford, near Grantham, where he describes himself as sleepless, and miserable among the amiable people and bright things.⁶ But the following April he stayed with Lord Northbrook at Stratton, and as the Grange, though now in other hands, was in the neighbourhood, he took the occasion of seeing it for the last time. He also writes: “It strikes me now, with a shadow of remorse, that Tuesday will be the 21st, and that I shall be far away from the place in Hyde Park to which I would have walked that day.⁷ In the autumn of 1869 we hear of a visit to Addiscombe, probably the last of its kind, and the cause of idle misery and want of sleep.⁸ It was the same with

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 311.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 270.

³ Ibid., ii. 288, 317-18.

⁴ Ibid., iv. 367.

⁵ Froude, iv. 379.

⁶ Ibid., ii. 318.

⁷ Froude, iv. 356-7.

⁸ Ibid., iv. 382.

all formal social functions, though in December 1870, after dining at the Duke of Argyle's, he writes that he was astonished to find that he had been so cheerful.¹

1866-81
(70-85)

In February 1871 he wrote to Alick in Canada : " Outward things go what might be called altogether prosperously with me : much printing and new printing of my poor bits of Books, which never had such a degree of circulation as now ; honour enough . . . from my poor fellow-creatures . . . which . . . has all become of small moment, and, indeed, to a degree that astonishes myself, utterly *indifferent* in sight of the Immensities and Eternities which I now see close ahead. Plenty of personal friends there are, too, who are abundantly kind. . . . I do not shun these altogether, but neither do I seek them ; conversation generally wearies rather than delights me, and I find the company of my own thoughts and recollections, what may be called conversing with the Dead, a more salutary, though far mournfuller, employment." ²

The following passages occur in his Journal of October 1869 : " At no moment can I forget my loss, nor wish to do it if I could. Singular how the death of *one* has smitten all the Universe dead to me. . . . But in that sadness for my loved one—to whom now sometimes join themselves my mother, father, etc.—there is a piety and silent patient tenderness which does hold of the divine." . . . " Three nights ago, stepping out after midnight, with my *final* pipe, and looking up into the stars, which were clear and numerous, it struck me with a strange new kind of feeling. Hah ! in a little while I shall have seen you also for the last time. God Almighty's own Theatre of Immensity, the Infinite made palpable and visible to me, that also will be closed, flung to in my face, and I shall never behold that either any more. And I knew so little of it, real as was my effort and desire to know. The thought of this eternal deprivation—even of this, though this is such a nothing in comparison—was sad and painful to me. And then a second feeling rose on me, ' What if Omnipotence, which has developed in me these pieties, these reverences and infinite affections, should have said, Yes, poor mortals. Such of you as have gone so far shall be permitted to go farther. Hope.

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 274.

² Ibid., ii. 275-6.

1866-81
(70-85)

Despair not !' I have not had such a feeling for many years back as at that moment, and so mark it here." ¹

Of the Franco-Prussian War he wrote : " No event has taken place in Europe in my time that pleased me better " : ² but with his reasons for disliking the French and approving the Germans of that age we are now quite familiar. We must not omit some record of the outer, semi-public events of his own life, though they reacted feebly on a mind for which all commercing ships with the New World were sinking below the verge. On March 4, 1869, his interview with Queen Victoria took place at the Westminster Deanery. His " bit of dialogue went very well," and the Queen asked what part of Scotland he came from. He describes her as " nothing the least imperious ; all gentle, all *sincere*-looking, unembarrassing, rather attractive even ; *makes* you feel too . . . that she is Queen." ³ In February 1874 he was awarded the Prussian Order of Merit ; ⁴ and at the close of the following year he received a congratulatory letter from Bismarck on his eightieth birthday, containing some praise of *Frederick* which he much valued. ⁵ The occasion was not neglected by his countrymen, and over a hundred of the leading literary and scientific men and women presented him with a gold medal and address. The latter was drawn up by John Morley and David Masson, and contains the following sentence : " It is a matter for general rejoicing that a teacher whose genius and achievements have lent radiance to his time still dwells amidst us ; and our hope is that you may yet long continue in fair health, to feel how much you are loved and honoured, and to rest in the retrospect of a brave and illustrious life." ⁶ In January of the same year he had declined a baronetcy, offered by Disraeli, and writes of it to John in the following characteristic manner : " I do, however, truly admire the magnanimity of Dizzy in regard to me : he is the only man I almost never spoke of except with contempt . . . and yet, see, here he comes with a pan of hot coals for my guilty head!" ⁷

We will give one last quotation from Carlyle's *Journal* (June 29, 1868) : " An immense development of *Atheism* is

¹ Froude, iv. 383-5.

² New Letters T.C., ii. 252-5.

³ Ibid., ii. 319-22.

⁴ New Letters T.C., ii. 277.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 305.

⁶ Ibid., ii. 322-4.

⁷ Ibid., ii. 310-11.

1866-81
(70-85)

clearly proceeding, and at a rapid rate, and in joyful exultant humour, both here and in France. . . . If they do abolish 'God' from their own poor bewildered hearts . . . there will be seen for some length of time . . . such a world as few are dreaming of. But I never dread their 'abolition' of what is the eternal *Fact of Facts*, and can prophesy that mankind generally will either *return* to that with new clearness and sacred purity of zeal, or else perish utterly in unimaginable depths of anarchic misery and baseness. . . . For the rest, I can rather welcome one symptom . . . viz. that all people have *awoke* and are determined to have done with cants and idolatries. . . . The chosen few who do continue to believe in the 'eternal nature of duty,' and are in all times and all places the God-appointed *rulers* of this world, will know at once who the *slave* kind are. . . ."¹

The death of friends and contemporaries, which he had noted in the case of Frederick the Great as forming one of the sorrows of old age, was not spared Carlyle. Of the deaths of Thomas Spedding and Foxton in November 1870 he wrote: "Out of my own kindred, I had not two friends in the world who were so valuable to me."² The death of Mill in May 1873 caused "a great black sheet of mournful, more or less tragic memories" to rush down upon him.³ His path and Mill's had widely diverged with time, their ideas on liberty being antipodal; but Mill had been one of his first London friends in the new life that was opening before him. Forster died in February 1876, and he attended the funeral as one of the chief mourners. His age was then eighty, but his niece, who watched over him with such devotedness, provided everything possible to secure him from trouble or injury.⁴ Correspondence at long intervals continued with Emerson, and we find Carlyle regretting the abeyance into which it had fallen and pleading for more letters. When Froude visited America in 1872, Carlyle wrote: "You will find him a most clear, friendly, ingenious, solid and excellent man. . . . He is the valuablest Friend I now have in England, nearly, though not quite altogether, the one man in talking with whom I can get any real profit or comfort."⁵

¹ Froude, iv. 372-4.² New Letters T.C., ii. 273.³ Froude, iv. 419.⁴ New Letters T.C., ii. 325.⁵ Correspondence Carlyle and Emerson, ii. 353.

1866-81
(70-85) In 1873 Emerson was in England, and his last meeting with Carlyle took place in April of that year. His talk, Carlyle wrote, was "mild, modest, ingenious but rather theoretic."¹

But the Carlyles were a clannish people, and it is with the memory of his last utterances to those of his own family that we would rather bid him farewell. He writes to Alick: "These young ones springing up are now a great wealth to you, dear Brother; I now feel what a stern *poverty* the want of all such in my own case is!"² And again in 1876, with a present of £150: "This I beg you to accept as a small New Year's Gift to the Brother who for so many scores of years now has been dear and true to me." He continues: "I am myself older than you and by nature ought to be weaker; and certainly I am grown as weak almost as if I were a second time a baby: but, by the great goodness of Heaven, I am as it were quite free from bodily disease, and have no illness upon me except simply what is implied in the word old-age. Often enough I feel weary of the empty, painful and idle existence I now lead. . . ."³ A few years before, he had written to his youngest sister: "I often think with silent gratitude to Providence how gently we older ones have been dealt with in this respect; saved, a whole family of us, for so many years; none but poor Margaret (very dear, and very sacred to me at this hour), and a wee wee *Fenny* whom you never saw, but whose death, and my mother's unappeasable grief for it, are still strangely present to me, after near seventy years."⁴

Carlyle continued his yearly visits to Scotland, and in September 1874 we hear of him at Kirkcaldy, enjoying the sea-bathing.⁵ We wonder what his thoughts were on beholding these scenes of fifty years ago, and whether memories of Irving rose in his mind. His last visit to Scotland seems to have been in 1879, when he stayed at Dumfries through the summer months, in daily companionship with John.⁶

It was at the close of this visit that John died, on September 15th; and Alick had died three years and a half previously, on March 30, 1876. Alick's mind before death had reverted to the days of boyhood when he would drive his brother Tom to or

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 297.

² Ibid., ii. 261.

³ Ibid., ii. 327.

⁴ Letters to Youngest Sister, 239.

⁵ New Letters T.C., ii. 307.

⁶ Ibid., ii. 341.

from Dumfries, on his way to or return from the University. 1866-81
 Carlyle wrote: "It strikes me heavily that he is gone before (70-85)
 myself, that I who should in the course of nature have gone
 before him am left among the mourners, instead of being the
 mourned. . . . That question of his when his eyes were already
 shut and his mind wavering before the last finis of all, 'Is
 Tom coming from Edinburgh the morn?' will never leave me,
 should I live for a hundred years. Poor Alick, my ever faithful
 Brother, come back across wide oceans and long decades of time
 to the scenes of Brotherly companionship with me; and going
 out of the world, as it were, with his hand in mine."¹

There remained only the youngest brother, Jamie, and the
 three sisters, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Aitken (Craw Jean, whose
 daughter was living with Carlyle), and Mrs. Hanning in Canada.

For about the last two years of his life, Carlyle's nephew
 Alexander, son of his late brother Alick, made one of the
 Chelsea household, owing to his marriage with his cousin, Mary
 Aitken. One of our last glimpses of the venerable figure on
 whom the curtain is now falling is in a letter written by Mrs.
 Alexander Carlyle to Mrs. Hanning on July 18, 1880: "In
 general he is wonderfully good-humoured and contented; and
 on the whole carries his eighty-four years well. . . . I do not
 think he has written a single letter, even dictated one, for over
 a year."²

Carlyle maintained his practice of walking with Froude in
 Hyde Park or Battersea, as long as strength permitted. By
 degrees he came to depend more and more on the omnibus as a
 means of locomotion; and in latest years he drove daily in
 a fly towards Harrow, Richmond or Sydenham.³

His death took place on February 5, 1881, at the age of
 eighty-five years and two months. By his own wish, Westminster
 Abbey was declined, and Ecclefechan kirkyard, by the side of
 his parents, became his final resting-place.

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 328. ² Letters to Youngest Sister, 255.

³ Froude, iv. 444.

CHAPTER XLVII

COMPARISONS

AT the close of this long adventure in one of the great minds of the world, we may well pause a moment to ask ourselves what is the sum total of our impressions. Before leaving the land of Carlyle, were it not well to return to some central point whence the vast outline of the whole presents its most characteristic appearance? It is not easy to summarise Carlyle, even with the story of his life and the contents of his books lying before us in the sunset, with the network of inter-communicating roads by which we travelled. More than any other great writer of his time, and as much as any of all time, he stands alone, a phenomenon of nature rather than a product of society.

Let us begin by asking ourselves whether we prefer to remember Carlyle by his life or his works—for the theory that a writer's life cannot be separated from his works has never been adequately proved. At first we are inclined to say that it is his works which surpass in interest; but before placing the decision on our critical Statute Book, let us be clear of the reason. Many great judges of literature have considered biography its most fascinating branch, and even after long familiarity with Carlyle's life, we are apt to think that it lacks the essentials of this fascination.

For the pleasure of biography after all is a pagan one, and its major interest is the discovery of how much happiness its subject achieved. We dare to say this even with full knowledge of Carlyle's opinion on "happiness," his advocacy of "renunciation" and the "worship of sorrow." What we miss from Carlyle's story is the "joy of life," for though he had seasons of contentment it was in spite of himself, and he was no conscious seeker after happiness. And it is the conscious endeavour after happiness which makes the allurements of biography.

This will appear if we consult three lives second to none in interest in the English language : Cowper, Dr. Johnson, Charlotte Brontë. Let us hear some sentences from the letters of Cowper in his retirement at Olney, anticipating the annual visit of his cousin, Lady Hesketh, well knowing that her innocent companionship would bring suspension of his mental malady. He writes : "I shall see you again. I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. . . ." "We talk of nobody but you. What we will do with you when we get you . . . everything that bears the remotest relation to your well-being at Olney. . . ." "Well ! the middle of June will not be always a thousand years off, and when it comes I shall hear you, and see you too. . . ." "We . . . saw with regret . . . all these (laburnums, etc.) will be gone before Lady Hesketh comes. Still, however, there will be roses, and jasmine, and honeysuckle. . . . But I want you to have a share of everything . . . from whose coming I promise myself not only pleasure, but peace of mind."

Of Dr. Johnson it may be said that the pages of Boswell abound with proof of his dependence on his fellow-creatures : how, for instance, he would accompany a visitor downstairs to the street-door, in the hope that he might turn back and relieve his solitude a little longer ; how, from apprehension of loneliness in old age, he counted a day wasted on which he made no new friend. We remember Dr. Johnson who corrected his first impression of the gaiety of Ranelagh with the reflection that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think : Dr. Johnson who, musing on his friends, in late life, would mutter to himself, "Poor man ! and then he died."

As for Charlotte Brontë, she suffered all through life from a mortified social sense and baffled craving for companionship. Reduced by circumstances and emotional delicacy to the society only of her sisters, on their removal by death her solitude became supreme. During the toilsome composition of *Villette*, she writes to her old school-friend, Ellen Nussey : "I thought I would persist in denying myself till I had done my work, but I find it won't do, the matter refuses to progress, and this excessive solitude presses too heavily, so let me see your dear face just for one reviving week " And after Ellen Nussey's departure : "I

do miss my dear companion. No more of that calm sleep." As Dr. Johnson accompanied his friends to the street-door, so Charlotte Brontë anticipated with longing and anxiety the arrival of the post, and when it brought no letter, her whole day was marred. And as those letters of Cowper, written during Lady Hesketh's visit, afford us an added interest because we know of his happiness, so we thrill with pleasure when Charlotte Brontë, who had known years of ennui, writes, in the period of her brief marriage, "My time is not my own now."

Of Carlyle's life, can it be said that it surpasses the interest of his works, like that of Cowper or Dr. Johnson, or equals it like Charlotte Brontë? Assuredly not the first, and our plea for the pagan requirements of biography seems to exclude the second. The interest of the three lives alluded to consists in the conscious struggle of their subjects for happiness, their utter dependence on their fellow-creatures, and the power of human companionship to efface the thought of death. If we descend one stage from the lives of first-rate interest and glance at those that were more at home in the world, and consoled themselves with things as well as persons, our difficulties do not diminish. We could not, for instance, compare Carlyle with poor Charles Lamb, who, in enumerating life's bounties, did not omit "the delicious juices of meats and fishes."¹

Nor even could we compare him with Tennyson, who, though deeply moved by the problem of the universe, found leisure to enjoy his fame. Nor with William Morris and his friends, whose lives resembled a schoolboy's holiday. Ugliness and squalor and poverty and death existed in the background of their minds; but they built an inner wall of art between themselves and the sight of such things: as a schoolboy, absorbed in the joys of home, forgets the swift approach of Black Monday. Who does not remember the picture of King Admetus drawn by Morris in the *Love of Alcestis*, the most wistful and beautiful of all his stories?—

And yet—was death not much remembered,
As still with happy men the manner is?
Or, was he not so pleased with this world's bliss,
As to be sorry when the time should come
When but his name should hold his ancient home
While he dwelt nowhere?

¹ *Elia*: "New Year's Eve."

Dwelt nowhere ! There lies the sting. With this type of mind there are no hypochondriac fears, no terror of death and judgment, no physical shrinking from the black and horrible grave. It is rather homesickness for the joys of earth : for these beautiful houses and gardens in which we have dwelt and walked, these art-collections for which we have lovingly cared, these cultured friends who have made their possession trebly dear. Further on in the same story, through the lips of Admetus, Morris bursts into the most poignant passage perhaps throughout his verse :

O thou who madest me,
The only thing on earth alike to thee,
Why must I be unlike to thee in this ?
Consider, if thou dost not do amiss
To slay the only thing that feareth death
Or knows its name, of all things drawing breath.

We feel that all this is far from Carlyle, and therefore, if the place we assign to the pagan element in biography is correct, his falls below the level of interest. But comparison is a two-edged weapon, and we find it turned inconveniently against ourselves. Slight study of Carlyle's life, it is true, may confirm an unfavourable verdict, but if it be thoroughly absorbed and meditated, the reverse effect will be produced. With a full knowledge of the significance of this great presence among us, can we return with the same zest to the pages of Boswell and Mrs. Gaskell ? Surely not : for a height has been disclosed to us beneath which, to borrow a phrase from Ruskin, our old favourites, the snowy hills, lie bowed like flocks of sheep.

Man, as Carlyle once said, is born brother to his contemporaries, and the supreme interest of his own life is its representative nature of the most cultured feeling of the time. As the centuries move on, thought moves with them, and it will be remembered how, in our chronicling of the first meeting of Froude and Carlyle and contrast of it with Boswell and Johnson, we remarked on the aged character which the world had assumed. "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it," exclaimed Boswell, in deprecation of his hero's well-known prejudice. "That, sir," was the reply, "is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help." How far off from Johnson's humorous irascibility is the grave note struck by Froude in his impressions of a first visit to

Carlyle. It seemed to him that "one must speak truth only, and, if possible, think truth only, if one wished to be admitted into that house on terms of friendship."

For something has left the world since the days of Johnson, and it is the presence of God. The human race has become like a bereaved family, and, partly from fear, exacts a higher standard of conduct in inter-human relations. The roughnesses committed by Johnson are treated like a jest, while those of Carlyle have suffered tenfold exaggeration. It is man's responsibility to man that his life expresses, and therefore, because he was typical of the most advanced thought of his age, we miss a certain pleasure in acquainting ourselves with his biography. Even in Johnson's day the established faiths were shaken, and Charlotte Brontë's short life was like a mere episode of Carlyle's; but with an intellectual stature far surpassing theirs, he was obliged to oversee the ramparts of this world and hold unbroken converse with Eternity and Infinity. Their minds were conservative; they hoped, or perhaps only wished, that the past might be restored, and in the meanwhile they found occasional comfort by worshipping the God in their fellow-creatures. They scanned intently the immense stretches of the past, and while the faintest ray of sunset yet lingered, could not believe the night was at hand. But no subterfuge and no false hope could content Carlyle; his face was set towards the east; and it is small wonder if, at first, the effect upon himself of the cold night winds and the darkness before the dawn repel us, by contrast with those other Hesperian souls.

If the zest of earthly enjoyment is lacking from Carlyle's story, we must partly blame the age. Himself of intensely religious nature, he lived at a period when, through the advance of scientific and speculative knowledge, the outer symbols of the inward "certainty" had become discredited. The result was immeasurable sadness on the part of the thinking few and shameless competition for the material prizes of life on the part of the many. To a greater degree than any other of his contemporaries Carlyle felt the absence of God and the degradation of man. His mind was too great to worship the creature instead of the Creator, or find compensation in fame or fortune, and the result was lifelong loneliness of soul.

As we see in his human relationships, he was placed above the joys of the world but not above its sorrows. His affection for his mother, for instance, was troubled by the thought that he would eventually lose her. But in striving to define the missing quality in his life, we must not let the word "pagan" mislead us; for there is a point in every biography where, as in Plato, pagan and Christian commingle. It was for no ignoble reason that Shelley musically bewailed the rare coming of the "spirit of delight." If one stage of the soul's progress is measured by its life on earth, we ask that the means to this end shall be not only sorrow but joy—that the soul shall grow not only from its struggle with earth but from the beauty of earth. Carlyle's life was a great spiritual advance, but, like Dante's, the cause was sorrow only.

It is true that we recover in his works what we miss in his life—the ravishment of the soul by the beauty of earth. It appears in the glorious metaphors that stream from his pages, like the long chain of beacon fires that announced through the night to the watchman on the palace roof the return of Agamemnon. More directly we see it in the loving care with which he disinters the human details of the past; while his sudden regret for earth—most evident in the *French Revolution*—produced the most piercing swan-note of nineteenth century literature. But although Carlyle's works are richer in this one important quality than his life, we cannot say their interest surpasses that of his life, as we said the reverse of Johnson. Having once laid to heart the significance of his biography, we find we have created for ourselves a new interest.

The pleasure we receive is a severer one than from our old favourites, and we may regret to see their figures grow smaller in our mental vision; but, as Carlyle himself realised there could be no resurgence of the old faiths, and turned his face steadily towards the east, in anticipation of the new, so we must confess that here in modern times, though incomplete, is the life that most concerns us. It presents no picture comparable to that of Cowper delighting in the companionship of his cousin, or Johnson supping with Boswell and his friends at the Mitre, or Charlotte Brontë walking on the moors with her sisters. Had some Boswell penetrated the family circle and revealed its intimacies, we might have formed such a picture. As it is, we must endeavour to

reconstruct it for ourselves in more sober hues from a reminiscence. When revisiting Ecclefechan churchyard in 1856, Carlyle wrote thus to his brother in Canada : " There they all lay, Father, Mother, and Margaret's grave between them : silent now, they that were wont to be so speechful when one came among them after an absence." ¹ But for the most part it is the life of one who was ill at ease in the world, and who was doubly preoccupied—in helping his fellow-men and, in a materialistic age, keeping his own soul untainted by the soilure of earth.

For if man is born brother to his contemporaries, the pressure of two centuries of atheism is heavy on the most believing soul. The light of Carlyle's inherited religion was extinguished by the acquisition of speculative knowledge, and the spark which he rekindled with Promethean labour often served only to make darkness visible. His soul yearned after a personal God ; his intellect was baffled by the immense bales of facts about the Universe which the returned ships of science were unloading on the quays of the modern mind ; and his moral nature was shocked by the prevailing doctrine of Mammon. Like Frederick, he could not believe that the " unfathomable Demiurgus " concerned himself with each separate individual, and without such a belief his world was sunless. Earth's noblest gift, intercourse with a kindred soul, could not compensate for the loss of God ; earth's second noblest, the kingdom of art, was hidden in the depth of shadow cast by a mind like his ; to earth's ignoblest, the pleasures of sense, he was a stranger.

For the same accident of birth in a decadent age that made the companionship of God intermittent and incomplete, forbade him the highest consolations of friendship : despite his belief in Hero-worship and his wish to value every man according to his soul. So sorely was the divine image defaced by the increased competition of a materialised generation, that only once in his life—in the case of Sterling—did he find the friend whom he could love for his soul only. For the rest, he was forced to seek his acquaintances among the high-born or the greatly learned : in those who had attained their victory over matter through the works of men rather than the grace of God.

¹ New Letters T.C., ii. 180-2.

The true interest of Carlyle's life is that he faced this loneliness, so that he might restore his soul untarnished, after its earthly circuit, to the Maker's keeping. And therefore for us it is a higher interest than pertains to the other lives we have considered : for the sunset splendour that lay upon them was of a day that has passed. His life is the answer to the howling wilderness of our modern era. It touched him so far that sorrow alone became the agent of his soul's growth.

And now let us step lightly across the frontier wall that divides his life and works ; for in his works we saw the existence of that quality which we do not admit in his life. As with all poets, there is pain at the point of contact between them and the outer world ; and the doctrines we have endeavoured to refute were the children of pain : such as the identity of might and right, of intellect and virtue, of work as sole means to spiritual rebirth : perennials of his own spiritual world, but ill-planted in earth. They are proper to the man of genius, who works with his soul, and sees everything irradiated with the divine light, rather than to the man of talent who uses exterior faculties.

But at this moment of parting let us recall, as in a picture, the effect on a reader's mind of the thirty volumes. It was a point on the long and diversified coast of the essays where our adventurous bark first touched the island of Carlyle. Many miles of seaboard we traversed, open to the North Pole ; we found many sheltered coves where bloomed tropical plants. Thence by the winding and deeply sunk roads of *Sartor*, through a country that had not changed since the creation of the world, we approached the peaks of the *French Revolution*. Nature and the storms had shaped these peaks according to the exactest rules of art and beauty. Past the ruined temples of *Heroes*, over the vast plains of *Cromwell*, into the volcanic country of the political writings, following an old torrent-bed, we found ourselves unexpectedly in the pleasant highlands of *Sterling*. There we rested before attempting the long road cut in the rock, leading upward to the amazing Cordillera of *Frederick*. As we descended that "mighty staircase," a far other sight met us on the further side. It was a land of bereavement, haunted by echoes, a land reclaimed from the sea.

But the time has come to speak a last word on Carlyle, and that word is Hope. It is the message of his writings rather than his life ; for though the cares of earth left their mark upon his writings, it was in a less degree. Yet it is the message of his life also when we consider the fundamental article of his creed—that the soul of man is divine. We may therefore believe him when he affirms that the horror of the present will pass away. The fever of materialism will exhaust itself ; the world will grow young again ; love, reverence, brotherhood will once more obtain among men : though the road to the new era is a hard one, though we walk over the abyss of Revolution, illumined by the glare of the burning past, hand in hand even with madness. We ourselves shall not see the Promised Land ; and here we again touch the core of sorrow : for the poet never wholly achieves annihilation of self. But his readers and followers will derive comfort from his message of Hope. Because he faced such loneliness of soul, their own will be abated : though they also are born in a decadent age, denied of God, and surrounded by a hostile world of unbrother'y men. They will gaze upon their master as the tortured Israelites in the wilderness lifted up their eyes towards the Brazen Serpent and found healing. Hope : at no better moment could we bid Carlyle, in the last words of Cromwell's mother, " A good night ! "

CHRONOLOGY

- 1795 Marriage of James Carlyle and Margaret Aitken, March 5th. Thomas Carlyle born December 4th at Ecclefechan.
- 1800 Marriage in autumn of Dr. Welsh of Haddington to Grace Welsh of Caplegill, Annandale.
- 1801 Jane Baillie Welsh born July 14th.
- 1809 13 At Edinburgh University (November).
- 1814 18 Mathematical tutorship at Annan School. Removal of family to Mainhill farm.
- 1815 20 First personal meeting with Irving (Christmas-time).
- 1816 20 Schoolmastership at Kirkcaldy (autumn). Friendship with Irving.
- 1818 22 Removal to Edinburgh (November). Takes private pupils. First sufferings from dyspepsia.
- 1819 23 Learning German. Religious doubts. Studies Law. Irving at Glasgow. Death of Dr. Welsh (September).
- 1820 24 Learning German. Writes articles for *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*: his first literary work.
- 1821 25 First meeting with Jane Welsh (end of May). The "new birth" in Leith Walk. Takes pupils and works at translation. Irving goes to London (December).
- 1822 26 Second visit to Haddington (February 1st). Buller tutorship (February).
- 1823 27 Third visit to Haddington (February). At Kinnaird House with Bullers (May). Works at *Schiller* and *Meister*. Irving's marriage at Kirkcaldy to Isabella Martin (October 13th). *Schiller* appears in *London Magazine*.
- 1824 28 Leaves Kinnaird House (February). Finishes *Meister*. Meeting with Miss Welsh in Edinburgh (February). Rejoins Bullers in London (June). Meets Mrs. Strachey and Mrs. Basil Montagu. Visit to Coleridge at Highgate. End of Buller connection. At Birmingham with Dr. Badams (July and August). At Dover with Irving and the Stracheys (October). Trip of twelve days to Paris. Return to London (November 9th).

- 1825 29 Leaves London (February 27th). Visits to Edinburgh and Haddington. Miss Welsh settles Craigenputtock upon her mother (May). At Hoddam Hill (May 26th). Translating German novelists. Miss Welsh's visit (September).
- 1826 30 Leaves Hoddam Hill (May 26th). Carlyle family leaves Mainhill for Scotsbrig. Mrs. and Miss Welsh leave Haddington (August). Marriage of Carlyle and Miss Welsh at Templand (October 17th). Settlement at 21, Comely Bank, Edinburgh.
- 1827 31 Acquaintance with Jeffrey (spring). Thoughts of Craigenputtock. First article in *Edinburgh Review* (June). *German Romance* published.
- 1828 32 Removal to Craigenputtock (May 26th). Writing articles for Reviews.
- 1829 33 Craigenputtock.
- 1830 34 Death of Margaret Carlyle (June) *Sartor* begun.
- 1831 35 Alick leaves Craigenputtock (Whitsuntide). Marriage of Mary Carlyle to James Austin. Visit to London (August), with MS. of *Sartor*. John Carlyle's appointment as travelling physician to Lady Clare. Meets J. S. Mill. Mrs. Carlyle follows to London (October).
- 1832 36 Father's death, aged seventy-three (January 22nd). Leaves London (March). Death of Goethe (March 22nd). Return to Craigenputtock (April). Mrs. Welsh's father dies at Templand (December).
- 1833 37 In Edinburgh for four months (January–April). Beginning of interest in French Revolution. *Sartor* to appear in *Fraser*. Emerson's visit (August). Marriage of "Craw" Jean to James Aitken (November).
- 1834 38 Decision to migrate to London (February). Jamie Carlyle's marriage. Carlyle leaves alone (May 8th). Mrs. Carlyle follows. Settlement in Cheyne Row (June 10th). *French Revolution* begun (September). Death of Irving, aged forty-three (December).
- 1835 39 Acquaintance with Sterlings. The burnt manuscript (March 6th). Meets Southey and Wordsworth. Visit to Scotland (October–November). Walks with John Sterling.
- 1836 40 Jenny Carlyle's marriage to Robert Hanning. Mrs. Carlyle visits Scotland (July and August).
- 1837 41 *French Revolution* completed (January 12th). Lectures on German Literature (May). In Scotland (June–September 14th). Mrs. Carlyle's summer tour in Midlands with the elder Sterlings.

- 1838 42 Lectures on Successive Periods of European Culture (May). *Sartor* and *Miscellanies* published. Visit to Scotland (August–October).
- 1839 43 Acquaintance with Barings (March). Lectures on Revolutions of Modern Europe (May). Scotland (July–August). *Chartism* published. Riding.
- 1840 44 Acquaintance with John Forster, Mazzini, Tennyson. John relinquishes post of travelling physician. Lectures on Heroes (May). Foundation of London Library. Riding tour (August). Reading for *Cromwell* (autumn).
- 1841 45 *Heroes* published (March). At Fryston with Lord Houghton (April). Scotland (July–September). Ill success of *Cromwell* work.
- 1842 46 Death of Mrs. Welsh (February 25th). Carlyle at Templand (March and April). Beginning of Mrs. Carlyle's friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Russell. Yachting cruise with Spring Rice. Visits to Bruges and Ghent (August). Mrs. Carlyle at Troston with the Bulls (August). Carlyle's riding tour through Cromwell country: Ely, St. Ives, Huntingdon (September). Writing *Past and Present* (autumn).
- 1843 47 *Past and Present* published (March or April). Alick emigrates to Canada (June). Visit to Mr. Redwood in Wales (July). Scotland (August). Mrs. Carlyle superintends house-cleaning (July–August). Vain attempts at writing *Cromwell* (autumn).
- 1843 48 Idea of editing Cromwell's Letters and Speeches (mid December).
- 1844 48 Visits to Barings at Addiscombe (March or April, and July). Mrs. Carlyle visits her uncle and the Paulets at Liverpool (June–July). John Sterling's death at Ventnor (September 18th). Visit to the Barings at the Grange (September).
- 1845 49 Riding resumed (June). Mrs. Carlyle in Liverpool (July–August). *Cromwell* finished (end of August). Scotland (September–October). *Cromwell* published (November). Visit to Barings at Bay House (November–December).
- 1845 50 Abolition of Corn-Laws (December).
- 1846 50 Additions to *Cromwell*. Mrs. Carlyle at Addiscombe (March–April). Appearance of misunderstanding. Mrs. Carlyle's breakdown in health. Her visit to the Paulets at Liverpool (July) and Miss Jewsbury at Manchester (August). Carlyle visits Liverpool, Scotsbrig, Moffat (July–September). In Ireland with Duffy (September).

- 1847 51 Visits to Barings at Bay House (January) and Addiscombe (May). Joint tour in Midlands (August). Carlyle at Scotsbrig (September–October). Death of elder Sterling (September). Emerson's visit (October).
- 1848 52 Mrs. Carlyle ill with influenza (January–February). Visits to Barings (January and April). Carlyle meditating *Pamphlets*. Froude first sees Carlyle at a lecture (April). Mr. Baring becomes Lord Ashburton (May). At the Grange (September–October). Death of Charles Buller (November 29).
- 1849 53 First meeting between Carlyle and Froude (mid June). Tour of six weeks in Ireland with Duffy (June–August). Mrs. Carlyle revisits Haddington after twenty years (July 25th–26th). Further visits to Auchtertool, Edinburgh, the Miss Donaldsons at Haddington, Scotsbrig, etc. Carlyle arrives in Scotland (August). From Scotsbrig visits Haddington, the Ashburtons at Glen Truim, etc. Last meeting with Jeffrey at Craigcrook. London (end September). Advent of Nero (December).
- 1850 54 Appearance of *Pamphlets* (January–July). Death of Jeffrey (January 26th). Visits to Ashburtons (January and March). Carlyle dines with Sir Robert Peel (June). Death of Peel (July 2). Visits to Landor at Bath and Mr. Redwood in Wales (August). Mrs. Carlyle occupied with house-repairs (August). Carlyle at Scotsbrig (September). At Grange (September to mid October) with Mrs. Carlyle.
- 1851 55 Writes *Life of Sterling* (January–March). Jenny Hanning (youngest sister) emigrates to Canada (June). At Malvern with Dr. Gully (August). Carlyle at Scotsbrig (September). First thoughts of *Frederick*. Mrs. Carlyle in Manchester with the Jewsburys (September). Carlyle visits the Ashburtons in Paris (September–October). At the Grange (December–January, 1852).
- 1852 56 Reading on Frederick. "New-modelling" of 5, Cheyne Row (July). Carlyle in Scotland (July–August). First tour in Germany with Neuberg (August 29th to mid October). At the Grange (October–November). John Carlyle's marriage (autumn).
- 1853 57 Mrs. Carlyle at Liverpool, Moffat, Scotsbrig (July). Illness of Carlyle's mother (July). The Carlyles alone at Addiscombe (September). Construction of the "sound-proof" room (September). Death of Mrs. Carlyle's uncle in Liverpool (October).
- 1853 58 At the Grange (December). Carlyle at Scotsbrig (December 23rd). Death of his mother, aged eighty-three (December 25th).

- 1854 58 Begins to write *Frederick*. Death of John's wife (September or October).
- 1855 59 Increase of seclusion while writing *Frederick*. Mrs. Carlyle's "Budget of a Femme Incomprise" (February). At Woodbridge with Edward FitzGerald (August). Alone at Addiscombe (August-September). Mrs. Carlyle's tragic Journal (October-December).
- 1855 60 Last Christmas at the Grange.
- 1856 60 The "railway-carriage incident" (July). In Scotland. Carlyle visits his sister Mary Austin, the Ashburtons in the north, and his brother James at Scotsbrig. Mrs. Carlyle visits her cousins at Auchtertool, her aunts in Edinburgh, the Miss Donaldsons at Haddington, and (about September 23rd) Dr. and Mrs. Russell at Thornhill: her first visit to Thornhill since 1841, the year before her mother's death. Carlyle's last meeting with Lady Ashburton before her departure for Nice (October).
- 1857 61 Death of Lady Ashburton (May 4th). First two volumes of *Frederick* finished (May). Mrs. Carlyle visits Auchtertool, Edinburgh, Haddington (mid July-September 7th).
- 1858 62 Carlyle's visit to the Grange alone (January). Mrs. Carlyle ill with influenza. Carlyle in Scotland (June 24th-August). Mrs. Carlyle at Bay House with the Miss Barings (July-August). In Scotland (August-September). Visits to Mrs. Pringle and Mrs. Russell. Carlyle's second German tour (August-September). Publication of first two volumes of *Frederick* (October). Lord Ashburton's second marriage (December).
- 1859 63 At Humble on the Forth coast (June-August). Riding and bathing. Mrs. Carlyle's last visit to the Miss Donaldsons at Haddington (September).
- 1860 64 Death of Nero (February 1st). Death of the two Miss Donaldsons (April and June). Carlyle at Thurso as guest of Sir George Sinclair (August). Mrs. Carlyle at Alderley Park (August 22nd). Her return to London through misunderstanding. Carlyle's visits to Scotsbrig, the Gill and Alderley (September).
- 1861 65 Mrs. Carlyle at Ramsgate with Miss Jewsbury (August). The Carlyles visit Lady Sandwich near Windsor Forest (September).
- 1862 66 Death of Lady Sandwich. Year of seclusion for Carlyle and toil at *Frederick*. Mrs. Carlyle in Scotland (August 11th-September 11th). Visits to Mrs. Russell at Thornhill and her aunts at Edinburgh. Illness of Lord Ashburton in Paris (October). Vol. III of *Frederick* published.

- 1863 67 Mrs. Carlyle at St. Leonard's for a week in February with Mrs. Blakiston (Bessy Barnet). The Grange (September). Mrs. Carlyle's accident early in October.
- 1864 68 Mrs. Carlyle's removal to St. Leonard's (March). Death of Lord Ashburton (March). Carlyle at St. Leonard's (May). Mrs. Carlyle leaves St. Leonard's (June 29th) for Scotland. Three weeks at the Gill with Mary Austin. At Thornhill with the Russells (July 22nd-September 30th). The brougham purchased (October). Vol. IV of *Frederick* published.
- 1865 69 Completion of *Frederick* (January 5th). Vols. V and VI published. Visit to Lady Ashburton in Devonshire (March-April). Carlyle in Scotland (May): at Dumfries, the Gill, Scotsbrig. Mrs. Carlyle's last journey to Scotland. Visits to the Russells and Mrs. Ewart (June-July). At Folkestone (September). Carlyle's visits to Erskine, Spedding, etc., and return to London mid September. Appointed Rector of Edinburgh University (November).
- 1866 70 Carlyle's departure for Edinburgh (March 29th). The address (April 2nd). Leaves for Scotsbrig (April 7th). Death of Mrs. Carlyle (April 21st), in her sixty-fifth year. Carlyle's return (April 23rd). Mrs. Carlyle's burial at Haddington (April 26th).
- 1866 71 Carlyle at Mentone with Lady Ashburton (December).
- 1867 71 Return from Mentone (March).
- 1868 72 Mary Aitken comes to live at Cheyne Row (autumn). Work at Mrs. Carlyle's Letters. Last ride (October).
- 1869 73 Interview with Queen Victoria (March 4th). Mrs. Carlyle's Letters nearing completion (July).
- 1870 74 At Dumfries (June-September). Visits Craigenputtock, Scotsbrig, Haddington, Ecclefechan. Hand begins to fail (October).
- 1872 76 Writing *Early Kings of Norway*.
- 1873 77 Emerson's visit (April). Death of J. S. Mill (May). Summer visit to Scotland.
- 1874 78 Receives Prussian Order of Merit (February). At Kirkcaldy (September).
- 1875 79 Declines offer of baronetcy (January).
- 1875 80 Bismarck's letter (December). Gold medal and address from leading literary and scientific men.
- 1876 80 Death of Forster (February). Death of Alick Carlyle in Canada (March 30th).
- 1879 83 Summer at Dumfries, with John. Death of John (September 15th).
- 1881 85 Death (February 5th).

LIST OF CARLYLE'S WORKS

(CENTENARY EDITION)

(CHAPMAN & HALL)

1. Sartor Resartus (1833-4).
- 2-4. French Revolution (1837).
5. Heroes and Hero-Worship (1841).
- 6-9. Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches (1845).
10. Past and Present (1843).
11. Life of John Sterling (1851).
- 12-19. History of Frederick the Great (1858, 1862, 1864, 1865).
20. Latter-Day Pamphlets (1850).
- 21-2. German Romance: translations from Musæus, La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hoffmann, Richter (1827).
- 23-4. Wilhelm Meister (1824).
25. Life of Schiller (1823).
- 26-30. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays:

Vol. I.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter (1827). State of German Literature (1827). Werner (1828). Goethe's "Helena" (1828). Goethe (1828). Burns (1828). Life of Heyne (1828). German Playwrights (1829). Voltaire (1829).

Vol. II.

Novalis (1829). Signs of the Times (1829). On History (1830). Jean Paul Friedrich Richter again (1830). Luther's Psalm (1831). German Literature of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries (1831). Taylor's "Historic Survey of German Poetry" (1831). Goethe's Portrait (1832). Death of Goethe (1832). Goethe's Works (1832).

Vol. III.

Characteristics (1831). Biography (1832). Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (1832). "Corn-Law Rhymes" (1832). On History again (1833). Diderot (1833). Count Cagliostro (1833). Death of Edward Irving (1835). Diamond Necklace (1837). Mirabeau (1837).

Vol. IV.

Parliamentary History of the French Revolution (1837). Sir Walter Scott (1838). Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs (1838). Chartism (1839). Petition of the Copyright Bill (1839). On the Sinking of the *Vengeur* (1839). Baillie the Covenanter (1841). Dr. Francia (1843). An Election to the Long Parliament (1844). The Nigger Question (1849). Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago (1850). The Opera (1852). Project of a National Exhibition of Scottish Portraits (1854). The Prinzenraub (1855). Inaugural Address at Edinburgh (April 2, 1866).

Vol. V.

Shooting Niagara: and After (1867). Latter Stage of the French-German War, 1870-71. Montaigne (1820). Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1820). Montesquieu (1820). Necker (1820). The Netherlands (1820). William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1820). William Pitt the Younger (1820). Cruthers and Jonson, or the Outskirts of Life (1831). Early Kings of Norway (1874-5). Portraits of John Knox (1875).

31. Historical Sketches (1898).

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Life of Thomas Carlyle, by J. A. Froude, 1882, 1884 (Longmans).

Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, 1883 (Chatto & Windus).

Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by J. A. Froude 1883 (Longmans).

Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle, edited by C. E. Norton, 1886 (Macmillan).

Reminiscences, by Thomas Carlyle, edited by C. E. Norton, 1887 (Macmillan).

Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle, edited by C. E. Norton, 1887 (Macmillan).

Letters of Thomas Carlyle, edited by C. E. Norton, 1888 (Macmillan).

Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by David G. Ritchie, 1889 (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.).

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister, edited by Charles Townsend Copeland, 1899 (Chapman & Hall).

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by Alexander Carlyle, with introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, 1903 (John Lane).

New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, edited by Alexander Carlyle, 1904 (John Lane).

Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, edited by Alexander Carlyle, 1909 (John Lane).

New Love Letters of Jane Welsh, and *New Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, "Nineteenth Century and After," January and August 1914.

INDEX

Action :

alone gives certainty (*Characteristics*), i. 103; Doubt can only be removed by action (*Meister*), i. 53; (*Sartor*), i. 134; hangs *dissolved* in speech (*P. and P.*), i. 329; depth of Doable compared to Speakable (*ibid.*), i. 329.

Admiration :

its power to lift man above self (*P. and P.*), i. 323; test of hero-hood or flunkynood (*ibid.*), i. 324; a man reveals himself by what he admires (*L. D. P.*), ii. 73.

Aiguillon, Duke of (*F. R.*), owes his elevation to Dubarry, i. 168, 222.

Aitken, Rev. David, his impressions of Carlyle at Comely Bank, i. 59.

Aitken, Mrs. James (Jean Carlyle), Carlyle staying with at time of his wife's death, ii. 154.

Aitken, Mary (Carlyle's niece), lives with Carlyle from autumn of 1868 till his death, ii. 373; her marriage with Alexander Carlyle, ii. 379.

Albert, Prince, converses with Carlyle at Windsor, ii. 126.

Albert the Bear (*Frederick*), second founder of Brandenburg and first Elector, ii. 162-3.

Algarotti (*Frederick*), a friend of Frederick's, ii. 213; joins him in Silesia, ii. 226; he only loved Frederick's greatness, ii. 262; death, ii. 316.

Amelia, Princess of England (*Frederick*), chosen for Frederick in Double-Marriage question, ii. 180.

Argens, Marquis d' (*Frederick*), best of Frederick's French friends, ii. 262, 285, 300, 316.

Argument :

a superficial faculty : Jeffrey, i. 64; Voltaire's belief the product of argument rather than meditation (*Voltaire*), i. 84; contrasted with meditation (*Characteristics*), i. 102; logic cannot account for God (*Diderot*), i. 230.

Aristocracy :

Carlyle's predilection for, i. 268-9, 302; ii. 84, 116, 386; need of a true aristocracy to govern (*Chartism*), i. 247; the most valuable class (*Niagara*), ii. 79.

Aristocracy, Unworking (*P. and P.*) :

an unreality, i. 328; a new phenomenon, i. 329; it consumes, produces not, and cries for Corn Laws, i. 330; its false claim to the land, i. 330-1; nobleness lies in suffering for others, i. 331; let the true Aristocrat educate the vulgar Master-Worker, i. 333; the Feudal Aristocracy in return for the land did the governing. i. 335; the Aristocrat has much good in him from the past, i. 337.

Aristocracy, Working (*P. and P.*):

steeped in Mammonism but will reform itself, i. 331; Captains of Industry must learn to prefer chivalrous victories, i. 336-7, 337-8.

Its power of self-reform doubted, i. 347.

Aristocracy, Working (*Niagara*), must ally itself with the naturally noble, ii. 80.

Aristotle quoted, i. 349.

Arnold, Dr., visits Naseby field with Carlyle, i. 309.

Arnold, Matthew, compared as an essayist with Carlyle, i. 109.

Art:

Carlyle's opinion of, i. 307; Goethe acquired faith through art (*Goethe*), i. 78; Art divorced from truth and fact through Jesuitism (*L. D. P.*), ii. 77; a synonym for God's Facts (*Niagara*), ii. 80; Sterling's mind artistic rather than religious (*Sterling*), ii. 105, 111; modern fashion of worshipping Art (*ibid.*), ii. 107.

Power of art to purify the soul and lead to faith, i. 147, 8, 9.

Ashburton, Lord, second marriage, ii. 135; illness and temporary recovery, ii. 140, 143; death and legacy to Carlyle, ii. 146.

Ashburton, Lady, dislikes her invitations declined, ii. 54; "railway carriage incident": her illness, ii. 130; death, May 1857, ii. 132; Mrs. Carlyle records the void left by her death, ii. 133.

Ashburton, the second Lady, ii. 135; described by Mrs. Carlyle as "kindness' self," ii. 137; gives Carlyle a horse, ii. 143; the Carlyles visit her in Devonshire, ii. 149; Carlyle visits her at Mentone, ii. 373.

Assembly (*F. R.*):

National: first named, i. 174; making the Constitution, i. 177. Constituent, i. 177; its work, i. 190.

Legislative, i. 190; its decrees annulled by the King, i. 192.

Atheism:

impossibility of (*Goethe's Works*), i. 99-100; prevalence in eighteenth century (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 107; intellect and moral emotion cannot have been put into man by an entity that had none (*Frederick*), ii. 328; growth of in late nineteenth century; Carlyle's conviction of its impotence, ii. 377.

August the Strong, King of Poland and Saxony (*Frederick*), entertains Frederick-William and Frederick at Dresden: initiates Frederick into dissipation, ii. 186; organises Camp of Radewitz, ii. 192; death, ii. 206, 7.

August-Wilhelm (*Frederick*), Frederick's younger brother, ii. 178; his unlucky side-march, ii. 278; retirement and death, ii. 279.

Austin, Mrs., Mrs. Carlyle stays with her, July 1864, ii. 146.

Bacon exemplifies drawbacks of vast-mindedness, i. 216.

Bacon (*Hist. Sk.*) ii. 361, 2.

Badams, Dr., entertains Carlyle at Birmingham: their tours on horseback, i. 31-2; visits the Carlyles in Ampton Street, i. 69; death, i. 156.

Baillie the Covenanter: a student drawn into controversy, i. 250; interest of contemporary record, i. 250; what may be learnt from him, i. 251. *Also* i. 265.

Bailly (*F. R.*), Mayor of Paris, i. 176.

- Baireuth, Prince of (*Frederick*), proposed for Wilhelmina, ii. 191; betrothed, ii. 199; marriage, ii. 200-1.
- Ballantyne, Thomas, Carlyle's friendly correspondence with, i. 274.
- Barbarossa, Kaiser (*Frederick*), ii. 163.
- Baring, Hon. W. B., Carlyle's first acquaintance with, i. 271; basis of friendship, i. 314; becomes Lord Ashburton, ii. 44. *See* Lord Ashburton.
- Baring, Lady Harriet, Carlyle's first impressions of, i. 271; Mrs. Carlyle's opinions of, i. 311, 14, 18; nature of Carlyle's friendship for, i. 313; her "genius for ruling," i. 318; Mrs. Carlyle describes her as "very lovable," ii. 39; imposes Spartan regimen on Mrs. Carlyle, ii. 43. *See* Lady Ashburton.
- Bastille (*F. R.*), assault on and fall of, i. 176; its secrets, i. 176, 7.
- Bavarian-Succession War, 1778-9 (*Frederick*), ii. 323-5.
- Belief:
strongest condition of the mind (*Biography*), i. 104; each one's belief gains when another shares it (*Sartor*), i. 135; man's noblest possession (*F. R.*), i. 168; most meagre opinion most sure of itself (*ibid.*), i. 187; soul of the Revolution (*ibid.*), i. 200; epochs of belief fruitful, of unbelief barren (*Diderot*), i. 231; a mystic act (*Heroes*), i. 281; inspiring effect of belief on the Arabs and on Scotland (*ibid.*), i. 282, 7; no one can hold his grandfather's belief (*ibid.*), i. 285; Spiritual is first cause of Practical (*L. D. P.*), ii. 76; man's divinest function (*Frederick*), ii. 178. *See also* Faith and Religion.
- The soul must be alone with the thing believed in, ii. 25-6.
- Belleisle, Comte de (*Frederick*), against Franz becoming Kaiser, ii. 225; starts on tour through Europe, ii. 229-30; plan to divide Germany, ii. 230; sees Frederick, ii. 230; secures election of Karl Albert, ii. 230; his two armies against Austria, ii. 230; illness at critical time, ii. 235; ticklish interview with Frederick, ii. 239; crosses Hanover by accident and is arrested, ii. 249; death, 1761, ii. 307.
- Berlin (*Frederick*), first fortified and made a German town, 1240, ii. 163.
- Bevern, Duke of Brunswick- (*Frederick*), defeated by Prince Karl in Silesia, ii. 283; removed from command, ii. 283.
- Biography*: man's interest in man predominant in poetry and history, i. 104; importance of Reality, i. 104; smallest fact impressive: King Charles and the rustic; Johnson and the outcast, i. 105; *an open loving heart* the secret of biography, i. 105.
- Biography*, pleasure of a pagan one, ii. 380.
- Bismarck, his letter of congratulation to Carlyle on *Frederick*, ii. 376.
- Blake, Admiral (*Cromwell*), i. 408, 9-10, 13; last action at Santa Cruz, ii. 14.
- Blakiston, Dr., attends Mrs. Carlyle at St. Leonards in his own house, 1864, ii. 144-5.
- Blakiston, Mrs., formerly Bessy Barnet: takes Mrs. Carlyle to St. Leonards, ii. 143; cares for her in her illness, 1864, ii. 144-5.
- Blumine (*Sartor*), Teufelsdröckh's mystic love for, i. 130-1; identified with Jane Welsh, i. 150.

- Boehmer (*Diamond Necklace*), maker of Necklace, i. 234; his fixed idea to sell it, i. 235; begs help of Lamotte, i. 236; delivers the Necklace to Rohan, i. 236; his despair when instalment not paid, i. 237.
- Boswell, a true hero-worshipper (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 105; why he excelled in biography (*Necklace*), i. 234.
His religion dwindled to vanity, i. 258; ii. 29.
- Boswell's Johnson*, i. 70; Croker's edition, i. 105; Boswell had faults but was a true hero-worshipper, i. 105; open-mindedness the cause of his success as biographer, i. 106; his book a revocation of the edict of destiny, i. 106; Johnson a true leader of men, i. 106; contradictions in his lot, i. 106; early trials, i. 106-7; marriage, i. 107; a struggling author in London, i. 107; transition state of literature, i. 107; letter to Lord Chesterfield, i. 107; miseries of a divided age, i. 107; Johnson as a Tory, i. 107; his heroic struggle and emergence into light, i. 107-8; later life among friends, i. 108; prudence the highest virtue of his books, i. 108; his tender nature, i. 108; reason for his prejudices, i. 108.
- Bouillé, General (*F. R.*), of old school, i. 184; checks a mutiny, i. 184; storms through Nanci, i. 185; prepares to receive King and Queen, i. 188-9; emigrates, i. 190.
- Brandenburg (*Frederick*): first made known by Henry the Fowler, A.D. 928, ii. 162; invaded by Wends, etc., ii. 162; bad period under Bavarian Electors, 1320-73, ii. 164; worse under Luxemburg Kurfürsts, ii. 164; in 1415 sold by Sigismund to Friedrich Hohenzollern, ii. 165; Gera Bond, 1598, ii. 166; accepts Reformation, ii. 167; incorporates Prussia, 1618, ii. 169; passive in Thirty Years War, ii. 169; intervention and failure, ii. 169; the Great Elector, ii. 170.
- Breslau (*Frederick*), capitulates to Frederick, ii. 224; taken again, ii. 233.
- Brewster, Dr., gives Carlyle his first literary employment, i. 22; visits at Comely Bank, i. 58.
- Brienne, Loménie de (*F. R.*), Controller, i. 171; proposes unjust taxes, i. 171; banishes Parlement, i. 171; vainly tries a successive loan, i. 172; dismissed, i. 172.
- Brontë, Charlotte, her life compared to Carlyle's, ii. 381-2, 4, 5.
- Brotherhood of man:
high and low once related (*Chartism*), i. 247; Mirabeau's soul a true brother's soul (*Mirabeau*), i. 238; Shakespeare rightly related and true brother to all (*Heroes*), i. 284; our life is now mutual hostility (*P. and P.*), i. 329; the Irish widow (*ibid.*), i. 329; often forgotten, never denied till reign of Mammon (*P. and P.*), i. 333; human beings once manifoldly related: a loosened society will be overset by revolution (*L. D. P.*), ii. 59.
A reality only to the poet, i. 340; unlimited competition implies that all men are enemies, i. 347-8.
- Brougham, Lord Chancellor, considers Carlyle unfit for professorship, i. 61.
- Browne, General (*Frederick*), defends Silesian towns, i. 224; defeated by Frederick at Lobositz, ii. 270-1; fails to relieve Saxons in Pima, ii. 271; defeated and mortally wounded at Prag, ii. 274.

- Browning, Carlyle's first opinion of his work, i. 306.
- Brühl, Count (*Frederick*), Saxon minister : hostile to Frederick, ii. 250 ; plans triple attack on Frederick, ii. 255 ; induces Russia to join alliance against Frederick, ii. 267 ; does not himself sign, ii. 267, 8, 9 ; death, ii. 316.
- Brunswick, Duke of (*F. R.*), invades France, i. 193 ; defeated at Valmy, i. 197.
- Buller, Mr. and Mrs., appoint Carlyle tutor to their sons, i. 27 ; general relations with Carlyle, i. 29, 30, 31. *Also* i. 309-10.
- Buller, Arthur, Carlyle's pupil, i. 27, 30, 31, 271.
- Buller, Charles, Carlyle's friend and pupil, i. 27, 30, 31 ; visits the Carlyles in Ampton Street, i. 69 ; early death, ii. 45.
- Buller, Reginald, i. 309, 10.
- Bunyan quoted, i. 116.
- Bunzelwitz, Camp of (*Frederick*), ii. 308-9.
- Burns, i. 64 ; the national Scottish poet, i. 79 ; inadequate biographies, i. 79 ; his difficulties as a poet, i. 79 ; he conquered by sincerity and reading truly his own consciousness, i. 79 ; he saw the Ideal in the Actual, i. 79 ; unsurpassed as song-writer, i. 80 ; his life more interesting than his works, i. 80 ; his divided mind, i. 80 ; happy boyhood despite poverty, i. 80 ; dissipation in youth followed by despair, i. 80 ; astounding reception in Edinburgh, i. 80 ; aggravated his double-mindedness, i. 80 ; lost his true loadstar, i. 80 ; cause of failure in himself : his wish to combine poetry and worldly enjoyment, i. 81.
- Burns (*Heroes*), an Original Man in the artificial eighteenth century, i. 289 ; the world set him to gauge beer, i. 289.
- Burns, William (the poet's father), a complete man (*Burns*), i. 80.
- Bury St. Edmund (*P. and P.*), the town and Abbey, i. 322.
- Byron, his spiritual conflicts compared with Goethe's (*Goethe*), i. 78 ; late attainment of sincerity (*Burns*), i. 79 ; similarity of his fate with Burns's (*ibid.*), i. 81 ; dashes himself against Necessity (*Goethe's Works*), i. 100.
- Byron quoted as representing literature of power, i. 111.
- Calonne (*F. R.*), first financial successes, i. 171 ; summons the Notables, i. 171.
- Camas, Madame (*Frederick*), Frederick's regard for, ii. 177 ; letter to, ii. 306 ; gift to, ii. 307 ; death, ii. 316.
- Campbell, Thomas, Carlyle's unfavourable impression of, ii. 90.
- Carlyle, Alexander (Carlyle's brother) : birth, i. 13 ; farms at Craigenputtock, i. 62 ; ill success there, i. 66 ; removal to Catlinns, i. 151 ; Carlyle's letter to him on the death of his child, i. 154 ; failure of Catlinns, i. 163 ; thinks of emigrating, i. 266 ; project deferred, i. 267 ; emigrates to Canada, June 1843, i. 310-11 ; good progress, i. 314 ; settles at Brantford, i. 317 ; Carlyle's yearly letters to from Scotland, i. 317 ; ii. 43, 52, 130, 149 ; death, 1876, ii. 378-9.
- Carlyle, Alexander, jr. (Carlyle's nephew), his views on disputed points, ii. 54-5, 141 ; marries Mary Aitken and lives with Carlyle, ii. 379.
- Carlyle, Isabella (wife of Jamie), i. 155-6 ; her death, ii. 136.

- Carlyle, James (Carlyle's father) : his character, i. 13 ; previous marriage, i. 13 ; marries Margaret Aitken, i. 13 ; described by Carlyle, i. 14 ; perceives his son's ability, i. 15 ; quits trade of mason and takes farm at Mainhill, i. 16 ; his forbearance at Carlyle's failures, i. 23 ; settles at Scotsbrig, i. 46 ; death, January 1832, i. 72.
- Carlyle, Jamie (Carlyle's brother), birth, i. 13 ; his marriage unwelcome to Carlyle, i. 155-6 ; his wife's death, ii. 136.
- Carlyle, Janet (Carlyle's sister), birth, and death in babyhood, i. 13.
- Carlyle, Jane Welsh (Mrs. Carlyle) : as housekeeper at Comely Bank, i. 58 ; her relations with Jeffrey, i. 60 ; her experiments in baking, etc., at Craigenputtock, i. 63 ; exaggerated stories of her labours, i. 63 ; her excellent relations with Carlyle's family, i. 64 ; sends return presents to Goethe, i. 66 ; her opinion on *Sartor*, i. 68 ; joins Carlyle in London, October 1831, i. 69 ; her *salon* in Ampton Street, i. 69 ; cheerful letter to Eliza Miles, i. 153 ; approves migration to London, i. 156 ; preference for Cheyne Row, i. 157 ; describes amenities of London : Sterling family, i. 164 ; journey to Scotland, 1836, in low spirits, i. 167 ; at Templand : disagrees with her mother, i. 167 ; improves in health on return, i. 167 ; her help to Carlyle at his lectures, i. 267 ; tour with Sterlings, i. 267-8 ; preference for London, and skill as a hostess, i. 269 ; describes audience at Carlyle's lectures, i. 270 ; gives a party, i. 271 ; describes third lectures ; sees Mrs. Irving, i. 272 ; quarrels with her mother, i. 272-3 ; describes Carlyle's service on a jury, i. 276 ; his *Cromwell* reading, i. 277 ; a "Lion's Wife," i. 305 ; comments on offer of Edinburgh Professorship, i. 306-7 ; her mother's death, i. 307-8 ; at Liverpool, i. 308 ; friendship with Russells, i. 308 ; at Troston, i. 309 ; house-cleaning, i. 311 ; *Chelsea Chronicle*, i. 311 ; visits to Paulets and her Liverpool uncle, i. 314-15 ; ill health through spring 1845, i. 316 ; at Seaforth again : a misunderstanding, i. 317 ; *Chelsea Chronicle* again, i. 318 ; old Sterling ; Lady Harriet, i. 318 ; at Bay House, i. 318-19 ; stays a month alone with Lady Harriet, ii. 39 ; at the Paulets, ii. 40 ; hypochondria, ii. 40-1 ; tour with Carlyle, ii. 42 ; still shrinks from Scotland, ii. 42 ; ill health and recuperation at Addiscombe, ii. 43 ; letters to Carlyle in Ireland, ii. 46 ; revisits Haddington after 20 years, ii. 46-7 ; visits the Miss Donaldsons, ii. 47 ; visit of reconciliation to Edinburgh aunts, ii. 47 ; enjoys visit to Scotsbrig, ii. 48 ; takes morphia for insomnia, ii. 48-9 ; Nero, ii. 49 ; writes on moral effect of London gaieties, ii. 51 ; house-restoring, ii. 51 ; in Manchester ; meets Mrs. Gaskell, ii. 53-4 ; at the Grange, ii. 54-5 ; "finds herself" in new-modelling of the house, ii. 121 ; visits in 1853, ii. 123 ; last visit to her mother-in-law, ii. 124 ; settles the poultry nuisance in Cheyne Row, ii. 125 ; last meeting with Mrs. Montagu, ii. 126 ; "Budget of a Femme Incomprise," 1855, ii. 127 ; extracts from *Journal*, ii. 128 ; meets George Rennie, ii. 129 ; "railway carriage incident," 1856, ii. 130 ; visits in Scotland, including Thornhill, ii. 131 ; at Haddington again, ii. 132 ; influenza, 1858, ii. 133 ; picture of a day, ii. 133 ; visits in Scotland, ii. 134-5 ; the hired brougham, ii. 135 ; summer of 1859 at Humble, ii. 136 ; Haddington, ii. 136 ; decline in

health, 1860, ii. 137; death of Nero, ii. 137; death of the Miss Donaldsons: last link with Haddington, ii. 138; at Alderley Park, ii. 138; misunderstands Carlyle's letter and sacrifices visits in Scotland, ii. 139; visit to Mrs. Russell, 1862, ii. 140; at her mother's grave, ii. 141; at St. Leonards with Mrs. Blakiston, 1863, ii. 143; serious accident, October, ii. 143; moved to St. Leonards, March 1864, ii. 144; the horrible malady, ii. 145; Carlyle arrives, May, ii. 145; sleeplessness, ii. 146; desperate flight to Scotland, ii. 146; with Mrs. Austin, ii. 146; with Mrs. Russell, ii. 146; further nervous sufferings, ii. 146-7; improvement and return, October 1, ii. 147; the brougham, ii. 148; last visit to Mrs. Russell, June 1865, ii. 149; Carlyle leaves alone for Edinburgh, ii. 151; her delight at the success of his Address, ii. 153; sudden death, ii. 153-4; story of the candles, ii. 154; burial at Haddington, ii. 155; Carlyle's inscription, ii. 155; character: depth, humour, sarcasm, craving for and appreciation of love, ii. 157-9.

Carlyle, Jean (Carlyle's sister), birth, i. 13; visits Carlyle at Comely Bank, i. 61; her present to Mrs. Welsh, i. 64; marriage to James Aitken, i. 155. *See* Mrs. James Aitken.

Carlyle, Jenny (Carlyle's sister), birth, i. 13. *See* Mrs. Robert Hanning.

Carlyle, John (Carlyle's half-brother), i. 13.

Carlyle, John Aitken (Carlyle's brother): birth, i. 13; studies medicine; in lodgings with Carlyle in Edinburgh, i. 28; with Carlyle's help goes to Munich to prosecute his studies, i. 61; returns to wait vainly for practice, and wishes to try literature, i. 65; through Jeffrey gets post of travelling physician to Lady Clare, i. 68-9; provides horse and gig for Carlyle in July 1839, i. 272; concludes engagement with Lady Clare, i. 274; marriage, ii. 123; wife's death two years later, ii. 126; at St. Leonards, ii. 145; accompanies Mrs. Carlyle to Scotland, 1864, ii. 146; and from, ii. 147; his unsympathetic speech, ii. 147; death, September 1879, ii. 378.

Carlyle, Margaret (Carlyle's sister), birth, i. 13; death and character of, i. 65.

Carlyle, Margaret Aitken (Carlyle's mother): her marriage, i. 13; urges Carlyle towards religion, i. 20; visits him in Edinburgh, i. 58, 61; Carlyle's opinion of her religion, i. 156; her visit to Mrs. Welsh, i. 305; Carlyle's typical letter to, i. 316; Carlyle's yearly descriptions of, i. 317; ii. 43, 52, 3; thinks of death and enquires after Mrs. Carlyle, ii. 53; decline begins, ii. 124; last days, ii. 125; death December 1853, aged 83, ii. 125; void left in Carlyle's heart, ii. 126-7.

Carlyle, Mary (Carlyle's sister), birth, i. 13; lives with Alick at the Craigenputtock farm, i. 63. *See* Mrs. Austin.

Carlyle, Thomas, birth and parentage, i. 13; simple upbringing; clannishness of family, i. 14; at village school; Annan Grammar School: miseries of school life, i. 15; Edinburgh University: derives small profit, i. 15; schoolmaster at Annan: letters to friends: anxieties and hopes, i. 16; schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy: his mild methods, i. 17; first unpromising meeting with Irving, i. 17; second meeting and beginning of friendship, i. 17; anti-

theological effect of Gibbon, i. 17; walks and tours with Irving, i. 17-18; ill success as schoolmaster; social cravings, i. 18; Margaret Gordon, i. 18; abandons thoughts of ministry; retires from mastership; first thoughts of literature, i. 19; takes pupils in Edinburgh; beginning of dyspepsia, i. 19-20; doubt, i. 20; confides in Irving, i. 20-1; regrets want of employment, i. 21; reads law with David Hume: quick disillusion, i. 21; gradual drift towards literature, i. 21-2; 1820, writes articles for *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, i. 22; German studies, i. 22; 1821, meets Jane Welsh, i. 26; spiritual "rebirth," i. 26; teaching, translation, composition, i. 27; 1822, Buller tutorship, i. 27; dyspepsia: regrets delay in writing a book, i. 28; helps John to study medicine, i. 28; work at *Schiller* and *Meister*, i. 28; 1823, at Kinnaid House with Bullers, i. 28; pains of composition, i. 29; 1824, at Mainhill, i. 30; first visit to London: many new friends, i. 30; visits Coleridge, i. 30; depreciates literary men, i. 31; self-sufficiency, i. 31; end of Buller tutorship, i. 31; at Birmingham with Dr. Badams, i. 31; Dover and Paris, i. 32; in London again with Irving, i. 32-3; 1825, letter from Goethe, i. 33; settling in his profession, i. 33; leaves London: regret for new friends, i. 34; at Hoddam Hill: return of faith and health, i. 34 (*see* Carlyle's correspondence with Miss Welsh); 1826, quits Hoddam Hill, i. 46; marriage, i. 47; at Comely Bank, i. 58; impression on contemporaries, i. 59; 1827, writes *Wotton Reinfred*, i. 59; regular letters to Goethe, i. 59-60; introduced to Jeffrey, i. 60; his articles begin to appear in *Edinburgh Review*, i. 60; known as a "mystic," i. 60; fails to obtain professorships, i. 61; writes for *Foreign Review*, i. 61; daily habits, i. 61; further help to John, i. 61; invites "Craw" Jean to Comely Bank, i. 61; thoughts of Craigenputtock, i. 62; stocks farm for Alick, i. 62; 1828, removal to Craigenputtock, i. 62; increase of health and power to work, i. 62-3; describes his life to Goethe, i. 63; *Fraser* accepts his articles, i. 63; Jeffrey's visit: their incompatibility, i. 64; declines Jeffrey's offer of an annuity, i. 64; visits to Temp-land and Scotsbrig, i. 64; 1830, warns John against literature, i. 65; death of Margaret Carlyle, i. 65; less demand for articles, and deferred payment, i. 66; begins *Sartor*, i. 66; wish to abandon literature, i. 67; 1831, in London, i. 67; vainly seeks publisher for *Sartor*, i. 68; repays Jeffrey's loan, i. 68; famous in a sense, i. 69; meets J. S. Mill, i. 69; with Mrs. Carlyle lodges in Ampton Street, i. 69; low opinion of Lamb, i. 69; condemns Irving's eccentricities, i. 69-70; describes London streets, i. 71; predicts "new-birth" of society, i. 70; prays to be shown his duty, i. 70; feats of conversation, i. 71; political preoccupations, i. 71; 1832, father's death, i. 72; return to Craigenputtock, i. 72-3; work at essays, i. 152; presentiment of future usefulness in the world, i. 152; 1833, unsatisfactory four months in Edinburgh, i. 154; *Sartor* to appear in *Fraser*, i. 154; first thoughts of *French Revolution*, i. 154; dissatisfaction with his part in life, i. 154-5; first visit from Emerson, i. 155; last application for a professorship: Jeffrey's angry refusal of help, i. 155; discouraging view of Jamie's

marriage, i. 155-6; 1834, decision to migrate to London, i. 156; last hope of winning a place in the world, i. 156; parting with mother, i. 156; leaves for London, i. 157; search for a house, i. 157; 5 Cheyne Row, i. 157; settlement: describes house, etc., i. 158; precarious financial position, i. 158-9; failure of *Sartor*, i. 159; reading for *French Revolution*, i. 159; pains of beginning, i. 159; foiled hopes of editorship, i. 159-60; feels solitary in London, i. 160; work in alternate hope and gloom; decision to emigrate if book failed, i. 161; death of Irving, i. 161; 1835, rising hopes, i. 161-2; refuses work on *Times*, i. 162; the burnt MS., i. 162-3; task of rewriting, i. 163; thinks of America, i. 163-4; nature of his faith, i. 164; friendship with John Sterling, i. 165; his social circle, i. 164-5; meets Southey and Wordsworth, i. 165; visit to Scotland, i. 165; walks with Sterling, i. 165-6; 1836, anxiety for future, i. 166; holiday with John, i. 166; works all day and walks at night, i. 166; immediate financial anxiety removed by acceptance of essays, i. 166; writes to John about his wife's health, i. 167; end of years of probation, i. 167; 1837, completes *French Revolution*, i. 266; encourages Alick to emigrate, i. 266; first lectures, i. 266-7; in Scotland: nervous collapse, i. 267; success of *French Revolution*, i. 267, 8; longs for peace not fame, i. 267; extending social interests, i. 268-9; 1838, relations with friends, i. 269; second lectures: appearance, i. 269-70; circulation of books in America and England, i. 270; money from America, i. 270; presents to family, i. 270; in Scotland, i. 270; sees Jeffrey, i. 270-1; 1839, an evening party, i. 271; meets the Barings, i. 271; Count d'Orsay, i. 271; vicissitudes of *Chartism*, i. 271-2; third lectures, i. 272; in Scotland, i. 272; peacemaker between his wife and her mother, i. 272; riding in autumn, i. 273; use of fame: financial security, i. 273; 1840, new friends, i. 274; last lectures: on Heroes, i. 274; riding: describes London, i. 275; why he remained in London, i. 275; American financial returns compared to English, i. 275; riding tour; gives up horse, i. 276; on a jury, i. 276; reads for *Cromwell*, i. 277; 1841, visits to Fryston and Scotsbrig, i. 305; denies report that he has left London, i. 306; in a cottage at Newby, i. 306; fruitless work at *Cromwell*, i. 306; declines Edinburgh professorship, i. 306; 1842, yield of books, i. 307; Mrs. Welsh's death, i. 307-8; at Templand, i. 308; cruise with Spring Rice, i. 309; at Troston: riding tour in Cromwell country, i. 310; *Past and Present*, i. 310; 1843, Alick's emigration, i. 310-11; inspects Cromwell battlefields, i. 311; visits Mrs. Welsh's old servants, i. 312; stays with the Misses Donaldson, i. 312; a new workroom, i. 312; *Cromwell* at last under way, i. 313; 1844, first visits to Barings, i. 313; Sterling's death, i. 315; 1845, *Cromwell's* final form, i. 316; riding again, i. 317; *Cromwell* finished, i. 317; Seaforth and Scotsbrig, i. 317; long visit to Bay House, i. 318; 1846, popularity of *Cromwell*, ii. 39; visits to Seaforth, Scotsbrig, Moffat, ii. 41; in Ireland with Duffy, ii. 41; 1847, returns from books, ii. 42; tour with Mrs. Carlyle, ii. 42; letter to Alick from Scotsbrig about the "Mother," ii. 43; Emerson's visit, ii. 43; 1848,

political anxieties, ii. 44; meets Macaulay, ii. 44; at the Grange: "nothing to do," ii. 44-5; 1849, second Irish tour, ii. 46; at Scotsbrig and Glen Truim, etc., ii. 47; 1850, storm raised by *Pamphlets*, ii. 49-50; praises Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*, ii. 50; dines with Peel, ii. 50; sees Duke of Wellington, ii. 50; "a heavy year," ii. 51; stays with Landor, ii. 51; in Wales, ii. 51; Scotsbrig: yearly report to Alick, ii. 52; *Pamphlet*-humour still lingers, ii. 53; 1851, *Life of Sterling*, ii. 53; at Malvern with Gully, ii. 53; Scotsbrig, thoughts of *Frederick*, ii. 53; in Paris with Ashburtons, ii. 54; success of *Sterling*, ii. 54; reading for *Frederick*, ii. 54; at the Grange: Macaulay, ii. 55; 1852, begins *Frederick*, ii. 121; visits Erskine to escape house alterations, ii. 121; first German tour, ii. 122; Weimar, Saxony, Berlin, ii. 122-3; 1853, seclusion, ii. 123; forebodings about his mother, ii. 124; the "sound-proof" room, ii. 124; mother's death, ii. 125; 1854, progress with *Frederick*, ii. 125-7; 1855, the sore task, ii. 127; visits FitzGerald, ii. 128; last Christmas at Grange, ii. 129; 1856, advance of *Frederick*, ii. 129; "railway carriage incident," ii. 130; visits, ii. 130; 1857, two volumes done, ii. 131; death of Lady Ashburton, ii. 132; 1858, picture of a day, ii. 133-4; in Scotland: exhaustion, ii. 134; second German tour: Silesia, Bohemia, ii. 135; 1859, summer at Humbie: riding and bathing, ii. 136; struggles with *Frederick*, ii. 137; 1860, grief for Nero, ii. 138; sea voyage to Thurso, ii. 138; misunderstanding with Mrs. Carlyle about his return, ii. 139; 1861, better progress with *Frederick*, ii. 140; visit to Lady Sandwich, ii. 140; 1862, illness of Lord Ashburton, ii. 140; year of toil and seclusion, ii. 140; 1863, Mrs. Carlyle's accident, ii. 143; 1864, occasional visits to Mrs. Carlyle at St. Leonards, ii. 145; joins her at St. Leonards, ii. 145; death of Lord Ashburton, ii. 146; return to London, ii. 147; superintends decoration of Mrs. Carlyle's room, ii. 147; 1865, *Frederick* completed, ii. 148; visits, ii. 149; meets Mrs. Carlyle at Dumfries, ii. 149-50; offer of Edinburgh University Rectorship, ii. 150; 1866, in Edinburgh: the Address, ii. 151-2; great success, and outburst of affection towards him, ii. 152-3; at Scotsbrig, ii. 153; Mrs. Carlyle's death, ii. 154; the funeral; his inscription, ii. 155; nature of his remorse, ii. 156; 1866-81, writing *Reminiscences*, ii. 373; visit to Mentone, ii. 373; arrival of Mary Aitken, ii. 373; revival of old habits, ii. 373; last writings, ii. 373-4; physical decline, ii. 374; reading, ii. 374; last visits, etc., ii. 374; thoughts of eternity, ii. 375; interview with Queen Victoria, ii. 376; Prussian Order of Merit, ii. 376; gold medal and address, ii. 376; declines baronetcy, ii. 376; opinion on atheism, ii. 376-7; death of friends, ii. 377; opinion on Froude, ii. 378; last letters to Alick, ii. 378; last visit to Scotland, 1879, ii. 378; deaths of John and Alick, ii. 378-9; last days, ii. 379; death, ii. 379.

Comparative interest of his life and works, ii. 380; Carlyle and his age, ii. 383-4; where pagan and Christian meet, ii. 385; a new interest, ii. 385; significance of his life, ii. 387; last impression of his books, ii. 387; Hope, ii. 388.

Carlyle's correspondence with Miss Welsh : 1821 : at first purely formal and literary, i. 36 ; 1822 : his second visit to Haddington and cold reception, i. 36 ; broken correspondence renewed by chance, i. 36 ; he deprecates desire for fame and advises on subjects and hours of study, i. 37 ; warns her against isolation, i. 38 ; 1823 : so far no thought of marriage, i. 38 ; failure of project to meet in Edinburgh, i. 39 ; he counsels her to humour her mother, i. 39 ; growing warmth of letters, i. 40 ; checked by Miss Welsh, i. 40 ; 1824 : more literary advice, i. 41-2 ; unfortunate meeting in Edinburgh, i. 42 ; 1825 : serious thoughts of marriage, i. 42 ; suggestion of farming Craigenputtock, i. 42-3 ; anticipates her visit at Hoddam Hill, i. 44 ; receives her confession of former love for Irving, i. 44 ; entertains her at Hoddam Hill, i. 44-5 ; further obstacles to marriage, i. 45 ; he condones Mrs. Welsh's dislike for him, i. 45 ; 1826 : question of home after marriage, i. 45 ; suggestions, i. 45-6 ; he cannot agree to Mrs. Welsh living with them, i. 46 ; his unpractical plan of her living with his parents, i. 46-7 ; 21 Comely Bank taken, i. 47.

Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, Relations between : mutual opinions after marriage, i. 58 ; letters when separated for a few days, i. 62, 67-8, 69, 157 ; she describes his fashion of loving, i. 268 ; he speaks of his biliary temper, i. 271 ; his "growl," i. 277 ; he once showed impatience at her continued grief after her mother's death, i. 308-9 ; his birthday presents to her, i. 309, 15 ; her delight in his letters, i. 312 ; her letters of gratitude for his influence on her life, i. 314-15 ; misunderstanding about a journey, i. 317 ; she asks Mazzini's advice, ii. 39 ; hypothesis of rivalry between herself and Lady H. Baring, ii. 40 ; her nervous instability, ii. 40 ; her anxious letters to him from Liverpool, ii. 40-1 ; disclaims wishing to "punish" him by not writing when he was visiting the Barings, ii. 41 ; Emerson finds them living on "beautiful terms" ; Carlyle's letter of sympathy for distraction of nerves, ii. 48 ; compares her to a cloak wrapping him against annoyances of life, ii. 51 ; her dependence on his letters, ii. 51-2 ; varying moods on his return in her absence to Chelsea, ii. 52 ; visit to Grange, 1851, relative meaning of "quarrel," ii. 54-5 ; his recognition in after years of her qualities as a housewife, ii. 122 ; "Budget of a Femme Incomprise," ii. 127 ; her Journal, ii. 128 ; his want of perception, ii. 129 ; "railway carriage incident," ii. 130 ; his after-regrets for blindness to her nervous delicacy, ii. 132 ; his plans for happiness after *Frederick*, ii. 133 ; his regret for evening half hours, ii. 133-4 ; correspondence in 1858 : she regrets his "discontent" ; his remorseful answer, ii. 134 ; the misunderstanding about his return from Thurso, ii. 139 ; her record of hesitation at leaving him for a month, ii. 140-1 ; reaction on her of inefficient servants, ii. 141 ; correspondence during her illness in 1864, ii. 145, 6, 7 ; summary of Froude's theories and nature of Carlyle's remorse, ii. 156.

Carlyle's mental evolution : interpretation of life through literature and admiration of poet above all men, i. 111-13, 122-3, 294-5, 341 ; effect of French Revolution, i. 216-17, 256, 257-8, 295, 341 ; admiration transferred to man of action, i. 255-6, ii. 24-5 ;

- effect of residence in London and preoccupation with politics, i. 257, 295, ii. 82, 85, 86, 330-1; growth of "Fear," i. 257-8, 343-4, ii. 90; Cromwell succeeds Shakespeare as favourite hero, ii. 24-5; Cromwell and Frederick: the soul and the soul's activity on earth, ii. 33-4.
- Carnot (*F. R.*), organises victory, i. 205; discovers Robespierre's plot, i. 207.
- Cash payment:
as sole bond between men (*Chartism*), i. 247; (*P. and P.*), i. 322, 4, 31, 37; law of Bucaniers not God (*ibid.*), i. 332; end of all relations but this suggested (*L. D. P.*), ii. 59.
- Catherine the Great (*Frederick*), causes her husband Peter III to be murdered, ii. 311; attempts to organise Poland, ii. 318; first to speak of Partition, ii. 320.
- Cervantes, first humourist of the world (*Richter*), i. 74; contrasted with Burns (*Burns*), i. 81.
- Chapman & Hall succeed Fraser as Carlyle's publishers, 1842, i. 307.
- Characteristics*: i. 70; man rules little of his life by forethought, i. 102; unconsciousness the sign of health, i. 102; in art and still more in morals, i. 102; and with Society, i. 102-3; present era self-conscious, i. 103; Society's physical diseases, i. 103; man's sufferings without faith, i. 103; two books, i. 104; the remedy, i. 104.
- Charles I (*Cromwell*): with his chief priests goes against the nation, i. 353; breach with Parliament, i. 355-6; at Oxford, i. 357; Naseby his last battle, i. 360; rides out of Oxford, i. 362; declines to conciliate Scots by sanctioning Presbyterian worship, i. 363; his punishment demanded, i. 365; escape to Isle of Wight, i. 365; failure of negotiations with him, i. 370; death sentence, i. 373.
- Charles I (*Inaug. Address*), his degradation of the Peerage, ii. 152.
- Charles I (*Hist. Sk.*): his Catholic marriage, ii. 363; prospers ill with Parliament, ii. 363-4; dissolves it, ii. 365; in Scotland, ii. 366; war with Scots, ii. 368-9; vain attempt to raise funds, ii. 369.
- Charles II (*Cromwell*): forced to adopt Covenant, i. 384, 7, 9; crowned at Scone, i. 392; escape after Worcester, i. 397; sees a chance when England is at war with Spain, i. 410.
- Chartism*: its essence bitter discontent, i. 245; condition of people wrong, i. 245; thrift decreases: a sure test, i. 245; a harsh Poor Law at least protects the thrifty: all men must work, i. 245-6; misery of unemployment; Saxon labourers undersold by Irish, i. 246; results of "let-alone," i. 246; injustice insupportable, i. 246; might and right the same eventually, i. 246; "let-alone" is abdication of government, i. 247; right of the people to be governed, i. 247; need of true leaders, i. 247; Parliaments must govern, i. 247; how England has progressed: her rebellions were expansions, i. 248-9; final controversy of working classes still unsettled, i. 248; Chartism the result of discontent with Parliament, i. 248-9; education the first step: with religion, i. 249; emigration, i. 249. *See also* i. 259-60, 272, 274.
- Cheyne Row, 5, description of house, etc., i. 157, 8.
- Choiseul, Duke of (*F. R.*), dismissed by Dubarry, i. 168, 222.

- Chotusitz, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Austrians under Prince Karl by Frederick, May 17, 1742, ii. 237-8.
- Christianity :
its foundation in man's purest nature (*Voltaire*), i. 86; (*Signs of Times*), i. 89.
- Circumstances :
cannot ruin a mind (*Burns*), i. 81; the product of man (*Heyne*), i. 82; man modified by (*Diderot*), i. 230; determine more than Nature (*Heroes*), i. 282.
- Civil War (*Cromwell*) : Edgehill, October 1641, i. 356; war in Yorks and south-west, i. 356; Lincolnshire subdued to Parliament, i. 356; otherwise the King victorious, i. 358; Newbury, i. 358; Scots besiege York, i. 359; Marston Moor, i. 359; Parliament's New-Model Army, i. 360; Naseby, June 1645, i. 360; storm of Bristol, etc., i. 361-2; Oxford surrenders, i. 363; end of first Civil War, June 1646, i. 363; distracted state of country in 1648: Scotland and Wales favour the King, i. 367; Preston, i. 368; end of second Civil War, i. 369; Charles II in Scotland, i. 383; adopts Covenant, i. 384; Dunbar, i. 385; Cromwell in Edinburgh, i. 388; three parties in Scotland, i. 390; two broken: only Malignants remain, i. 391; surrender of Edinburgh Castle, i. 391-2; advance on Sterling and retreat, i. 393; second advance, i. 395; Scots march south to England and are defeated at Worcester, i. 396-7.
- Clare, Lady, engages John Carlyle as travelling physician, through Jeffrey, i. 68-9.
- Clothes (*Sartor*) : neglect of the study, i. 124; ornament the first purpose of clothes, i. 125; from clothes has risen Shame, i. 126; change of fashions, i. 126; moral view-point, i. 126; man muffled in clothes forgets he is a spirit, i. 126; utility of clothes: foundation of civilised society, i. 126; imagine king and carman without clothes, i. 126-7; the whole universe is clothing, i. 127; Church-clothes the vesture of the divine idea of the world, i. 135; now out-at-elbows, i. 135; all symbols and forms are clothes, i. 135, 9.
- Club life (*F. R.*), growth of, i. 182.
- Coleridge, Carlyle visits him at Highgate, i. 30; his conversation (*Sterling*), ii. 101.
- Comely Bank, 21: i. 47.
- Commerce: demoralising effects of competition, i. 149, 224, 258-9, 342; likeness to Prussianism, i. 264, 350; effects on morals and religion, i. 293; destructive effect on the soul, i. 347, 8, ii. 31, 96, 345.
- Committee of Public Salvation (*F. R.*), i. 196; its fearful character, i. 201; supreme with Robespierre, i. 206.
- Conscious and Unconscious :
see Characteristics; no great thing ever done consciously (*F. R.*), i. 183; Diderot dwelt in "thin rind of conscious" (*Diderot*), i. 230; Shakespeare great because unconscious (*Heroes*), i. 285; the *conscious* part of Mahomet was error (*ibid.*), i. 285; saving effect of inarticulate traditions (*L. D. P.*), ii. 64; things ripen underground (*Frederick*), ii. 212.

- Constitution (*F. R.*), must have celestial sanction, i. 177; completed, September 1791, i. 190; why it will not march, i. 191; again attempted, i. 197; completed by Convention, i. 209.
- Controversy, the Great, i. 273; hypothesis of rivalry between Mrs. Carlyle and Lady H. Baring, ii. 40; Froude's theories that Carlyle compelled his wife to accept invitations, ii. 40, 54; Mrs. Carlyle nervous and capricious, ii. 40; different views of her supposed reluctance to visit the Grange, December 1851, ii. 54-5.
- Copyright, essay on, i. 250.
- "Conversion," the Leith Walk, i. 26, 110.
- Corday, Charlotte (*F. R.*), murders Marat and is guillotined, i. 202. *Also* i. 221.
- Cordeliers (*F. R.*), Danton's club: surpassing Jacobins, i. 182.
- Corn Law, abolition of, December 1845, i. 319; injustice of (*P. and P.*), i. 328, 30.
- Corn Law Rhymes*: sincerity of, i. 227; practice better than education, i. 227; the author a genuine man, i. 227; a radical, i. 227; destructive but religious; feels mystery of Time; imitative; lacks humour, i. 227; his fear of beggary, i. 228; his book a sign of hope, i. 228; let him try prose in literature and reconstruction in politics, i. 228. *Also* i. 262-3.
- Council of Officers (*Cromwell*), i. 399, 401.
- Count Cagliostro: an original man, a true knave, i. 232; early un-moral life at home and school, i. 232; flight from Palermo, i. 232; age of impostors, i. 232; progress through Europe, i. 232-3; "Egyptian Masonry," i. 233; one grain of belief, i. 233; apotheosis at Strasburg, i. 233; Diamond Necklace, i. 233; prison and death in Rome, i. 234. *Also* i. 261.
- Count Cagliostro (*Necklace*), i. 237.
- Courage, unconscious superiority to fear (*Frederick*), ii. 202.
- Covenant, the (*Cromwell*), i. 383; pedantic interpretation, i. 383; recognised a Stuart King, i. 383-4; adopted under pressure by Charles II, i. 384, 7, 9; dead in letter, immortal in spirit, i. 386.
- Cowper, William, his life compared to Carlyle's, ii. 381, 2, 5.
- Craig, R. S., quoted, i. 343.
- Craigenputtock, estate of Welsh family, i. 24; description of, i. 62.
- Criticism, Literary:
scientific basis of in Germany (*German Lit.*), i. 75; place of fault-finding in (*Goethe*), i. 78-9.
- Cromwell, Elizabeth (*Cromwell*), Cromwell's wife: i. 387-8, 92, 4, 5.
- Cromwell, Henry (*Cromwell*), Cromwell's son: Deputy of Ireland, i. 407, 9.
- Cromwell, Oliver (*Chartism*), suppressed democracy, i. 247; brought liberty of conscience, i. 248.
- Cromwell, Oliver (*Heroes*), King or Ablest Man in a chaotic age, i. 290; Civil War was Semblance against Reality, i. 290; no hypocrite, i. 290; a chaotic man, i. 291; without vulgar ambition, i. 291; nearly realised Knox's theocracy, i. 291; assumed power to combat anarchy, i. 292.
- Cromwell*: first reading for, i. 277; intractability of, i. 306, 7, 10; no biography possible, i. 313; Letters to be edited, i. 313, 16; completed, i. 317, 18.

Cromwell, Oliver (*Cromwell*), inadequate biographies of, i. 352; birth, education, marriage, farming, i. 352-3; hypochondria, i. 353; in Parliament, i. 353; St. Ives, i. 354; Ely, i. 354; would drain fens: against King, i. 355; once "loved darkness," i. 355; Parliament, 1640, i. 355; raises volunteers at Cambridge, i. 356; first victory at Gainsborough, i. 357; the Ironsides, i. 358; near death at Winceby, i. 358; famous appeal to Mr. Hitch to "come down," i. 359; liberal appeal for an Anabaptist, i. 359; Marston Moor, i. 359; accuses Essex and Manchester of indifferent zeal, i. 359; storms Bletchington House, i. 360; Naseby, i. 360-1; pleads for "honest men" who had not taken Covenant, i. 361; reduces Bristol, i. 361-2; against compulsion in things of the mind, i. 362; "seeker next best to finder," i. 363; quarrel of City and army, i. 364; on his son's marriage, i. 366, 366-7; "a blessed thing to die daily," i. 366; besieges Pembroke, i. 367-8; defeats Hamilton at Preston, i. 368; at Edinburgh, i. 369; against Berwick, i. 369-70; regrets spirit of Malignants, i. 370-1; harsh feeling towards authors of second war, i. 371; letter to Hammond on dangers of fleshly reasoning and passive obedience, i. 372; Richard's marriage again, i. 374-5; Commander for Ireland, i. 375; suppresses Levellers' mutiny, i. 375-6; in Ireland, i. 376; reassures Mayor on money matters, i. 376; would have Richard understand business, i. 376; reforms army, i. 377; storms Tredah and puts garrison to the sword, i. 377-8; claims to have saved bloodshed thereby, i. 378; takes Wexford, i. 378; Ross, i. 378-9; ascribes glory to God, i. 379; further gains but army in wretched state, i. 379; answer to Kilkenny Council, i. 380-1; takes Kilkenny, i. 381-2; asks for money and recruits, i. 382; "true knowledge is inward," i. 383; storm of Clonmel: return to London, i. 383; Scottish affairs, i. 383-4; his Bible reading, i. 384; he "never sought great place," i. 384; appeal to Kirk Assembly, i. 384-5; retreat to Dunbar, i. 385; reasons for opposing Covenant, i. 385; battle of Dunbar, i. 385-7; "do not own us but God alone," i. 387; letter to wife: "infirmities of age," i. 387-8; reprimand to Scottish clergy, i. 388-9; reflects on carnal ends which Covenant has been made to serve, i. 389; blames Scotch for devotion to King, i. 389; asks for friendly and Christian conference, i. 390; only Malignants his enemies now, i. 391; Edinburgh Castle yields, i. 391-2; suggestion for a medal, i. 393; made Chancellor of Oxford, i. 393; advance to and retreat from Stirling, i. 393; sickness and concern for home affairs, i. 394; conference at Glasgow, i. 394; his mother, i. 395; second advance to Stirling, i. 395; letter on his son's debts, i. 395-6; dislodges Scots from Stirling, i. 396; pursues them to Worcester, i. 396; "crowning mercy": his last battle, i. 397; demands settlement of nation, i. 398; "Love and Fear," i. 399; ejects Long Parliament, i. 399; convenes Little Parliament, i. 399; Speech I: defects of last Parliament and opportunities of this, i. 400; becomes Lord Protector, i. 401; appearance, i. 401; plots against him, i. 401; his ordinances, i. 401; threatened by discontent in the army, i. 402; the New Parliament, i. 402; Speech II: the nation's former

dissensions encouraged attack from foreign enemies; these have been repelled and now is your chance, i. 402-3; fruitless debates, i. 403; Speech III: dislike of authority he has been forced to assume; errors of former Parliaments; fundamentals of Government; you must assent to this Parchment, i. 403-4; further troubles with plots and Pedant Parliament, i. 404-5; Speech IV: You have repeatedly disappointed my hopes; dangers have multiplied; you might have made a settlement; your sins against God; dissolution, i. 405-6; government alone and by Major-Generals, i. 406-7; letter on God's Covenant with man, i. 407; wishes to form Protestant League, i. 408; interviews George Fox, i. 408; failure of attack on Hispaniola; Jamaica taken, i. 408-9; suggestions to Blake how to annoy the Spaniard, i. 409-10; Speech V: Necessity compels us to oppose Spain; she has espoused the cause of Charles Stuart and is fomenting rebellion in our midst; Papists and Cavaliers endeavoured to reconcile all parties against us; let us have peace at home and prosecute the war vigorously; the Treasury is less empty than I found it; doubting, hesitating men will not do for the work, i. 411-13; letter to Mazarin on toleration to Catholics, ii. 9; failure of attempt to assassinate him, ii. 9; Speech VI: praise of the Three Nations . . . Mercy and Truth shall meet together . . ., ii. 10; question of Kingship, ii. 10; Speech VII: asks for time to deliberate; all his former troubles combined have not moved him like this; he will wait for God to put the answer in his mouth, ii. 11; Speech VIII: We have fought for the two greatest things: Religion and Liberty; I cannot find it in my duty to God and you to undertake the title of King, ii. 11; Speech IX: If I undertake without faith I should serve in disbelief; I must know other things besides the Title, ii. 12; Speech X: he extracts from Parliament the reasons, viz. King is known to the law, Protector is not limited by law, ii. 12; Speech XI: arguments for Kingship reviewed; possibility of laws being executed without; no necessity for the Title; it would grieve those faithful men who fought, ii. 12-14; Speech XII: more arguments and scruples: result uncertain, ii. 14; Speech XIII: need of Settlement; errors of Long Parliament and Little; some reforms, in morals, election of ministers, etc., ii. 14-16; Speech XIV: definite refusal of Kingship, ii. 16; foreign policy: to form league between Protestant Europe and England, ii. 17; the new House of Lords, ii. 18; Speech XVI: the Cause and the quarrel reviewed; peace has come; God's special favour to this land, ii. 18-19; perilous times: threat of Spanish invasion, etc., ii. 19; Speech XVII: Our enemies design to make the Christian world all Popery; is our "ditch" sufficient protection? At home we are hugely made up of sects, and another civil war would destroy us, ii. 19-21; Speech XVIII: I never sought the Protectorship; I hoped for settlement on the basis of the new House of Lords; your policy exposes us to a new Scottish invasion; you are dissolved, ii. 21-2; suppresses Royalist rising, ii. 22; efforts on behalf of Piedmontese Protestants, ii. 22-3; last illness: speech of Covenants, ii. 23; death, ii. 23.

- Cromwell* : Cromwell as pattern hero, ii. 24 ; union of ideal and actual, ii. 24-5 ; Cromwell's faith the cause of his strength, ii. 25 ; mystic nature of belief, ii. 25-6 ; the soul must be alone with God, ii. 26 ; how the poet may adopt a false belief, ii. 26-7 ; divergence since the Restoration of the paths of God and man, ii. 27-8 ; Carlyle's strong intellect and incomplete belief brought him loneliness of soul, ii. 28-9 ; effect upon his writings : regard for fact, ii. 29-30 ; the faith that made Cromwell irresistible, ii. 30 ; the background of Carlyle's "educated" life, ii. 30 ; obstacles to spiritual development, ii. 30-1 ; nature of Cromwell's faith, ii. 31 ; supremacy of intuition, ii. 31-2 ; disharmonies of outer and inner life, ii. 32 ; condemnation of doubts and scruples, ii. 32-3 ; Carlyle's faith compared with Cromwell's, ii. 33 ; Cromwell and Frederick : the soul and the soul's activity on earth, ii. 33-4 ; artistic defects of *Cromwell*, ii. 34-5 ; centre of interest is Cromwell's soul, as interpreted by Carlyle, ii. 35 ; the domesticities, ii. 35-6 ; recapitulation, ii. 36-8.
- Cromwell, Oliver (*Hist. Sk.*), in Parliament, 1627-8, ii. 364 ; first speech : against Laud, ii. 365.
- Cromwell's mother (*Cromwell*), i. 395 ; death, i. 404.
- Cromwell, Richard (*Cromwell*), "an idle fellow," i. 366 ; question of his marriage, i. 366, 366-7, 374-5 ; his debts, i. 395-6.
- Cruthers and Jonson*, i. 55 ; the story and its shortcomings, i. 55-6.
- Cumberland, Duke of (*Frederick*), ii. 242 ; defeated at Fontenoy, ii. 251 ; affords scanty help to Frederick, ii. 278, 9.
- Dandies (*Sartor*), i. 139.
- Dante, ten dumb centuries needed to produce him (*Varnhagen von Ense*), i. 244-5.
- Dante (*Heroes*), likeness of poet to prophet : sees æsthetic side of divine idea, i. 282-3 ; his stormy life, i. 283 ; his poem : music, moral beauty, embodied Christianity, i. 283-4.
- Danton (*F. R.*), at States-General, i. 173 ; at the Cordeliers, i. 182 ; Minister of Justice, i. 195 ; decrees search for arms, i. 195 ; "de l'audace," i. 196 ; approves September massacres, i. 197 ; at Committee of Public Salvation, i. 201 ; retires to Arcis, i. 206 ; incompatible with Robespierre, i. 206 ; fearless at his trial, i. 206 ; execution, i. 206.
- Danton, with Mirabeau and Napoleon, one of the three great men of the Revolution (*Mirabeau*), i. 237.
- Daun, Leopold Graf von (*Frederick*), advances to relieve Prag, ii. 276 ; defeats Prussians at Kolin but does not pursue, ii. 276-7 ; movement at Leuthen, ii. 284 ; entrenches and declines to fight, ii. 285, 6 ; cuts off Frederick's convoy and saves Olmütz, ii. 286-7 ; threatens Saxony, ii. 289 ; victory at Hochkirch, but misses tide-hour, ii. 289-90 ; 1759, awaits Russians : at Mark-Lissa, ii. 291, 2 ; through his delay Frederick escaped ruin, ii. 295 ; wishes Soltikof to attack again, ii. 295 ; out-witted by Prince Henri, ii. 296 ; retreat, ii. 297 ; defeats Finck at Maxen, ii. 97 ; in Plauen Chasm, ii. 298 ; eludes Frederick, ii. 301 ; delay again, 1760, ii. 303 ; at Torgau, ii. 304-5 ; defeated, ii. 306 ; in command again, 1762, ii. 311 ; failure and retreat to Bohemia, ii. 312-13.

De Launay (*F. R.*), defends Bastille, i. 176; surrenders and is murdered, i. 176.

Democracy:

its net result zero (*Chartism*), i. 247; akin to atheism (*P. and P.*), i. 333; unanimity of voting cannot make a ship double Cape Horn (*L. D. P.*), ii. 59; the world a monarchy and hierarchy (*ibid.*), ii. 59; laws of universe not to be modified by voting of majorities (*ibid.*), ii. 72; universal suffrage a kind of abdication (*ibid.*), ii. 74.

Desmoulins, Camille (*F. R.*), at States-General, i. 173; arrested with Danton and executed, i. 206.

De Quincey, reviews *Meister* unfavourably, i. 34; quoted, i. 141.

Dessau, Leopold of Anhalt- (*Frederick*), the Old Dessauer: character, ii. 172; drilling Prussian army, ii. 172; grief for Frederick-William, ii. 215; rebuked by Frederick, ii. 215; excluded from war councils, 1740, ii. 221; army's perfect discipline due to him, ii. 227; his camp that threatens Hanover, ii. 227; difference with Frederick, ii. 237; commands in Silesia, 1745; forces Traun to retreat, ii. 248; grief for his wife, ii. 250; at Kesselsdorf: his prayer, ii. 256; defeats Saxons, ii. 256.

A founder of Prussian greatness, ii. 333, 49; his character, ii. 337-8.

Dessau, Leopold of Anhalt- (*Frederick*), the Young Dessauer: at Glogau, ii. 224; takes it by assault, ii. 226-7; at Chotusitz, ii. 237-8.

Dettingen, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of French by English, June 27, 1743, ii. 242-3.

Diamond Necklace, i. 156, 166; Romance is Reality, i. 234; how Boehmer made the necklace, i. 234; no one will buy it, i. 234; Rohan: his wish to reappear at Court, i. 234-5; Lamotte, i. 235; she persuades Rohan she has gained the Queen's ear, i. 235-6; that the Queen desires the necklace, i. 236; the mock meeting, i. 236; Rohan obtains necklace and gives it to Lamotte for the Queen, i. 236; instalment not paid, i. 237; arrest of Rohan and Lamotte, i. 237; the trial, i. 237. *Also* i. 260-1.

Dickens, Carlyle's eulogy of, ii. 137.

Dickens, Guy (*Frederick*), British envoy in Berlin, ii. 193.

Diderot: birth, etc., i. 229; success at school, i. 229; dislikes Jesuits, i. 229; follows no profession, i. 229; struggling hack writer, i. 229; marriage, i. 229; the *philosophes* against the Church, i. 229-30; toils at *Encyclopédie*, i. 230; his imperial benefactress, i. 230; intellect: polemical philosophism his best channel, i. 230; shows limits of speculation, i. 230; ignores divine, sees mechanical, i. 230-1; his books and life, i. 231.

Dilberoglue, Stavros, gives Nero to Mrs. Carlyle, ii. 49.

Donaldson, the Misses, of Haddington, Carlyle stays with them, i. 312; Mrs. Carlyle's visits to them, ii. 47, 131, 132, 136; their deaths, ii. 138.

Double-Marriage of Prussia and England (*Frederick*), suggested by Queen Sophie Dorothee, ii. 178; brought woe to all, ii. 180; Treaty not signed: result, ii. 180, 2; Seckendorf persuades Frederick-William against, ii. 185; Frederick-William's attempt

to settle the matter, ii. 190; he intends Single only, ii. 191; England's "Both or None," ii. 191-2; collapse of, after Frederick's attempt to escape, ii. 197; Kaiser attempts it again, ii. 205.

Doubt:

only to be relieved by action (*Meister*), i. 53; misery to noble-minded to be born in times of doubt (*Sartor*), i. 129; (*F. R.*), i. 168; root of belief (*Heroes*), i. 288; a phasis of egoism (*P. and P.*), i. 327.

Promotes self-consciousness: no time for when world in danger, i. 217, 258; result of bastard faith based on argument, ii. 33; prevents the spirit from obeying its own laws, ii. 33, 112.

"Downing Street" (*L. D. P.*): We require a better Acting-Apparatus, ii. 63; the State no longer governs, ii. 64; the remedy is setting abler men to govern us, ii. 64; need of a true *King*, ii. 65; of wider choice, ii. 65; a people reflect the character of their governors, ii. 65.

Drouet (*F. R.*), recognises Louis XVI on his flight and causes his arrest, i. 189.

Drummond, Henry, i. 71.

Dualism:

man a (*Carlyle's Journal*), i. 154-5; Boswell's high and low nature (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 105; not Satan's world, but Satan has his place in it (*F. R.*), i. 196; Infernal and Celestial in Nature (*ibid.*), i. 205; men are god-devils (*Mirabeau*), i. 240.

Dubarry (*F. R.*), her sinister influence over Louis XV, i. 168; her flight from Versailles, i. 168. *Also* i. 221-2.

Duffy, Charles Gavan, accompanies Carlyle to Ireland, ii. 41, 6; records Carlyle's kindliness, ii. 46.

Dumouriez (*F. R.*), Commander, i. 195; checks Brunswick in the Argonne, i. 196, 7; Valmy, i. 197; triumph in Paris, i. 197; in retreat, i. 200; accused of anti-Jacobinism and rides over to Austrians, i. 201.

Dunbar, Battle of (*Cromwell*), i. 385-7.

Duty:

Carlyle's desire to know his duty, i. 70; has no doubts of it, i. 164; essence of all religion (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 107; human or divine origin? (*Sartor*), i. 132; Mahomet's definition the best: submission to God (*Heroes*), i. 282; Mahomet's Heaven and Hell shadow forth infinite nature of Duty (*Heroes*), i. 282; the great thing in man's little life (*P. and P.*), i. 324; infinite nature of (*ibid.*), i. 326.

Early Kings of Norway, a chronicle of Norse kings between ninth and fourteenth centuries, ii. 353-6. *Also* ii. 356-7.

Edinburgh society, Carlyle's dissatisfaction with, i. 154; Mrs. Carlyle's comparison with London, ii. 151.

Edinburgh University, Carlyle at, i. 15; its professors described in *Sartor*, i. 129; offer of Rectorship to Carlyle, ii. 150.

Education:

may aggravate wrong tendencies (*Corn Law Rhymes*), i. 227; need of universal education (*Chartism*), i. 249; Frederick-William's notion of (*Frederick*), ii. 179. *See Inaugural Address.*

Eighteenth Century :

a sceptical time (*Heroes*), i. 288; theory of self-interest natural to it (*ibid.*), i. 290; Carlyle's opinion of, ii. 126.

Eighteenth Century (*Frederick*) :

a fraudulent-bankrupt time, ii. 160; time of musqueteers rather than goldsticks, ii. 205; represented in action by Frederick, in thought by Voltaire, ii. 210; Heaven uncertain, earth interesting, ii. 217; Ten Commandments become a figure of speech, ii. 230.

Distinguished by intense preoccupation with life, ii. 344.

Election to Long Parliament, the Parliament's remarkable character; Ipswich election; local traits, i. 254.

Eliot, George, a comparison with Carlyle, i. 56.

Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern (*Frederick*), chosen for Frederick, ii. 202; her insipid character, ii. 203; marriage, ii. 206-7; earns respect in her difficult position, ii. 326.

Elizabeth Farnese, Queen of Spain (*Frederick*), resists Karl VI's claims, ii. 181.

Emerson, quoted, i. 109; first visit to Carlyle, i. 155; encouraging letter to Carlyle, i. 159; superintends American edition of *French Revolution*, etc., i. 270, 1; visit to Chelsea, ii. 43; a "brother soul," ii. 51; Carlyle regrets his silence, ii. 123; last correspondence and meeting, ii. 377-8.

Emigrant Seigneurs (*F. R.*), at Coblentz, i. 191; help to invade France, i. 197.

Emigration :

remedy for over-population (*Sartor*), i. 136; (*Chartism*), i. 249; (*L. D. P.*), ii. 67.

England, Condition of (*Past and Present*) : contrast of wealth and misery, i. 320; no earthly success can compensate for injustice, i. 320; present system of work and wages insupportable to operative class, i. 321; we must return to Nature's laws and find true governors, i. 321; seek Wisdom and Heroism, i. 322; no wonder phantasms flourish in a Godless world: Mammonism, idle Aristocracy, full workhouses, i. 328; Heaven and Hell now mean success or failure in making money, i. 328-9; the English are stupid in speech, wise in deeds, i. 329-30; their silent rage will one day blaze out against injustice, i. 330; England has done great practical work but she oppresses the doers, i. 330; toiling, shirtless millions and pampered aristocracy, i. 330; Cash-payment as sole bond cannot endure, i. 331-2; Labour must organise, i. 332; Industry must get rid of Mammonism and adopt chivalrous methods, i. 333; true and false liberty, i. 333; Democracy produces no true leaders, i. 333; Governors must feel responsible to God, i. 334; stupidity kills religion, i. 334; we must recall what is good of the past and inform Industry with the Splendour of God, i. 335; soldiers prove what organisation can do, i. 336; let Captains of Industry become chivalrous and secure their workers in bonds of love, i. 336-7; organise on a basis of permanence, i. 337; if Slaughter can become Chivalry, why not Work? i. 337-8; the present evils will disappear and Work triumph, i. 338.

Erskine, Thomas, of Linlathen, ii. 121.

- Essays, Early, their universality, i. 109; Carlyle's ideal literary life while writing them, i. 110; importance of spiritual certainty, i. 110-11; exaltation of the poet, i. 111; nature the soul's garment, i. 112; the poet's struggle with earth, i. 112; similar conception of biography, i. 113; the will as the soul's weapon against sense, i. 113; the soul hindered by the body's pursuit of happiness, i. 113-14; how to conquer sense, i. 114-15; Carlyle no ascetic, i. 116; appreciation of humour, i. 116-17; the world condemned only when it deadens the soul, i. 117; in politics the present evils do not exclude hope for the future, i. 118; men should unite as brothers, i. 118; his confident outlook, i. 119; recapitulation, i. 119; the essays a revelation of the author's experience, i. 119-20; intense originality, i. 120-1; every word fused: examples, i. 121-2; total effect moral, i. 122; answer deferred to question whether he prophesied truly, i. 122; reasons for his optimism, i. 122-3.
- Essays, Later, literature yields to politics, i. 255; action before poetry, i. 255; danger of social unrest, i. 256; importance of work, i. 256; test of success in life, i. 256-7; the world to be saved by work, i. 257-8; effect of town life on Carlyle: decline of meditation; "Fear," i. 257-8; un-Christian state of the modern world, i. 258-9; mood of *Chartism* not unhoping, i. 259; germ of future ideas, i. 260; poetry of *Necklace*, i. 260; Cagliostro, i. 261; Francia, i. 261; stupendous S. America, i. 261-2; the critical essays: nature of fault-finding, i. 262; Corn Law rhymers, i. 262-3; Mirabeau, i. 263; charm of biographical portions, i. 263; Scott appears diminished: he had no gospel, i. 263-4; Carlyle's lost power of living in the present, i. 264; Irving, i. 264; wistful interest in the past, i. 264-5.
- Essex, Henry Earl of (*P. and P.*), a case of conscience, i. 326.
- Eugene, Prince (*Frederick*), his practical advice, ii. 181; converses with Frederick-William, ii. 205.
- Exhibition of Scottish Portraits*, importance of portraits to historian, ii. 351-2.
- Fact: the thought of the Eternal (*L. D. P.*), ii. 70.
- Fairfax, Sir Thomas (*Cromwell*), i. 357, 8; reduces Oxford, i. 363.
- Faith:
- effect of its loss on man (*Characteristics*), i. 103-4; alternation of periods of faith and denial (*Sartor*), i. 129; effect of loss on the masses (*F. R.*), i. 169; intuition higher than speculation (*Diderot*), i. 230. *See also* Belief and Religion.
- Faults: outward details compared to inner struggle (*Heroes*), i. 280.
- Faust*, Goethe's, Carlyle's first criticism of, i. 49.
- Fear: its fatal influence on the present (*F. R.*), i. 198; barrier to Carlyle's happiness, i. 224, ii. 119; growth as a habit on him, i. 257; his "joy on a basis of apprehension," i. 273; effect of dyspepsia, i. 343-4, 50; increasing fear of revolution, ii. 84; hindered enjoyment of present and caused remorse after his wife's death, ii. 156.

- Fermor, General (*Frederick*), Russian Commander; invades Prussia, 1758, ii. 285; burns Cüstrin, ii. 287; defeated at Zorndorf, ii. 288-9.
- Feuillans (*F. R.*), Lafayette's club: of moderate views, i. 182.
- Fiction:
- Carlyle's early opinion of its inadequacy, i. 49; mimic biography (*Biography*), i. 104; literature should move away from, towards reality (*Diderot*), i. 228; modern way of interpreting life (*Cagliostro*), i. 231; influence of Jesuitism on fiction (*L. D. P.*), ii. 77-8; cousinship to lying (*Niagara*), ii. 80; degeneration of music through preferring fiction to fact (*Opera*), ii. 351.
 - Why Carlyle disparaged Scott, i. 264.
- Finck, General (*Frederick*), defeated at Maxen, ii. 297; severely treated by Frederick, ii. 298.
- FitzGerald, Edward, i. 311; Carlyle visits him at Woodbridge, 1855, ii. 128.
- Fontenoy, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of English by French, May 11, 1745, ii. 251.
- Formulism:
- belief that one believes (*Heroes*), i. 285; formulas like paths widened into highways (*ibid.*), i. 289; form needed, but only that which grows (*ibid.*), i. 290; living and dead formulas: from Stoke to Stowe (*P. and P.*), i. 327-8.
- Forster, John, i. 274; helps to found London Library, i. 274; shocked by *Pamphlets*, ii. 49; death, ii. 377.
- Forster, W. E., entertains the Carlyles at Rawdon, ii. 42.
- Fouquet (*Frederick*), beaten by Loudon and loses Silesia, 1760, ii. 300.
- Fox, George (*Cromwell*), interview with Cromwell, i. 408; last interview and the "waft of death," ii. 23.
- Francia, greatest of South American leaders, i. 251; his "reign of terror" in Paraguay, i. 251; books on him, i. 251-2; early traits and education, i. 252; a just lawyer, i. 252; Secretary of new Paraguay Republic, i. 253; resigns because of corruption, i. 253; made Dictator, i. 253; reduces all to order, isolates Paraguay, executes conspirators, i. 253; beneficent reforms, i. 253-4; anecdotes, i. 254. *Also* i. 261-2.
- Franz, Grand Duke (*Frederick*), husband of Maria Theresa; his Kaisership opposed by Belleisle, ii. 225; question of election after Karl VII's death, ii. 249; nominal victory over French, ii. 253; Kaiser September 1745, ii. 254; death, ii. 316.
- Fraser, James, reissues *Sartor* and other works, i. 268; a bad paymaster, i. 275; negotiates for *Heroes*, i. 277; death, 1841, i. 307.
- Frederick I (*Frederick*), first King of Prussia, ii. 162; coronation, November 1700, ii. 162, 71; son of Great Elector, ii. 171; unlucky second marriage and death, 1713, ii. 171.
- Frederick III, Burggraf of Nürnberg (*Frederick*), ancestor of latest Prussian Kings, ii. 163.
- Frederick, Burggraf (*Frederick*), purchases Brandenburg, 1415, ii. 165; suppresses robber Barons, ii. 165; his justice, ii. 165.

Frederick the Great (*Frederick*), at Potsdam in old age, ii. 160; biographies, ii. 160; birth, January 24, 1712, ii. 161; French and German elements in education, ii. 172; father's Spartan system, ii. 173; tutors, ii. 175; father's rigid instructions, ii. 176; drills boys' regiment, ii. 176-7; attends reviews, ii. 177; prefers music to hunting, ii. 177; love for sister, ii. 177; reads Latin against father's wish, ii. 178; religious in spite of bad teaching, ii. 178; beginning of discord with father, ii. 178; bent of mind to reality, ii. 179; owed much to father, ii. 179; Potsdam Lifeguards, ii. 182; dislikes Tabagie, ii. 184, 5; at Dresden: dissipation, ii. 186; loss to character and further descent in father's opinion, ii. 186; writes to beg forgiveness, ii. 187; plays the flute secretly, ii. 189-90; surprised by father, ii. 190; idea of flight, ii. 190; influence of Katte, ii. 190; love for Princess Amelia of England, ii. 192; intends flight, ii. 193; journey in Reich with father, ii. 193-4; at Steinfurth, ii. 195; about to fly: hindered, ii. 195; Mannheim, ii. 195; prisoner on yacht, ii. 195; will not confess, ii. 196; charge of desertion, ii. 196; imprisoned at Cüstrin, ii. 197; Court Martial, ii. 197; Katte's execution, ii. 197-8; his death sentence revoked, ii. 198; released, ii. 198; applies himself to work, ii. 199; desire to regain favour: beginning of artificiality, ii. 199; reconciliation with father, ii. 199-200; reply to Schulenburg, ii. 200; sees Wilhelmina at her marriage, ii. 200-1; completely pardoned, ii. 201; at Ruppín, ii. 201; question of marriage, ii. 202; Princess of Bevern chosen for him, ii. 202; his objections, ii. 202-3; betrothal, ii. 203; studies military science, ii. 203; exaggerates dislike for bride; marriage June 12, 1733, ii. 206-7; Reinsberg, ii. 207; first sight of war: Philipsburg siege, ii. 207-8; divines Austrian army can be beaten, ii. 208; quizzes Wilhelmina, ii. 208; visits his sick father, ii. 209; conducts reviews with great ability, ii. 209; at Reinsberg, ii. 209; happiest time, ii. 209-10; music and literature, ii. 210; in debt, ii. 210; writes to Voltaire, ii. 210; new Gospel, ii. 211; more letters to Voltaire, ii. 212; rising in father's opinion, ii. 212; writes verses: small merit, ii. 212; *Anti-Machiavel*, ii. 213; visits father in his last illness, ii. 214; much expected of him as King, ii. 215; his reforms: strange in that era, ii. 215; rebukes Old Dessauer and Schulenburg, ii. 215-16; does not promote old comrades apart from merit, ii. 216; partial success in discerning merit, ii. 216; kindness to mother; growing coldness to wife; adheres to father's methods, ii. 216; ambition to be happier, ii. 216; no Coronation, ii. 217; visits Wilhelmina, ii. 217; in France incognito, ii. 217; meets Voltaire near Cleve, ii. 218; at Reinsberg with Wilhelmina, ii. 219; the Kaiser's death, ii. 219; plan to seize Silesia, ii. 220; risks and advantages, ii. 220-1; starts for Frankfurt, ii. 221; Crossen, ii. 222; in Silesia, ii. 222; conciliatory temper, ii. 223; offer to Austria refused, ii. 224; owns love of glory, ii. 224; Glogau blockaded, ii. 224; capitulation of Breslau, ii. 224; takes Ohlau and masks Brieg, ii. 224; bombards and then blockades Neisse, ii. 225; return to Berlin, ii. 225; in Silesia again: anxious mood, ii. 226;

joined by friends, ii. 226; hears "partition" rumours and takes measures, ii. 226; advance towards Neisse, ii. 227; critical position, ii. 227; marches towards Ohlau; hears of Neipperg, ii. 227-8; battle of Mollwitz: thinks his army is defeated and flies to Oppeln, ii. 228; news of victory, ii. 229; reduces Brieg, ii. 229; his camp the centre of Europe, ii. 229; wishes to bargain with Austria, ii. 232; unfounded charge of duplicity, ii. 232; facts divine to him, ii. 232; his silent faculty, ii. 233; takes Breslau, ii. 233; war throughout Europe, ii. 233-4; will no longer bargain with Austria, ii. 234; final terms: Neisse and Silesia his; sham war with France, ii. 234; return to Berlin, ii. 234; secret out, ii. 234; allied with France and Saxony, undertakes Moravian Foray, ii. 235; drawbacks of alliance, ii. 236; general retreat, ii. 237; difference with Old Dessauer, ii. 237; news of Austrian advance, ii. 237; joins Young Dessauer at Chotusitz, ii. 237; defeat of Austrians, ii. 238; learns French treachery and informs Belleisle, ii. 238-9; Treaty of Breslau gives him Silesia and Glatz, ii. 239; extinction of "gloire," ii. 239; Reinsberg again: reform, art, ii. 239; repressed sensibility, ii. 240; Voltaire's third visit, ii. 240; fourth, ii. 243-4; forebodings of future Silesian war; alliance with France, ii. 244; invades Bohemia, 1744, and saves France from Prince Karl, ii. 245; value to him of picturesque scenery, ii. 246; besieges and takes Prag, ii. 246; imprudently moves on south-east, ii. 246; isolated, ii. 247; threatened by Karl and Traun and retreats over Elbe, ii. 247; thence to Silesia through the snow, ii. 247-8; admission of failure, ii. 248; bad six months, ii. 248; failure of French alliance, ii. 249; financial trouble, ii. 249; wishes Polish king to become Kaiser, ii. 249; desires peace, ii. 249; defends Silesia against Austrian-Saxons, ii. 250; defeats Karl at Hohenfriedberg, ii. 252; camp of Chlum, ii. 253; French failure again, ii. 253; convention with George II, ii. 253; will struggle till death for Silesia, ii. 253-4; battle of Sohr, ii. 254-5; hears of Brühl's plan of triple attack, ii. 255; joins Old Dessauer, ii. 256; Saxony capitulates after Kesselsdorf, ii. 256; desires peace: ambition satisfied, ii. 256-7; "five victories," ii. 256-7; at Sans Souci: reforms, etc., but no Reinsberg program, ii. 257; peace in Europe, 1748, ii. 258; visit from Saxe, ii. 259; poems printed, ii. 259; old Linsenbarth, ii. 259; Voltaire's arrival, ii. 260; Voltaire-Hirsch lawsuit, ii. 261; encourages sea-commerce, ii. 261; his conversation: banter, ii. 262; ill choice of friends, ii. 262-3; habits, ii. 263; angry with Voltaire for publishing *Akakia*, ii. 264; mutterings of war, ii. 265; hears of treaty for partitioning Prussia, ii. 265; watches movements in Europe, ii. 267; decides to attack Saxony, August 1756, ii. 268; blocks Saxon army in Pirna country, ii. 269-70; advances against Austrians, ii. 270; victory at Lobositz, ii. 270-1; forces Saxons to become Prussians, ii. 271; in Dresden, ii. 271; world-outcry against him, ii. 272; carries poison, ii. 272; sees his mother for last time, ii. 272; Sweden, France, Austria, Russia, against him, ii. 272; marches on Austrians, ii. 273; victory at Prag, ii. 273-4; 1757, greatest year of his life, ii. 275; batters

Prag in vain, ii. 275-6; marches against Austrians, ii. 276; defeated at Kolin by Daun, ii. 276-7; mother's death, ii. 277; avalanche of disasters, ii. 277; sensibility, ii. 278; anger against his brother August Wilhelm, ii. 278-9; marches against French, ii. 279; writes verses in idle periods, ii. 280; anticipates three invasions, ii. 281; defeats French at Rossbach, ii. 281-2; hears of Silesian reverses, ii. 283; march for Silesia, ii. 283; Leuthen: his completest victory, ii. 284; news of Russian advance, ii. 285; besieges Olmütz, ii. 286; loses convoy and abandons siege, ii. 286-7; marches against Russians, ii. 287; last letters to Wilhelmina, ii. 287; defeats Russians at Zorndorf, ii. 288-9; hastens back to Saxony, ii. 289; defeated at Hochkirck, ii. 289-90; Wilhelmina's death, ii. 290; on the defensive, 1759, ii. 291; issue of base money, ii. 291; watches Daun, ii. 292; must prevent Austrian-Russian junction, ii. 292; hears of Wedell's defeat, ii. 292; march against Russians, ii. 293; defeated at Kunersdorf, ii. 294; efforts to collect an army, ii. 294; loss of Dresden, ii. 295; in Silesia: against Soltikof, ii. 296; sends Finck after Daun, ii. 297; Finck's defeat at Maxen, ii. 297; severe to beaten generals, ii. 298; his creed, ii. 298; poems published, ii. 298; writes to Voltaire, ii. 298-9; desires honourable peace, ii. 299; 1760, dark outlook; enlists prisoners, etc., ii. 299; letters to D'Argens, ii. 300; present campaign the crisis, ii. 300; defends Saxony, ii. 300; Silesia lost again, ii. 300-1; march for Bautzen, ii. 301; vain siege of Dresden, ii. 301; loss of Glatz, ii. 301-2; victory at Liegnitz, ii. 302-3; marches to and fro through Austrian posts, ii. 303; Russian-Saxon raid on Berlin, ii. 304; stoic view of death, ii. 304; march to Torgau, ii. 304; plan of attack, ii. 304-5; hard-won victory: Saxony regained, ii. 305-6; his last battle, ii. 306; talk with Gellert, ii. 307; 1761, waning resources, ii. 307-8; Russians join Austrians, ii. 308; Camp of Bunzelwitz, ii. 308; his last card, ii. 308; Russians retire, ii. 309; hears of Schweidnitz lost: near despair, ii. 309; war must end next year, ii. 310; no more British subsidies, ii. 310; Czarina's death, ii. 310; Czar Peter his friend, ii. 310; alliance with Russia, ii. 311; awaits Russians, ii. 311; news of Russian revolution and end of alliance, ii. 312; takes mountain heights, ii. 312; takes Schweidnitz, ii. 312; march on Dresden, ii. 313; peace at hand, ii. 313; 1763, Treaty of Hubertsburg, ii. 313; return to Berlin, ii. 314; his story now relates to Prussia not Europe, ii. 315; unique as king rather than man, ii. 315; reconstruction, ii. 315-16; death of friends and enemies, ii. 316; treaty with Russia, ii. 316-17; state of Poland, ii. 317; fears European complications, ii. 318; habit of mocking at religion, ii. 319; interview with Kaunitz, ii. 319-20; agrees to partition of Poland to save Europe from war, ii. 320-1; sees Queen Ulrique again, ii. 321; annual reviews, ii. 322; his popularity, ii. 322-3; Bavarian-Succession War, ii. 323; invades Bohemia, ii. 324; relief at end of war and check to Austria, ii. 324-5; Prussian Code, ii. 325; Miller Arnold, ii. 325; "an old stoic," ii. 326; encyclopedical conversation, ii. 326; reminiscences of him, ii. 326-7;

at the review: "regard terrible," ii. 327; nominates only noble cadets, ii. 327; continued trouble with Austria, ii. 327; last Silesian review, ii. 328; illness; his sad creed; death, August 17, 1786, ii. 328-9.

His imaginative nature, ii. 338-9; more complex than his father, ii. 340; greater difficulty of dedication to State, ii. 341-2; successful as king rather than man, ii. 342; his life a battle for Silesia, ii. 348; early repugnance to war, ii. 349; imagination influences his choice, ii. 350.

Frederick the Great, first mention of in 1845, i. 318; in 1851, ii. 53; Carlyle reading books on Frederick, ii. 54; begun, 1852, ii. 121; lack of enthusiasm for, ii. 123; progress, ii. 126, 9; 2 vols. done, 1857, ii. 131; success, ii. 135; progress, ii. 137, 8, 40, 42, 44; concluded, ii. 148.

Phenomenon of Prussia, ii. 330; Carlyle's point of view, ii. 330; excess of spirit, ii. 331; lesson of Prussia, ii. 331-2; a realised but distant ideal, ii. 332; Frederick's world abandoned by God, ii. 333; human ingenuity, ii. 333; coming of the gospel of force, ii. 334; Carlyle's belief in moral effect of discipline, ii. 334-5; gradual decay of faith, ii. 335-6; a disharmony: wrong teaching of religion, ii. 336; Shakespearean disinterestedness of character-drawing, ii. 336-7; curiosity, ii. 338; individual and State, ii. 338; Frederick-William and Frederick, ii. 338-9; sadness of lingering death, ii. 339; Frederick-William's mortified sensibility, ii. 339-40; Frederick's greater complexity and harder task, ii. 340-1; the omnipresent State, ii. 341; Frederick's success as king rather than man, ii. 342; the reader's doubts, ii. 342; eighteenth century: reasons for Frederick-William's anxieties, ii. 343-4; preoccupation with life, ii. 344; effect of decline of old-world pieties, ii. 345; militarism and commercialism, ii. 345; brutalising effect of work, ii. 345; identity of might and right disproved, ii. 346; Carlyle's failure to discriminate earthly and spiritual work, ii. 346-7; literary feat of *Frederick*, ii. 347-8; battle scenes, ii. 348; the spirit that evoked the army, ii. 349; Frederick's choice of war, ii. 349-50; the army a perfect instrument, ii. 350.

Frederick-William, the Great Elector (*Frederick*), 1640, restores Brandenburg, ii. 170; collects a good army and uses it to best advantage, ii. 170; advances "spirally," ii. 170; makes chaos cosmos, ii. 170; defeats Swedes, ii. 170; misses Silesian Duchies, ii. 170.

Frederick-William (*Frederick*), father of Frederick the Great, ii. 161; upbringing at Hanover, ii. 161; King, 1713, ii. 172; intensely German, ii. 172; German entourage, ii. 172; a harsh master, ii. 173; abolishes French fashions, expunges falsehood, saves money, ii. 173; makes all work, ii. 173; his qualities, ii. 173-4; passion for tall soldiers, ii. 174; knew that all depended on army, ii. 174; drills all Prussia, ii. 174; habits and appearance, ii. 174; thrift, ii. 174; his one war: siege of Stralsund, ii. 175; exchange of presents with Czar, ii. 176; rigid instructions for his son's education, ii. 176; takes him to reviews, ii. 177; saves Heidelberg Protestants, ii. 177-8; disapproves of his son's tastes, ii. 178; grows to hate him, ii. 178; view of education as a thing of facts,

ii. 179; consents to Double-Marriage, ii. 180; his crotchets the giant regiment, ii. 182; set against Double-Marriage, ii. 183; passion for justice, ii. 184; the Tobacco Parliament, ii. 184; grief for George I, ii. 185-6; hypochondria, ii. 186; visits August the Strong at Dresden, ii. 186; ill-treats Frederick, ii. 187-8; attack of gout, ii. 187; influenced by Seckendorf, ii. 187-8; quarrels with George II and Hanover, ii. 188-9; worse treatment of Frederick, ii. 189; confiscates his books, etc., ii. 190; his sensitiveness, ii. 190; hears with dismay of Austrian isolation, ii. 190; will settle Double-Marriage once for all: suggests alternatives, ii. 190; intends only Single Marriage: for Wilhelmina, ii. 191; cipher correspondence, ii. 192; takes Frederick to Rade-witz camp, ii. 192; strikes and mocks him, ii. 192-3; quarrel with Hotham, ii. 193; journey in Reich with Frederick, ii. 193-4; at Steinfurth, ii. 195; Mannheim: hears of Frederick's attempted flight, ii. 195; his fury, ii. 195, 6; strikes Wilhelmina, ii. 196; distracted condition; concern for his son's soul, ii. 197; decides Katte must die, ii. 197-8; Wilhelmina's betrothal, ii. 198-9; condemns Schlubhu, ii. 199; visit of reconciliation to Frederick, ii. 199-200; building operations, ii. 200; Wilhelmina's wedding, ii. 200-1; admits he has been duped, ii. 201; requires Frederick to marry, ii. 202; encourages Salzburg Protestants to migrate to Prussen, ii. 204; visit to Kaiser, ii. 204-5; native politeness but indifference to etiquette, ii. 205; effects nothing concerning Jülich and Berg, ii. 205; explodes against Seckendorf, who revives Double-Marriage, ii. 205; ride through Priort: horrible suspicion, ii. 206; gives Reinsberg to Frederick, ii. 207; protects Stanislaus, ii. 208; illness from camp life at Philipsburg, ii. 208; the sick-room; softened humour, ii. 209; realises how Kaiser has fooled him, ii. 209; further fruitless Jülich and Berg negotiations, ii. 211; visits Prince of Orange, ii. 212; grieves for Seckendorf, a prisoner, ii. 212; more gifts to Frederick, ii. 213; ill again, ii. 213; bed and wheeled chair; has only faces he likes about him, ii. 213-14; last Tabagie, ii. 214; at Potsdam, ii. 214; talks with clergyman, ii. 214; last words and death, May 31, 1740, ii. 214-15.

A founder of Prussian greatness, ii. 333, 49; Carlyle's greatest feat in character-drawing, ii. 337, 339-40; disinterested curiosity, ii. 340; his mortified sensibility and pain of dedication to the State, ii. 340; his surprise at death, ii. 344; effect of work on his character, ii. 346.

French-German War, ii. 352-3.

French Revolution, Carlyle's first interest in subject, i. 154; begun, i. 159; the burnt MS., i. 162-3; completed, i. 266; success, i. 267, 8; published in America, i. 270.

French Revolution (F. R.): death of Kingship, i. 168; decadence of nobles, i. 168; rise of scepticism, i. 168; unhealthy peace: age of paper, i. 169; no hope for the "masses," i. 169; a rotten society held together by habit, i. 169; dawn of Democracy in America, i. 170; discontent and French excitability, i. 170; explosion inevitable, i. 170; spectre of national bankruptcy, i. 170; Notables, i. 171; Parlement will not register tax-edicts, i. 171; seditious

placards and speeches, i. 172; promise of States-General, i. 172; ruin of harvest, 1788, i. 172; rascality first emerges, i. 172-3; Commons to have Double Representation, i. 173; riots in Saint-Antoine, i. 173; Commons name States-General National Assembly, i. 174; Tennis Court oath, i. 174; Nobles and Clergy join Commons, i. 174-5; foreign troops arrive, i. 175; cry in Paris "to arms," i. 175; military order gone, i. 175; National Guard, i. 175; to the Bastille, i. 176; its fall, i. 176; war-gods conquered, i. 176; Louis sanctions the revolution, i. 177; all formulas must go, i. 177; feasting at Versailles, famine in Paris, i. 178-9; march of women to Versailles, i. 179; scenes at Versailles: down-rushing of a world, i. 180; quarrel leads to attack on palace, i. 180; King and Queen carried off to Paris, i. 180-1; National oath, i. 183-4; degeneration of the army: arrears of pay, i. 184; trouble at Metz, i. 184; slaughter of Nanci, i. 185; scarcity in France and political discord, i. 186; fear of King's flight and Austrian invasion, i. 186; flight of Royalty and arrest at Varennes, i. 188-90; return to Paris, i. 190; decision to maintain the throne, i. 190; failure of Constitution, i. 191; breach with feudal Europe: the revolution concentrated, i. 191; Santerre and a mob invade the Tuileries, i. 193; terror of Brunswick's invasion, i. 192; a camp in Paris, i. 193; the Marseillaise, i. 193; general enlistment, i. 193; King's forfeiture demanded, i. 194; sections march on Tuileries, i. 194; Louis flies to Assembly, i. 194; massacre of Swiss guard, i. 194-5; France against Europe without and traitors within, i. 195; panic in Paris after fall of Verdun, i. 196; Murder arises: September massacres, i. 196; Republic proclaimed, i. 197; Valmy, i. 197; question of the King, i. 198; his trial, i. 199; dusky Patriotism surrounds the Convention, i. 199; the King to die, i. 199; his execution: resulting grave situation of distracted France and united Europe, i. 199-200; conflict of parties: Gironde and Mountain, i. 200; defeat on frontier, i. 200; fearful expansion of Revolution, i. 201; fall of Girondins, i. 202; advance of enemies, i. 203; "levy in mass," i. 203; "law of suspect," i. 203; prisons crowded: guillotine goes faster, i. 203; Terror: harvest of centuries of injustice, i. 204; anarchy organises itself and hurls back the enemy, i. 205; the daily death-cart, i. 205; the revolution devours its own children, i. 205-6; fall of Danton, i. 206; Robespierre supreme, i. 206; Terror at its climax: the daily "batches," i. 206; fall of Robespierre, i. 207; end of Revolution: a new public opinion, i. 207; frontier successes, i. 208; Gilt Youth assault Jacobins, i. 208; two more risings suppressed by Gilt Youth, i. 208; lessons of Revolution, i. 209; last outburst checked by Napoleon, i. 209.

A cruel portent but the voice of God (*P. and P.*), i. 334; the one divine Gospel of modern times (*L. D. P.*), ii. 77; a divine message to fraudulent-bankrupt eighteenth century (*Frederick*), ii. 160.

French Revolution: Carlyle's greatest work of art, i. 210; the interest transcendental, i. 210; his central book, i. 210; horror softened by poetry, i. 210-11; recapitulation, i. 211-12; the revolution is in the heart of man, i. 212-13; moral causes: injustice begot

- violence, i. 213; religion passed away but formulas remained; growth of hypocrisy, i. 213-14; lack of great men, i. 214-15; narrow type like Robespierre most likely to rise, i. 215-16; a great man might have saved the Revolution, i. 216-17; source of Carlyle's advocacy of toil, i. 216; weakness of doubt, strength of belief, i. 216-17; why madness seized a nation, i. 218; futility of Assembly to remake the world, i. 219; Carlyle's presentation of the facts, i. 219; man's world of horror surrounded by God's world of beauty, i. 220-1; characters: the reader's mind forced to independent thought, i. 221; the soul reached, i. 221-2; style: intense vision, i. 222; use of words, i. 222-3; the ultimate emotion, i. 223; Carlyle's suppressed love of life, i. 223; "Fear," i. 224; sorrows of the poet, i. 224; without God or man, i. 225; bitterness of death, i. 225; unsurpassed death scenes, i. 225-6.
- French Revolution, History of*: a review of books, placards, and theories, i. 241.
- Friendship:
an obsolete quality (*Sartor*), i. 130, 6; condition of (*ibid.*), i. 139.
- Friendships, Carlyle's, Irving and Sterling compared, ii. 115-16; attempt to judge a man by his soul, ii. 116; only realized with Sterling, ii. 117; less "fear" and loneliness in Sterling days, ii. 119. *Also* i. 17, 164, ii. 386.
- Froude, J. A., his fixed ideas, i. 153; his theories based on Miss Jewsbury's revelations, i. 315; instances of exaggeration, i. 317, ii. 54, 125, 130; first sees Carlyle, ii. 44; first visit to Carlyle, ii. 45; his charge justified that Carlyle lacked perception, ii. 129; final review of his theories, ii. 156; walks with Carlyle, ii. 373; Carlyle's opinion of, ii. 377.
- Gardes-Françaises (*F. R.*), their reluctance to fire on the people, i. 175; they go over to the people, i. 175; rescue the Bodyguards at Versailles, i. 180; their notable work, i. 190.
- Gaskell, Mrs., Mrs. Carlyle's impression of, ii. 54.
- Gay d'Oliva (*Necklace*), impersonates Queen, i. 236; arrested, i. 237.
- Gellert, Professor (*Frederick*), his interview with Frederick, ii. 307.
- Genius:
potential in all men (*P. and P.*), i. 338; transcendent capacity of taking trouble (*Frederick*), ii. 173.
The man of genius works with his soul, i. 303, 350, ii. 346-7, 387.
- George I (*Frederick*), character and habits, ii. 180; consents to Double-Marriage, ii. 180; death, ii. 185.
- George II (*Frederick*), dislikes and is disliked by Frederick-William, ii. 186, 8; will not guarantee Jülich and Berg, ii. 218; resents rise of Prussia, ii. 219; nervous for Hanover, ii. 219, 231-2; abandons Pragmatic Sanction for sake of Hanover, ii. 234; at last draws Pragmatic sword: Dettingen, ii. 242-3; death, ii. 306.
- Gera Bond (*Frederick*), makes Electorate of Brandenburg indivisible, 1598, ii. 166.
- German Literature*: long despised and unknown in France and England; defended from charge of coarseness, i. 74; scientific excellence of German criticism, i. 75; "Art the highest in man," i. 75; Goethe

- the greatest living poet, i. 75 ; German literature open to charge of "mysticism" or indistinctness, i. 75 ; not German philosophy, which is based on intuition, i. 75.
- German Literature, Early* : Swabian era answering to Troubadour, i. 95 ; relapse into didactic, i. 96 ; growth of practical spirit influences poetry, i. 96-7 ; *Reynard the Fox* a product of the time, i. 97.
- German Playwrights* : drama in Germany enjoys vigorous youth, i. 82 ; lack of distinction of the dramatists here noticed, i. 82-3 ; the true secret of poetry, i. 83.
- German Poetry, Historic Survey of* : advance of German Literature in England, i. 97 ; scope of Taylor's book, i. 97 ; rise, decline, new birth in eighteenth century of German literature, i. 98 ; Taylor's book one great error, i. 98 ; the best in German literature incomprehensible to him, i. 98 ; he writes to glorify infidelity, i. 98 ; a *Philister*, i. 98 ; yet his book proves the coming union of nations, i. 98.
- German Romance* : Carlyle's translations from German novelists, i. 34.
- Germany, Carlyle's first tour, 1852 : Weimar, Saxony, Kunersdorf, Berlin, Potsdam, Sans Souci, ii. 122-3 ; second tour, 1858 : Berlin, Silesia, Bohemia, ii. 135.
- Ghosts, all men are ghosts or momentary apparitions in eternity (*Sartor*), i. 125, 38.
- Giant Regiment (*Frederick*), Frederick-William's crotchet, ii. 182 ; dissolved after his death, ii. 215.
- Gibbon, anti-theological effect of his writings on Carlyle, i. 17.
- Girondins (*F. R.*) : against Jacobins, i. 198 ; represent respectability, i. 199 ; against Mountain, i. 200 ; accuse Marat, i. 201 ; their suppression demanded, i. 202 ; flight to Caen, i. 202 ; nucleus of civil war, i. 202 ; successful at Lyons, i. 202 ; their fate, i. 202, 3-4.
- Glogau (*Frederick*), blockade of, ii. 224 ; taken by assault, ii. 226-7.
- Goethe, divines Carlyle's power of self-development, i. 31 ; acknowledges *Meister*, i. 33 ; correspondence begins with Carlyle, i. 59 ; sends his poems, etc., i. 59 ; gives Carlyle a testimonial, i. 61 ; more letters and presents, i. 66 ; death, 1832, i. 73.
- Goethe* : intellectual kingship, i. 77 ; broad basis of his fame, i. 77 ; a universal *Man*, i. 77 ; excels in living and writing, i. 77 ; has used knowledge to conquer scepticism, i. 77 ; *Werter* voiced spiritual pain of the age, i. 77-8 ; *Meister* solved the problem twenty years later, i. 78 ; he owed much to cultivation of art, i. 78 ; all-importance of *Wanderjahre* which sets forth present grounds of belief, i. 78 ; emblematic nature of his mind and universality of his style, i. 78 ; reasons for ignoring his faults, i. 78-9.
- Goethe, Death of* : Time must pass before the work of such a man can be estimated, i. 99 ; summary of his greatness, i. 99.
- Goethe's Helena* : awful significance of Faust legend in simpler ages, i. 76 ; Goethe has conveyed the idea to the modern mind, i. 76 ; his Devil a denier, i. 76 ; Faust a disappointed enquirer, i. 76 ; indefiniteness of second part : Helena interpreted allegorically, i. 77.
- Goethe's Portrait* : the most complete mirror of the world since Shakespeare, i. 99.

Goethe's Works: greatest man of our age, i. 100; triumphed over all, even prosperity, i. 100; joyful childhood, i. 100; appetite for knowledge, i. 100; law studies, i. 101; flirtation, i. 101; acquaintance with Herder, i. 101; *Werter* brings Court appointment at Weimar, i. 101; prosperity there, i. 101; his works: the great Reconciler of our chaotic era, i. 101; like Shakespeare a landmark in history, i. 101-2; less great but more cultivated than Shakespeare, i. 102.

Goldsmith quoted, i. 122.

Good and Evil:

Good incompatible with Evil, not preferable to it (*Heroes*), i. 282, 4; (*Cromwell*), i. 353, 77; Goethe placed beautiful above good as it includes it (*Heroes*), i. 283; neglect to treat hero and criminal as such brings doubts as to right and wrong (*L. D. P.*), ii. 63; belief in amalgam of truth and falsity due to Jesuitism (*ibid.*), ii. 77; no bargain possible between Truth and Falsehood (*Frederick*), ii. 167. *Also* ii. 89.

Gordon, Dr. John, his impressions of Carlyle at Comely Bank, i. 59.

Gordon, Margaret, acquaintance with Carlyle at Kirkcaldy, i. 18; her letter of farewell, i. 18-19; not the original of Blumine, i. 150 *note*.

Government:

Rome held the world because she could govern best (*Chartism*), i. 246; need of Aristocracy and Parliament to govern (*ibid.*), i. 247; men must serve those wiser than themselves (*Nigger Question*), ii. 58; the State should permeate all our affairs (*L. D. P.*), ii. 64; its object is to advance God's Kingdom on Earth (*L. D. P.*), ii. 66; Brandenburg under Hohenzollerns illustrates contrast between guidance and no-guidance (*Frederick*), ii. 165; Silesia worth six times more to Prussia than Austria (*ibid.*), ii. 240; Prussia's merit was having merited a king like Frederick (*ibid.*), ii. 315; partition of Poland saved it from anarchy (*ibid.*), ii. 320; moral of Norse history (*Norse Kings*), ii. 356.

Prussia: claims of individual and State, ii. 336-43; good government the motive of *Frederick*, ii. 334, 50.

Great men:

clearest symbols of the divinity (*Goethe's Works*), i. 100; they live by vision, not hearsay (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 106; effect of their absence on French Revolution (*F. R.*), i. 177; the world's wealth (*Mirabeau*), i. 237; they abound unknown (*Scott*), i. 242; the world the embodiment of their thoughts (*Heroes*), i. 278; history of world the biography of great men (*ibid.*), i. 279; their ambition to develop themselves, not shine (*ibid.*), i. 291; world built on dust of Heroes (*Cromwell*), ii. 19; what else is of notice but an original man? (*Frederick*), ii. 160. *See also* Hero, the; Hero worship.

Grumkow, Baron (*Frederick*), character, ii. 172; bribed by Kaiser, ii. 183; with Seckendorf deceives Frederick-William, ii. 183-4; cipher correspondence with Prussian envoy in London, ii. 184; its detection, ii. 190, 1; calls the letters forgeries, ii. 192; his position less secure, ii. 202.

- Guillotine, the (*F. R.*), i. 195.
- Gully, Dr., the Carlyles visit him at Malvern, ii. 53.
- Gundling (*Frederick*), a learned fool: makes sport for the Tabagie, ii. 184-5.
- Habit (*F. R.*), its power to hold together a rotten society, i. 169; Paris hurled forth from, i. 175; a whole nation that has lost its habits, i. 204.
- Haddington, home of Dr. Welsh and birthplace of Jane Welsh, i. 24; Carlyle's first visit with Irving, i. 26; Mrs. and Miss Welsh leave, i. 46; Mrs. Carlyle revisits after twenty years, ii. 46-7.
- Hamilton, Duke (*Cromwell*), invades England, i. 368; defeated at Preston, i. 368; executed, i. 369.
- Hamilton, Sir William, visits at Comely Bank, i. 58; preferred by Carlyle to other Edinburgh acquaintances, i. 154.
- Hampden, John (*Cromwell*), i. 354, 6, 7.
- Hanning, Mrs. Robert, receives Mrs. Carlyle at Manchester, i. 167; emigrates to Canada, ii. 53.
- Happiness:
falsely confused with pleasure (*Schiller*), i. 93; why should man be happy? (*Sartor*), i. 133-4; negligible when to-morrows soon grow yesterdays (*P. and P.*), i. 329.
Distinguished from pleasure, i. 114.
- Hare, Archdeacon (*Sterling*), his inadequate book on Sterling, ii. 98; Sterling's Cambridge tutor, ii. 99; offers him a curacy, ii. 103.
- Hazlitt compared as an essayist with Carlyle, i. 109.
- Health:
a healthy man more than a great man (*Scott*), i. 242; highest of temporal things (*Inaug. Ad.*), ii. 152.
- Hennersdorf, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Saxons by Prussians, November 1745, ii. 255.
- Henri, Prince (*Frederick*), brother of Frederick, ii. 286; his famous march, ii. 296; defends Silesia, ii. 300; brilliant victory at Freyberg, ii. 313; fateful interview with Catherine the Great, 1770, ii. 320; anger against Frederick, ii. 327.
- Henry the Fowler (*Frederick*), first sovereign of united Germany, A.D. 928, ii. 162; perfected the Markgrafs, ii. 162.
- Henry II (*P. and P.*), oversees election of Abbot, i. 325.
- Heredia, his style contrasted with Carlyle's, i. 120.
- Hero, the (*Heroes*): as Divinity gives men assurance of their destiny, i. 279; as prophet interprets divine idea of universe, i. 282; also as poet on æsthetic side, i. 282-3; also as priest in more familiar way than prophet, i. 285; also as man of letters, i. 287; as king unites earthly and spiritual dignity, i. 290.
- Heroism, its reality in seventeenth century (*Cromwell*), i. 352.
- Heroes and Hero-Worship*, lectures, i. 274; written, i. 274. Also i. 277.
- Heroes and Hero-Worship*: Carlyle's growing political cares, i. 293; past and present meet, i. 294; former phases of his mind, i. 294-5; early period predominates: importance of the soul, i. 295-6; a literary microcosm, i. 296; intenser struggles of the spirit as the world grows older, i. 297-8; the things of earth that are part of

heaven, i. 298; Shakespeare most admired because self-sufficing, i. 299; but man is not only spirit, i. 300; the cloud of temperament, i. 300; worship of God once removed, i. 300-1; man as the last Temple, i. 301; the hero a fact even in ages of unbelief, i. 302; what makes him Godlike, i. 302-3; the unchanged soul, i. 303; the hall-mark of genius, i. 304.

Hero-worship:

only creed that never grows obsolete (*Goethe's Works*), i. 99; (*Heroes*), i. 286; all men worship higher souls (*Sartor*), i. 137; (*Scott*), i. 241; germ of all religions (*Heroes*), i. 278; 'society founded on it (*ibid.*), i. 278; (*P. and P.*), i. 322, 27, 37; arose from recognising that the noble human soul is divine (*L. D. P.*), ii. 74; reverence of human worth summary of all virtues (*Frederick*), ii. 315. See Great men.

Basis for reconstruction of belief in God, i. 301; a stage in the mountain of faith, not the summit, ii. 26.

Heyne, his autobiography lacks human interest, i. 81; poverty of his student years, i. 81; his whole volition, i. 81; rescued from distress by a professorship, i. 82; produces works of research on a vast scale, i. 82; attains advanced years amid love and reverence, i. 82; his lasting contribution to classical study, i. 82.

Hirsch (*Frederick*), his lawsuit with Voltaire, ii. 260-1.

Hispaniola (*Cromwell*), failure of British attack on, i. 408.

Historical Sketches, ii. 351, 8; accession of James I, ii. 358; Hampton Court Conference, ii. 358; London improvements, ii. 359; translation of Bible, ii. 360; trade with India, ii. 360; Bruce-Sackville duel, ii. 360; Overbury murder, ii. 361; 'Thirty Years' War, ii. 363; Parliament of 1620-1, ii. 363; fall of Bacon, ii. 363; quarrels of King and Parliament, ii. 363-4; religious persecutions, ii. 364; Laud and his theories, ii. 364-5; disturbance in Edinburgh: Jenny Geddes, ii. 366; Scottish rebellion, ii. 367-9; Long Parliament, ii. 369; Cromwell, ii. 369.

Pleasure of reminiscence, ii. 370; outstanding traits, ii. 370-1; old and new descriptions, ii. 371.

History:

essence of innumerable biographies (*History*), i. 90; (*Biography*), i. 104; neglected by Goethe and Shakespeare and left to Dryasdust (*Frederick*), ii. 161.

History: difficulties of collecting true records of experience, i. 90; infinite nature of history, i. 90.

History Again: our small knowledge, i. 228; modern surplusage, i. 228; to govern selection, explore the past of what is now vital, i. 228.

Hochkirch, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Prussians by Austrians, October 14, 1758, ii. 289-90.

Hoddam Hill, Carlyle at, i. 34.

Hohenfriedberg, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Austrian-Saxons by Prussians, June 4, 1745, ii. 252.

Hohenzollerns (*Frederick*), their talent for coercing anarchy, ii. 163; Conrad serves under Barbarossa and becomes Burggraf of Nürnberg, 1170, ii. 163; Burggraf Friedrich purchases Brandenburg, 1415, ii. 165; his successors, ii. 165-8; Johann Sigismund joins Prussia to Brandenburg, 1618, ii. 169.

- Hope (*Sartor*), this world the place of, i. 131-2; a mystic faculty concerned with the future, i. 138.
- Hotham, Sir Charles (*Frederick*), British envoy in Berlin, ii. 191; reveals cipher correspondence in Tabagie, ii. 192; shows Grumkow's letter to Frederick-William, ii. 193.
- "Hudson's Statue" (*L. D. P.*), was suppressed because national soul not quite dead, ii. 73; Hudson produced the desire of every heart—money, and men voted for him in return, ii. 73; Dukes and Bishops compared to modern monsters of wealth, ii. 74; spoken suffrage will yield a yet worse aristocracy, ii. 74; Hero-worship is the test of a nation and epoch: and we honour Hudson, ii. 74-5; our degenerate Peerage, ii. 75; right and wrong exist, and the penalty for hypocrisy will be revolution, ii. 75.
- Hugo, Abbot (*P. and P.*), lets the Convent get deeper and deeper in debt, i. 323.
- Hume, David, his scepticism displaced by German idealism (*Characteristics*), i. 104.
- Hume, David (nephew of above), Carlyle reads law with, i. 21.
- Humour:
- inverted sublimity: sympathy with what is below us (*Richter*), i. 74; lacking in France since Montaigne (*Voltaire*), i. 85; Schiller's lack of: to him the common is the common (*Schiller*), i. 94; Sterling's lack of (*Sterling*), ii. 111.
 - The humour in *Sartor* of an ill-chosen kind, i. 140-1.
- Hunt, Leigh, visits the Carlyles in Ampton Street, i. 69; helps Carlyle to find a house, i. 157; Carlyle's praise of his character, i. 160; improvidence of his household, i. 160; drifts away from Carlyle, i. 269; his *Autobiography*, ii. 50.
- Huxley, T. H., quoted, i. 313.
- Ideal in Actual (*Goethe*), i. 78; (*Burns*), i. 79; (*Sartor*), i. 134; (*Chartism*), i. 247; (*P. and P.*), i. 323, 31; (*Cromwell*), ii. 21.
- Igdrasil: the tree of existence meaning all life is one (*Heroes*), i. 279; (*P. and P.*), i. 322, 8.
- Inaugural Address*, advice on methods of study, what to read, and true object of education, ii. 151-2.
- Instinct:
- utterance of men's instincts the greatest sound on earth (*F. R.*), i. 176; reality of a mob (*ibid.*), i. 179; talent of divining what is willed and willing it with frenzy (*ibid.*), i. 205; popular commotions are inarticulate prayers (*Chartism*), i. 247; men's instincts wise and human, unlike their opinions (*L. D. P.*), ii. 72; depth of English instinct against Spain (*Frederick*), ii. 231; Elizabeth last sovereign to divine heart of her people (*Hist. Sk.*), ii. 358; James I did not recognise dim instinct of real England (*ibid.*), ii. 362; neither did Charles II (*ibid.*), ii. 363.
- Intellect:
- includes spiritual and moral (*Heroes*), i. 284; intellectual stupidity implies moral (*L. D. P.*), ii. 61; intellect the one object of reverence (*ibid.*), ii. 64; veracity of intellect the summary of all good qualities (*Frederick*), ii. 239. See i. 303, 4.

- Ireland, Carlyle's visits, ii. 41, 6.
- Ireland (*Cromwell*), massacre in, 1641, i. 356; lawless condition, 1649, i. 377; Kilkenny Council accuses Cromwell of extirpating the Irish and their religion, i. 380; prosperity of country after Cromwell's campaign, i. 383.
- Ireland, Cromwell's campaign in (*Cromwell*), slaughter of Tredah, i. 377-8; fall of Wexford, i. 378; Ross, i. 378-9; Carrick, Waterford, etc., i. 379; storm and surrender of Kilkenny, i. 381-2; last storm of Clonmel, i. 383.
- Ireton, Henry (*Cromwell*), marries Cromwell's daughter Bridget, i. 363; Cromwell's deputy in Ireland, i. 383.
- Irving, Edward, master at Kirkcaldy school; severe with pupils, i. 17; his family long acquainted with Carlyle's, i. 17; first meeting with Carlyle, i. 17; second meeting and beginning of friendship, i. 17; walks and tours with Carlyle, i. 17-18; assistant to Dr. Chalmers of Glasgow, i. 20; consoles and encourages Carlyle; hears his confession at Drumclog Moss, i. 20-1; tutor to Jane Welsh at Haddington, i. 25; engaged to Isabella Martin; loves Jane Welsh, but vainly attempts to break engagement, i. 25; London appointment and immediate success, i. 27; recommends Carlyle to the Bullers, i. 27; receives Carlyle in London, i. 30; at Dover with his family, i. 32; Carlyle finds him changed; ebb of his popularity, i. 32-3; provokes Carlyle's humour, i. 33; the "Tongues," i. 69-70; much broken down, 1834, i. 157; death aged forty-three, i. 161.
- Irving, Edward, death of, i. 231, 64.
- Irving, Mrs. Edward, a widow at Carlyle's lectures, i. 272.
- Jacob, Jean Claud (*F. R.*), i. 183. *Also* i. 223.
- Jacobins (*F. R.*), origin of, i. 172; development, i. 182; endless ramifications, i. 186; represent true spirit of France, i. 192; overpower Convention, i. 205; collapse of, i. 208; assaulted by Gilt Youth, i. 208; all France takes vengeance on them, i. 208.
- Jamaica (*Cromwell*), taken by the British, i. 408.
- James I (*Cromwell*), refuses moderate demands of Puritans, i. 353.
- James I (*L. D. P.*), the first to sell peerages, ii. 75.
- James I (*Hist. Sk.*), accession, ii. 358; deaf to Puritans, ii. 358; character, ii. 358-9; a sham king, ii. 361; complains of Scottish religion, ii. 362; permits sports on Sunday, ii. 362; gets on ill with nation and Parliament, ii. 362; quarrel with Parliament, 1620-1, ii. 363.
- Jandun, Duhan de (*Frederick*), Frederick's tutor and spiritual father, ii. 176; visited when dying by Frederick, ii. 257.
- Jeffrey, Lord, Editor of *Edinburgh Review*; receives Carlyle kindly, i. 60; playful relations with Mrs. Carlyle, i. 60; accepts Carlyle's articles, i. 60; gives him a testimonial, i. 61; visits Craigenputtock, i. 64; takes interest in Carlyle but deprecates his eccentricities; offers him an annuity, i. 64; becomes Lord Advocate and goes to London, i. 66; his loan to Carlyle repaid, i. 68; recommends John Carlyle to Lady Clare, i. 68-9; angry refusal to help Carlyle to gain a professorship, i. 155; meeting with Carlyle and guarded

- conversation in 1838, i. 270-1; visits Cheyne Row, 1845, i. 316-17; death, ii. 50.
- Quoted on Byron, i. 225.
- "Jesuitism" (*L. D. P.*), our deepest deep, ii. 75-6; the career of Ignatius, ii. 76; proof of caitiffhood: to serve God by believing what is not true, ii. 77; Pig-Philosophy, ii. 77; art infected with hypocrisy, ii. 77-8; man's falsity makes the universe's wonders incredible, ii. 78; ennui a hopeful sign: painful cry of imprisoned heroism, ii. 78-9.
- Jesus of Nazareth, the highest symbol (*Sartor*), i. 135-6.
- Jewish religion, obsolete nature of (*L. D. P.*), ii. 62; (*Sterling*), ii. 103.
- Jewsbury, Geraldine, i. 311; her eccentric behaviour in Liverpool, i. 315; her story of Mrs. Carlyle and the candles, ii. 154. *Also* ii. 41, 52, 4, 131.
- Jocelin of Brakelond (*P. and P.*), his chronicle of St. Edmundbury, i. 322.
- Johann Sigismund (*Frederick*), ii. 168; joins Prussia to Brandenburg, ii. 169.
- Johnson, Dr., his life compared to Carlyle's, ii. 381-5.
- Johnson, Dr., *see Boswell's Johnson*.
- Johnson, Dr. (*Heroes*), he lived in an age of doubt, i. 289; his severe struggle, i. 289; he stood by the old formulas, i. 289.
- Johnstone, James, Carlyle's University friend, i. 16, 21.
- Jordan, Charles (*Frederick*), Frederick's Reinsberg friend, ii. 224; joins him in Silesia, ii. 226.
- Joseph II, Kaiser (*Frederick*), ii. 318, 19; his ill-service to Austria, ii. 328.
- Jourdan (*F. R.*), massacres Aristocrats at Avignon, i. 191.
- Jülich and Berg (*Frederick*), Frederick-William's claims to, ii. 177, 94, 5, 205, 11, 12; used by Kaiser to defeat Double-Marriage, ii. 183. *Also* ii. 218, 20, 30, 32.
- Justice and Injustice:
- Injustice the insupportable thing (*Chartism*), i. 246; the great soul of the world is just (*P. and P.*), i. 320, 35; no earthly success can compensate for injustice (*ibid.*), i. 320; true apportioning of work and wages would mean God's Kingdom on Earth (*ibid.*), i. 321; without justice pity is impossible (*Cromwell*), i. 377; were every man honoured as he deserved, it would be the ideal (*L. D. P.*), ii. 73, 4; laws should be pieces of God's law (*Frederick*), ii. 165; Empires built on hard quality of justice (*ibid.*), ii. 199; what are "just rights" if you cannot make them valid? (*ibid.*), ii. 221; Frederick's justice and severity: but Laws of Fact severer (*ibid.*), ii. 298; partition of Poland an instance of Eternal Justice (*ibid.*), ii. 320-1. *See* Might and Right.
- Karl Albert of Bavaria (*Frederick*), proposed as Kaiser by Belleisle against Franz, ii. 230; chosen, ii. 230; advances against Austria, ii. 234; coronation as Karl VII, ii. 236; return to Bavaria: result of his ambition, ii. 247; death, ii. 249.
- Karl VI, Kaiser (*Frederick*), claim to Spain, ii. 180; spectre-huntings, ii. 181; Pragmatic Sanction, ii. 181; needs Prussian army and sends Seckendorf to cajole Frederick-William and alienate him

- from England, ii. 183 ; meeting with Frederick-William, ii. 204-5 ; wishes now to unite England and Prussia and has Double-Marriage re-proposed, ii. 205 ; war with France, 1734-5 ; losses in Italy and on Rhine, ii. 207, 9, 13 ; death, 1740, ii. 219.
- Karl, Prince (*Frederick*), commands Austrian army, ii. 237 ; defeated at Chotusitz, ii. 237-8 ; invades Alsace, 1744, and places France in great peril, ii. 245 ; forced to retreat by Frederick, ii. 247 ; forces Frederick back over Elbe, ii. 247 ; decline of fortune, ii. 248 ; defeated at Hohenfriedberg, ii. 252 ; marches for Brandenburg, ii. 255 ; defeated at Prag, ii. 274 ; pursues August-Wilhelm and burns Zittau, ii. 278 ; successes in Silesia against Bevern, ii. 282-3 ; defeated at Leuthen, ii. 284 ; relieved of command, ii. 285.
- Karl Theodor (*Frederick*), heir to Bavaria : consents to its incorporation with Austria, 1778, ii. 323.
- Katte, Lieutenant (*Frederick*), a dangerous friend for Frederick, ii. 190 ; will help him to escape, ii. 194 ; Keith's letter to him intercepted, ii. 194 ; arrest, ii. 196 ; death sentence and execution, ii. 197-8.
- Supreme instance of individual crushed by State, ii. 342-3.
- Katte, Rittmeister von (*Frederick*), cousin of Lieutenant Katte : Keith's letter falls into his hands, ii. 194.
- Kaunitz (*Frederick*), ii. 258-9, 65 ; Frederick's opinion of him, ii. 319 ; sides with Turkey against Russia and Poland, ii. 320 ; attempts to incorporate Bavaria with Austria, ii. 323-4.
- Keats, his power for poetry only (*Burns*), i. 79 ; quoted as representing sensuousness, i. 111.
- Keith, Field-Marshal (*Frederick*), welcomed by Frederick, ii. 258 ; warns him against Russians, ii. 262 ; killed at Hochkirch, ii. 289.
- Keith, Page (*Frederick*), brother of Lieutenant Keith : procures horses for Frederick's escape, ii. 195 ; confesses all to Frederick-William, ii. 195.
- Keith, Lieutenant (*Frederick*), a party to Frederick's escape : his letter intercepted, ii. 194 ; escape from Wesel, ii. 196.
- Kesselsdorf, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Saxons by Prussians, December 1745, ii. 256.
- Kirkcaldy, Carlyle and Irving at, i. 17-18.
- Kirkpatrick, Kitty, i. 30 ; in Paris with Mrs. Strachey and Carlyle, i. 32.
- Knox (*Heroes*), he gave a soul to Scotland, i. 287 ; narrow but sincere, intolerant, i. 287 ; no gloomy fanatic, i. 287.
- Kolin, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Prussians by Austrians, June 18, 1757, ii. 276-7.
- König (*Frederick*), his controversy with Maupertuis, ii. 263-4.
- Kunersdorf, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Prussians by Russians, August 12, 1759, ii. 293-4.
- Labour (*P. and P.*), God's truest emblem, but must find its soul, i. 330 ; it must organise, i. 332.
- Its present-day increasing materialistic aims, ii. 92.
- Lacy (*Frederick*), joins Russian raid on Berlin, October 1760, ii. 304.

- Lafayette (*F. R.*), first to hint at States-General, i. 171; General of National Guard, i. 176; follows the women to Versailles, i. 179, 80; clears the palace, i. 180; keeps order in Paris, i. 187; returns from frontier to suppress Jacobinism, i. 193; loses popularity, i. 193; rides over to Austrians, i. 195.
- Lamb, Charles, visits the Carlyles in Ampton Street: his genius disparaged by Carlyle, i. 69.
His enjoyment of life, ii. 382.
- Lamotte, Countess (*Cagliostro*), i. 233.
- Lamotte, Countess (*Necklace*), unites Boehmer and Rohan, i. 235; her character; she deceives Rohan, i. 235-6; secures Necklace, i. 236; sells the diamonds, i. 237; arrested, i. 237; sentence, i. 237.
- Landor, W. S., Carlyle's visit to and description of, ii. 51.
- Larkin, Henry, Carlyle's Chelsea neighbour, ii. 143-4: his voluntary help with *Frederick*, ii. 148.
- Latter-Day Pamphlets*: dawn of in Carlyle's mind, ii. 44; "opening the pack," ii. 49; meaning of title, ii. 49; effect on the world, ii. 49-50. *See under separate titles.*
- Latter-Day Pamphlets*: causes of Carlyle's interest in politics restated, ii. 82; anger born of love, ii. 83; the spiritual adventurer on earth, ii. 83; fear of imminent revolution, ii. 84; isolation, ii. 84; the individual and the mass, ii. 85; the poet's failure to live among men, ii. 85; Carlyle confused by the world's earthiness, ii. 86; resulting errors, ii. 86-7; divorce between theory and practice, ii. 87-8; words as ends in themselves, ii. 88; he praised Cromwell's "surgery" but could not have accomplished it, ii. 89; subjective interest: the soul against a hostile world, ii. 89; reforms based on love, ii. 90; as practical law-giver: the world to be saved by work, ii. 90-2; failure of his prophecies due to his optimism, ii. 92; inconsistencies of thought, ii. 92; faith in the spirit's power while on earth to obey its own laws, ii. 92-3; objective interest, ii. 94-5; style, ii. 95; Carlyle's theories examined, ii. 96; Mammon-worship and adherence to fact the worst evils, ii. 96; only leisure can restore the life of the soul, ii. 96-7.
- Laud (*Cromwell*), complains of state of religion in Scotland, i. 353; roots out Feoffees, i. 354; sent to the Tower, i. 355.
- Laud (*Hist. Sk.*), ii. 364, 5, 6; insists on altars and surplices, ii. 366-7; taught religion like drill-exercise, ii. 367; would impose his prayer-book on Scotland, ii. 368.
- Laughter:
J. S. Mill's insufficient laugh, i. 69; Teufelsdröckh's laugh (*Sartor*), i. 125; Sterling's laugh true but limited (*Sterling*), ii. 105.
- Lectures: first series, i. 266-7; second, i. 269-70; third: audience more distinguished, i. 272; fourth: on Heroes, i. 274.
- Legendre, Carlyle translates his geometry, i. 27, 8; meets him in Paris, i. 32.
- Legouis, Emile, quoted on Wordsworth, i. 218.
- Lesley, General David (*Cromwell*), i. 384; defeated at Dunbar, i. 385-6.
- "Let-alone," evils of (*Chartism*), i. 245, 6, 7; (*P. and P.*), i. 331; will lead to overpopulation (*L. D. P.*), ii. 59.

- Leuthen, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Austrians by Prussians, December 1757, ii. 284.
- Levellers (*Cromwell*), appearance in army, i. 365; contain germ of Quakerism, i. 375; mutiny stamped out by Cromwell, i. 375-6.
- Liberty:
is helping a man to take his "best path" even by blows (*P. and P.*), i. 333; building made compulsory by Frederick-William: it was true liberty to annihilate chaos (*Frederick*), ii. 200.
- Liberty in religion (*Cromwell*), ii. 11, 16, 18; often dwelt upon by Cromwell, become common to us, ii. 19.
- Liegnitz, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Austrians by Prussians, August 1760, ii. 302-3.
- Linsenhart (*Frederick*), ii. 259.
- Literature:
no power exceeds promulgation of thought (*Voltaire*), i. 83; is superseding Church and Senate (*Hist. Surv. German Poetry*), i. 98; (*Sartor*), i. 134; an organic filament (*Sartor*), i. 137; (*Heroes*), i. 287; a book the purest embodiment of thought (*Heroes*), i. 288.
- Literature as a profession, condemned by Carlyle, i. 65; history of authors compared to Newgate Calendar (*Life of Schiller*), i. 50; haven of windy aspirations, etc. (*L. D. P.*), ii. 69; (*Sterling*), ii. 100.
- Lobositz, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Austrians by Prussians, October 1, 1756, ii. 270-1.
- Lockhart, J. G., "dares not" accept *Chartism* for *Quarterly*, i. 272; Carlyle's high opinion of him, i. 309.
- London Library, Carlyle's leading part in founding it, i. 274.
- Loudon (*Frederick*), commands Austrians at Kunersdorf, ii. 292, 3, 4; defeats Fouquet and retakes Silesia, 1760, ii. 300; defeated at Liegnitz, ii. 302-3; his dismay at Frederick's impregnability in Bunzelwitz Camp, ii. 308; takes Schweidnitz, etc., ii. 309.
- Louis XV (*F. R.*), his last illness, i. 168; with him dies French Kingship, i. 168; his unreal life and abhorrence of death, i. 168-9.
Carlyle's impressive treatment of subject, i. 221-2.
- Louis XV (*Frederick*), his illness in 1744, ii. 245.
- Louis XVI (*F. R.*), accession, i. 169; peaceful first ten years, i. 169; wishes to make France happy, i. 169; dismisses Turgot, i. 169; yields to the Commons, i. 174-5; is told "not revolt but revolution," i. 176; acclaimed by Assembly, i. 176; drives through Paris wearing a cockade, i. 176-7; receives deputation of women and promises grain, i. 179-80; forcibly removed to Paris, i. 181; takes National Oath, i. 184; meditates flight, i. 186; the drive to Varennes, i. 188-9; arrest and return to Paris, i. 189-90; faces Santerre's mob in Tuileries and assumes red cap, i. 193; his forfeiture demanded, i. 194; flies to Assembly, i. 194; in Temple Prison, i. 195; accused in Convention, i. 198; his treasonable correspondence discovered, i. 198; trial, i. 199; guilty, i. 199; death sentence, i. 199; execution, i. 199-200.

Love :

most important thing in a man's life (*Death of Goethe*), i. 99; beginning of all things (*Goethe's Works*), i. 100; intellectual faculties quickened by love (*Biography*), i. 105; goodness the basis of talent (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 108; beginning of thought (*F. R.*), i. 209; without it men cannot be together: need of in Industry (*P. and P.*), i. 336-7; a man's worth what he loves and is loved by (*ibid.*), i. 337; the flower of men can hardly be guided by love, much less criminals (*L. D. P.*), ii. 61.

Disappointed love the cause of Carlyle's anger with the world, i. 226, 342-3, ii. 90.

Luther (*Heroes*), exploded Catholicism, i. 286; shocked by state of Rome, i. 286; rebels at Indulgences, i. 286; Diet of Worms, i. 286; personal traits, i. 286.

Luther's Psalm, i. 92.

Lyons (*F. R.*), Girondist sympathies of its people, i. 202; guillotining and fusillading at, i. 204.

Lytton, Bulwer, quoted, i. 149; his share in founding London Library, i. 274.

Macaulay, his gibe at Boswell, i. 258; Carlyle describes his talk as "eloquent commonplace," ii. 44; more favourable impression, ii. 55; contrasted as biographer with Carlyle, ii. 118.

Madness :

mystery of: its presence in the wisest soul (*Sartor*), i. 138; latent in every society and individual (*F. R.*), i. 169; France's strength as of madness; France seized with madness (*ibid.*), i. 195; the Revolution is the madness in men's hearts (*ibid.*), i. 205; the higher the work the closer to madness (*P. and P.*), i. 332-3; lies close to the highest wisdom (*Cromwell*), i. 367.

Mahomet (*Heroes*), the hero God-inspired, i. 280; no impostor, i. 280; the Arabs and their country, i. 280-1; his meditative youth, i. 281; revelation of one God, i. 281; persecution, flight, war, i. 281-2; the Koran, i. 282; tendency to good of his morality, i. 282.

Maillard (*F. R.*), leads the women to Versailles, i. 179.

Major-Generals (*Cromwell*), government by, i. 406-7; Cromwell records their efficiency, i. 412, ii. 15; withdrawn, i. 413, ii. 10.

Malseigne (*F. R.*), causes strife at Nanci, i. 185.

Mammonism :

basest of all gospels (*F. R.*), i. 209; at least is a reality and does work (*P. and P.*), i. 329; its gospel the shabbiest of all (*ibid.*), i. 331; must be divorced from Industry (*ibid.*), i. 333; the one veracity (*ibid.*), i. 335; its decline will ease competition (*ibid.*), i. 336; the one reality (*Niagara*), ii. 79.

Marat (*F. R.*), at States-General, i. 173; how he would accomplish the Revolution, i. 181; at Committee of Public Salvation, i. 196; accused by Gironde: triumph, i. 201; murdered by Charlotte Corday, i. 202.

Maria Theresa (*Frederick*), ii. 181; proclaimed, 1740, according to Pragmatic Sanction, ii. 220; her preparations against Frederick, ii. 226; determined not to part with Silesia, ii. 232; high-handed

- treatment of Reich, ii. 243; elated at reconquest of Bohemia, 1745, orders attack on Silesia, ii. 248; will not be reconciled to loss of Silesia, ii. 253, 67; remorse at partition of Poland, ii. 320; death, ii. 326.
- Marie-Antoinette (*F. R.*), a vision of beauty, i. 169; compromised by Diamond Necklace, i. 170; meets Mirabeau, i. 186; preparations for flight, i. 188; in Temple Prison, i. 195; transferred to Conciergerie, i. 203; trial and execution, i. 203.
- Marie-Antoinette (*Necklace*), will not buy Necklace, i. 234; dislikes Rohan, i. 235; her poignant fate, i. 236.
- Marseillaise (*F. R.*), their journey to Paris, i. 193; quarrel with soldiers, i. 194; fight with Swiss Guard at Tuileries, i. 194.
- Marshall, Mr., of Leeds, gives Carlyle a horse, i. 273.
- Martin, Rev. Mr., of Kirkcaldy, i. 18.
- Martin, Isabella, her engagement to Irving, i. 25.
- Martineau, Harriet, helps to organise Carlyle's lectures, i. 267.
- Maupassant, his style contrasted with Carlyle's, i. 120.
- Maupertuis (*Frederick*), organises Berlin Academy, ii. 215; joins Frederick in Silesia, ii. 226; accused by Voltaire of tale-bearing, ii. 262; controversy with König, ii. 263-4; death, ii. 298.
- Maxen, Battle of, defeat of Prussians by Austrians, November 16, 1759, ii. 297.
- Mayor, Richard (*Cromwell*), his daughter's marriage to Richard Cromwell, i. 366, 6-7, 74-5.
- Mazarin, Cardinal (*Cromwell*), writes to Cromwell to ask toleration for Catholics, ii. 9; his fear of Cromwell, ii. 17.
- Mazzini, i. 164-5, 311, 18; his letter of advice to Mrs. Carlyle, ii. 39.
- Mechanism: evil effects of on the mind (*Signs of Times*), i. 88, 9.
- Meditation, a power of the unconscious mind (*Characteristics*), i. 102; means of restoring the soul to God, i. 147-9; distinguished from thought, i. 148; requires co-operation of whole nature, i. 148.
- Memory, a mystic faculty that saves the past from annihilation (*Sartor*), i. 138.
- Menzel (*Frederick*), communicates Saxon State-papers to Frederick, ii. 265-6, 267; documents secured by Frederick, ii. 269.
- Meudon (*F. R.*), tannery of human skins, i. 205.
- Mignon's Song (*Meister*), i. 54.
- Might and Right, identity of:
 (*Chartism*), i. 246, 8; (*P. and P.*), i. 320; nothing conquers without truth (*Heroes*), i. 281; if right a thing will succeed in time (*ibid.*), i. 287; a thing belongs to its best proprietor (*Nigger Question*), ii. 57; if Heaven decreed partition of Poland, Heaven will justify it (*Frederick*), ii. 321. *See* Justice and Injustice.
 Transcendental manner of thinking, i. 260; a truth of the spiritual world, i. 345, ii. 83, 7, 346, 87; Carlyle unconsciously approving Gospel of Force, ii. 334-5.
- Miles, Eliza, of Ampton Street, i. 153.
- Militarism, Carlyle's belief in moralising effects of discipline in Prussia, ii. 334-5; its destructive effect on the soul, ii. 345.

- Mill, J. S., first meets Carlyle, i. 69; visits the Carlyles in Ampton Street, i. 69; correspondence, i. 155; lends Carlyle books on French Revolution, i. 159; disappoints Carlyle of editorship of Molesworth's Review, i. 159-60; loses Carlyle's MS. of *French Revolution*, i. 162; pays compensation, i. 163; gradual alienation from Carlyle, i. 269; fierce reply to *Pamphlets*, ii. 49-50; death, ii. 377.
- Miller Arnold (*Frederick*), ii. 325.
- Milnes, Monckton (Lord Houghton), entertains Carlyle at Fryston, i. 305. *Also* ii. 148.
- Milton, his single aim contrasted with Burns's divided life (*Burns*), i. 81; more conscious of his faculty than Shakespeare (*Characteristics*), i. 102; brought liberty of conscience (*Chartism*), i. 248.
- "Himself a true poem," i. 147; his evolution compared with Carlyle's, i. 211; compared to Carlyle for lack of perception, ii. 129.
- Mirabeau, dashes himself against Necessity (*Goethe's Works*), i. 100; his "terrible gift of familiarity," i. 343.
- Mirabeau (*F. R.*), joins Third Estate, i. 173; greatest of the Deputies, i. 173-4; speaks the word in season, i. 174; rumoured to be sold to Royalty, i. 181; meets the Queen, i. 186; advises the King to fly, i. 187; might have saved France, i. 187; titanic death, i. 187.
- Mirabeau: Mirabeau, Danton, Napoleon, the three great men of the Revolution, i. 237; lineage: a stormy race, i. 238; the crabbed father, i. 238; wrong education, i. 238; personal charm, i. 238; the army: trouble through amours, i. 238; prison: retrieves fame in Corsica, i. 238-9; marriage; debt and prison, i. 239; Sophie, i. 239; hunted through France; escape to Holland, i. 239; back in Vincennes, i. 239; free at last, i. 240; crowds hear him plead at Aix, i. 240; wanders through Europe, i. 240; before States-General: a Roman triumph, i. 240; the man of the Revolution, i. 240; all-conquering will, i. 240. *See also* i. 263.
- Mirabeau (father), character, i. 238; might have saved Revolution, i. 238; ill-educates his son, i. 238; imprisons him three times, i. 238, 9; lays by his thunders, i. 240; saw his son's victory, i. 240.
- Miracles (*Sartor*), custom blinds us to, i. 137-8; equal miracle if a thing happens in two hours or two million, i. 138.
- Misunderstanding: all battle is (*F. R.*), i. 200; (*Chartism*), i. 245.
- Mitchell, Sir Andrew (*Frederick*), ii. 268; Frederick's confidences to him, ii. 277.
- Mitchell, Helen, *see* Servant troubles.
- Mitchell, Robert, Carlyle's University friend, i. 19.
- "Model Prisons" (*L. D. P.*): philanthropy will not cure present evils, ii. 61; comforts of the Model Prison, ii. 61; benevolence better bestowed on honest poor, ii. 61-2; justice demands enmity with criminals, ii. 62; Nature and Fact do not love a murderer, ii. 62; pity impossible except based on rigour, ii. 63.
- Molesworth, Sir William, finances a new Review, i. 159.
- Mollwitz, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Austrians by Prussians, April 10, 1741: effect on Europe, ii. 227-9.
- Montagu, Mrs. Basil, befriends Carlyle in London, i. 30; persuades Miss Welsh to confess to Carlyle her former love for Irving, i. 44;

Carlyle's letter to her from Comely Bank, i. 59; renewed meetings in London, i. 69; last meeting with Mrs. Carlyle and reason of estrangement, ii. 126.

Morality:

human authority for set up by Philosopher (*Voltaire*), i. 86; origin of in society (*Characteristics*), i. 102-3; annihilation of self foundation of (*Sartor*), i. 133; due to example of great men (*Mirabeau*), i. 237.

Human authority for inadequate, i. 218.

Moritz of Dessau (*Frederick*), misunderstanding with Frederick at battle of Kolin, ii. 276-7.

Morley, Lord, quoted, i. 269 *note*.

Morris, William, i. 347; his enjoyment of life compared to Carlyle's, ii. 382-3.

Mountain, the (*F. R.*), i. 191; against Gironde, i. 200; favours the masses, i. 200; creates revolutionary committees in every town, i. 201; has reality and audacity compared to Gironde, i. 201.

Myers, F. W. H., quoted, ii. 86.

Mysticism:

Carlyle reproached with, i. 60, 4; all men mystically united (*Goethe's Works*), i. 99; society a mystic union (*Characteristics*), i. 102-3; highest mystic possibility—union of like and unlike (*Sartor*), i. 130; all authority mystic (*F. R.*), i. 181; discipline a miracle (*ibid.*), i. 185; a good man a mystic centre of goodness (*Corn Law Rhymes*), i. 228; belief a mystic act (*Heroes*), i. 281; man's mystic love for the earth (*P. and P.*), i. 330.

Nadasti (*Frederick*), ii. 254; at Leuthen, ii. 284.

Napier, Macvey, succeeds Jeffrey as Editor of *Edinburgh Review*, i. 66.

Napoleon, less great than Goethe as Thought not Force rules the world (*Goethe's Portrait, Death of Goethe, Goethe's Works*), i. 99-100; overthrows Sections (*F. R.*), i. 209; with Mirabeau and Danton one of the three great men of the Revolution (*Mirabeau*), i. 237; suppressed democracy (*Chartism*), i. 247.

Napoleon (*Heroes*), less great and sincere than Cromwell, i. 292; something of a quack, i. 292; yet he was based on fact, i. 292.

Naseby, Battle of (*Cromwell*), i. 360-1.

National Convention (*F. R.*), i. 197; the King's trial, i. 199; overpowered by Jacobins, i. 205; nucleus of Chaos after Robespierre's fall, i. 208; labours to complete Constitution, i. 209.

National Guard (*F. R.*), organised in Paris, i. 175; in all France, i. 177.

Nature:

man's ignorance of her rules which he calls unalterable (*Sartor*), i. 137-8; uses capital punishment (*Francia*), i. 253.

Necessity:

Burns's failure to reconcile himself with (*Burns*), i. 80; Byron and Mirabeau dash themselves against (*Goethe's Works*), i. 100.

Relation to the will, i. 113-14.

Necker (*F. R.*), Controller-General, i. 170; recalled, i. 172; dismissed, i. 175.

- Neipperg (*Frederick*), marches to Silesia against Frederick, ii. 227; defeated at Mollwitz, ii. 227-9.
- Neisse (*Frederick*), chief Silesian fortress: siege and blockade of, ii. 225; surrender, ii. 234.
- Nero, ii. 49, 50, 3, 133; his accident, ii. 137; death, ii. 137.
- Neuberg, Joseph, accompanies Carlyle on first German tour: his invaluable help, ii. 122; second tour, ii. 135.
- "New Downing Street" (*L. D. P.*): Governments have neglected intellect, ii. 65; in feudal times human nobleness opened the road to promotion, ii. 66; England must now take the lead against No-Government, ii. 66; the new Downing Street will raise Industrial Regiments, ii. 67; pauperism is a sin, to be cured by organisation, ii. 67; Industrial Regiments might be the basis of a City of God, ii. 68.
- Nibelungen Lied*: the one genuine poem amid wildernesses of archæology, i. 94; comparable in parts with Homer, i. 95; but the poet lacks depth and sees only externals, i. 95.
- Nigger Question*: the idle, overfed negro, ii. 56; false ideas of liberty, ii. 56; problem of regulation, ii. 57; the islands belong by right to those who will develop them, ii. 57-8.
- Notables, Convocation of (*F. R.*), suggested by Calonne, i. 171; at Versailles, 1787, i. 171.
- Novalis*: an abstruse writer, i. 87; his metaphysical faculty developed by bereavement, i. 87; like Kant he denied matter, i. 87; claimed to ascend beyond senses, i. 87; moral and religious importance of his doctrine, i. 87; reason the mind's sovereign quality, i. 87-8; the unseen world to him the only reality, i. 88; a true German mystic, i. 88.
- Oblique Order of Attack (*Frederick*), ii. 283-4.
- Odin (*Heroes*), Paganism, or worship of man, i. 278; in rude ages nature was divine to all, i. 278; man much more, i. 278; Odin a poet who first stirred men's thoughts on nature, i. 279; venerated as God by a simple people, i. 279; he taught Valour, which seemed a message from heaven, i. 280.
- Opera*, the: music now degenerate through forsaking fact for fiction, ii. 351.
- Opinion:
 Voltaire's divinity (*Voltaire*), i. 84; Bobus admires not talent but the fame of talent (*P. and P.*), i. 321-2.
- Organic filaments of new that rise from ashes of old: Hero-worship, the Press (*Sartor*), i. 137.
- Orléans, Duc d' (*Philippe Egalité*), (*F. R.*), one of the Notables, i. 171; cuts his court moorings, i. 172; joins the Commons, i. 175; revisits the court, i. 191; becomes *Egalité*, i. 197; votes for the King's death, i. 199; arrested, i. 201; executed, i. 204.
- Orsay, Count d', i. 271.
- Parlement of Paris (*F. R.*), will not register Loménie's unjust edicts, i. 171; exiled to Troyes; yields, i. 171; its example to provincial Parlements, i. 172.

Parliament (*Cromwell*), the Long : i. 355 ; split into Presbyterians and Independents, represented by City and Army, i. 364 ; against Army " Remonstrance," i. 373 ; subordinate position during war, i. 398 ; hair-splitting debates, i. 398 ; opposes Army, i. 399 ; attempts self-perpetuation, i. 399 ; forcibly ejected by Cromwell, i. 399 ; Cromwell's opinion of, ii. 15.

The Little : convened by Cromwell, i. 399 ; aspires to introduce Christianity into practice, i. 400 ; perishes in five months through attack on lawyers, i. 401 ; Cromwell's opinion of, ii. 15.

The New : i. 402 ; endless constitutional debates, i. 403 ; the Parchment, i. 404 ; more fruitless debates, i. 404 ; dissolved, i. 406.

1656 : i. 410 ; shows real desire for Settlement, i. 413 ; abstains from pedantries and leaves Cromwell to govern, ii. 10 ; wishes him to be King, ii. 10, 12, 14, 16 ; debates drearily while nation seethes with plots, ii. 19, 21 ; dissolved, ii. 22.

Parliament (*Hist. Sk.*), its quarrels with James I, ii. 362-3 ; also with Charles I, ii. 363-4 ; an epitome of England ; its expression of the nation's grief at the advance of Papistry, ii. 364 ; dissolved, 1629, ii. 365 ; Long Parliament, 1640, ii. 369.

Parliaments :

degeneration of ; their duty is to govern (*Chartism*), i. 247 ; their acts must correspond to those of the Court of Courts (*P. and P.*), i. 320.

" Parliaments " (*L. D. P.*) : decline from action to talk, ii. 71 ; due to the Press and the King's absence, ii. 71 ; departure from fact, ii. 71-2 ; let them register men's instincts only, ii. 72 ; failure of universal suffrage, ii. 72 ; only free men should vote, if the world is to be saved, ii. 72-3.

Past and Present, i. 310. See England, condition of.

Past and Present : awkwardness of the great spirit on earth, i. 339 ; the poet not at home in politics, i. 339-40 ; the true Christian, i. 340 ; he misreads the signs, i. 340-1 ; Carlyle's growing absorption in politics, i. 341 ; impelled by love for his fellow-creatures, i. 341 ; danger of spiritual laws applied to material world, i. 342 ; lack of worldly wisdom, i. 343 ; his own troubles inner not outer, i. 343 ; he ignored the stubbornness of matter, i. 343 ; spiritual preponderance, i. 344-6 ; recapitulation, i. 346-7 ; the poet in politics should inspire, not lead, i. 347 ; Master Workers unlikely to reform, i. 347 ; horrors of unlimited competition, i. 347-8 ; Carlyle's remedy of work, i. 348-9 ; its inadequacy, i. 349 ; claims of this world, i. 349-50 ; efficiency does not develop the soul, i. 350 ; reasons for hope, i. 350-1 ; style, i. 351.

Pater, Walter, quoted, ii. 118.

Patriots (*F. R.*), name assumed by the people, i. 184 ; a Patriot Ministry, i. 192.

Pattison, Mark, quoted on Milton, i. 146.

Paulet, Mrs., Mrs. Carlyle visits her at Seaforth, i. 314, 17.

Peel, Sir Robert, abolishes Corn Laws, i. 319 ; Carlyle dines with, ii. 50 ; death, ii. 50, 1.

Permanency, benefits of : (*P. and P.*), i. 337 ; (*Nigger Question*), ii. 57.

- Peter the Great, Czar (*Frederick*), visits Prussia, 1717, ii. 175-6; sends tall soldiers to Frederick-William, ii. 176.
- Peter III, Czar (*Frederick*), accession, January 1762, ii. 310; favours Frederick, ii. 310; breaks with Austria and allies with Prussia, ii. 311; murdered, July 17th, ii. 311.
- Peterloo (*P. and P.*), has left a treasury of rage, i. 321.
- Philanthropy (*L. D. P.*), believed in by a select minority, ii. 61; love of scoundrels a ghastly phantasm of Christianity, ii. 62.
- Philosophes*: their moral code (*Voltaire*), i. 86; hostile to the Church (*Diderot*), i. 229-30.
- Progenitors of the Revolution, i. 214.
- Piedmontese, persecution of (*Cromwell*), ii. 22-3.
- Pitt, William (*Frederick*), character of, ii. 275; "King of England," 1757, ii. 279; subsidises Prussia, ii. 285; fall from power, October 1761, ii. 310.
- Pity: impossible except on basis of rigour (*Heroes*), i. 283-4; (*Cromwell*), i. 377; (*L. D. P.*), ii. 63.
- Plato, his humour compared to Carlyle's, i. 141; his theory of beauty, i. 301.
- Plausible, the, worse than knavery (*Cagliostro*), i. 232; instead of the true in eighteenth century (*Heroes*), i. 288.
- Podewils (*Frederick*), Prussian Foreign Minister, 1740, ii. 220.
- Poet, the, nature's masterpiece (*Burns*), i. 81; resemblance to Prophet (*Heroes*), i. 282-3; honoured by Carlyle above all men, i. 111; Carlyle's admiration for waning, i. 255.
- His need of beauty and love, i. 224, 60-1, ii. 85-6; the true Christian, i. 258, 340; craves for solitude through fear of the world, i. 259; not at home in politics, i. 339-40, ii. 85-6; forced into politics by his brotherly nature, i. 340; poetry belongs to youth and age rather than middle life, i. 341, ii. 85-6; danger of succumbing to false hero-worship through his strong social affections, ii. 26-7.
- Poetry, Carlyle's failure in through lack of music, i. 54, 5.
- Poetry:
- no separate faculty (*Burns*), i. 79; true secret of its production (*German Playwrights*), i. 83; independence of circumstance and source in the soul (*Early German Lit.*), i. 96; essence of a nation's history (*Hist. Survey German Poetry*), i. 97; talent for it the best equipment for all business (*Goethe's Works*), i. 101; history the only true (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 106; inward thought must sing itself (*Corn Law Rhymers*), i. 228; all right poems are song (*Heroes*), i. 283; Sterling's lack of music (*Sterling*), ii. 107.
- Poland (*Frederick*), moribund condition of, ii. 317-18; pestilence and famine in, ii. 320; partition of, ii. 320-1.
- Pompadour, Madame de (*Frederick*), ii. 258, 60, 7, 85, 91, 316.
- Portraits of Knox*, ii. 357-8.
- Prag (*Frederick*), siege of, 1744, and surrender to Frederick, ii. 246; description of, ii. 273; battle, May 6, 1757: defeat of Austrians by Prussians, ii. 273-4; siege, ii. 275-6.
- Pragmatic Sanction (*Frederick*), of Karl VI for Maria Theresa, ii. 181; futility of without army and treasury, ii. 181, 229; repudiated by Europe after Mollwitz, ii. 230.

- "Present Time" (*L. D. P.*): Pope's idea of applying law of veracity to life has plunged Europe in chaos, ii. 58; democracy a fact, shams must go, ii. 59; folly of universal suffrage: need of real aristocracy, ii. 59; leave-alone would bring anarchy, ii. 59-60; let us seek, but not by universal suffrage, for our few wise men, ii. 60; we must organise labour and force able-bodied paupers to work by stern methods, ii. 60-1.
- Preston, Battle of (*Cromwell*), i. 368.
- Printing: origin in Germany, 1440-9 (*Early German Lit.*), i. 97; vast political effects (*Sartor*), i. 125.
- Prinzenraub*, ii. 352.
- Proctor, B. W. (Barry Cornwall), introduces Carlyle to Jeffrey, i. 60.
- Professorships, Carlyle as candidate for at St. Andrew's and Gower Street Universities, i. 61; Glasgow: last appeal to Jeffrey, i. 155; offer by Edinburgh University in 1841 declined, i. 306-7.
- Progress:
the generations bound together; man's minutest act influences all men (*Sartor*), i. 137; this world the forgotten work of brave men (*P. and P.*), i. 328; the world built upon the dust of heroes (*Cromwell*), ii. 19.
- Protestantism:
return from Semblance to Reality (*Heroes*), i. 285; offsprings: Puritanism and Presbyterianism (*ibid.*), i. 286; and the French Revolution (*ibid.*), i. 292; its meaning: is there nobility in a nation? (*Frederick*), ii. 167.
- Prussia (*Frederick*): early condition, ii. 162; civilising effect of Teutonic Order, ii. 163; incorporated with Brandenburg, 1618, ii. 169; size, population, revenue, at Frederick's accession, ii. 216; test of a nation: self-defence against the world, ii. 257; army and population, 1757, ii. 272; soul of its merit having merited such a king as Frederick, ii. 315.
- Prussian Army (*Frederick*): used to advantage by Great Elector, ii. 170; drilled by Old Dessauer, ii. 172; all depended on, ii. 174; heart and pith of Prussia, ii. 182; discipline exact as Euclid, ii. 182; recruiting, ii. 182-3; effect of discipline on the peasant, ii. 182; always ready, ii. 189, 207; no plunder or insult at Glogau: perfect discipline, ii. 227; steadiness of infantry at Mollwitz, ii. 228-9; Mollwitz due to Frederick-William and Old Dessauer, ii. 229; can be at enemy's throat in three weeks, ii. 245; discipline on toilsome march, ii. 252; wheeling manœuvre in battle, ii. 252; habit of prayer, ii. 259; correct as clockwork at Prag, ii. 274; at Rossbach, ii. 282; Oblique Order at Leuthen, ii. 283-4; piety of; second only to Cromwell's Ironsides, ii. 284; pillar of the State gone to pieces at Kunersdorf, ii. 294; annual reviews, ii. 322.
- Ultimate expression of Prussian discipline, ii. 348; the spirit that evoked it, ii. 349; a perfect instrument, ii. 349-50.
- Puritan Army (*Cromwell*): represents Independents against City and Presbyterians, i. 364; demands King's punishment, i. 365; presents "Remonstrance," i. 372; advances on London and imposes its will on Parliament, i. 373; desires a republic, i. 398; scission

- with Parliament, i. 399; makes Cromwell Protector, i. 401; plots and discontent within, i. 402, 4; averse to Cromwell's Kingship, ii. 10, 16.
- Puritanism (*Cromwell*), its grand feature: difference between Right and Wrong, i. 353; Scotland's greatest feat, i. 390; owes much to Cromwell, i. 390; did not continue because incomplete theory of universe, ii. 22.
- Puritanism (*Hist. Sk.*), conformity to Maker's own Laws, not human rubrics, ii. 358.
- Pytheas (*Frederick*), first civilised man to see Germany, B.C. 327, ii. 162.
- "Quintus Icilius" (*Frederick*), sacks Hubertsburg Castle, ii. 307.
- Radewitz, Camp of (*Frederick*), ii. 192-3.
- Rebellions in England have been expansions (*Chartism*), i. 248.
- Redwood, Mr., Carlyle visits him in Wales, i. 311, ii. 51.
- Reinsberg (*Frederick*), i. 210.
- Religion:
- worship of Sorrow (*Sartor*), i. 134; vain attempt to destroy (*F. R.*), i. 181; instances of sacrilege (*ibid.*), i. 204; due to example of great men (*Mirabeau*), i. 237; can be taught by contact of soul with soul (*Chartism*), i. 249; a man's religion the chief thing about him (*Heroes*), i. 278; soul of practice (*ibid.*), i. 284; is all-embracing in ages of faith but little spoken of (*P. and P.*), i. 323, 4, 7; highest religion is "Worship of Sorrow," (*P. and P.*), i. 329; moral conscience of the soul (*ibid.*), i. 334; an authentic copy of God's law is written in every man's heart (*L. D. P.*), ii. 63; no doubt but a certainty (*Sterling*), ii. 103; submission to will of Supreme: essence of religion (*ibid.*), ii. 111; taught like drill-exercise (*Frederick*), ii. 178; core of all creeds: abominable to attempt to believe what is not true (*ibid.*), ii. 298; Laud teaches like drill-exercise (*Hist. Sk.*), ii. 367. *See also* Belief and Faith.
- Religion, Carlyle's: his confession to Irving, i. 20-1; "rebirth" in Leith Walk, i. 26; faith without orthodoxy, i. 34-5; "Oh for faith!" i. 162, 4; craving for a Personal God, i. 164, 224-5, 300, 2, ii. 28-9, 386.
- Reminiscences*, Carlyle's: James Carlyle, i. 72; Jane Welsh Carlyle, ii. 373; Irving and Jeffrey, ii. 373.
- Rennie, George, most favoured of Jane Welsh's early suitors, i. 25; sudden meeting with Mrs. Carlyle in 1856, ii. 129. *Also* ii. 157-8.
- Repentance (*Heroes*), divinest of all acts, i. 280; the grand Christian act, i. 284.
- Restoration, the, Mammonism dates from (*P. and P.*), i. 329; (*Cromwell*), ii. 19, 22; (*L. D. P.*), ii. 67; (*Niagara*), ii. 79; settlement of despair: government without God (*P. and P.*), i. 330; England under Hanover Kings (*Frederick*), ii. 185.
- Reverence:
- see *Meister*, i. 54, 78; Carlyle's debt to Goethe: that reverence is still possible, i. 66; man's highest feeling (*Voltaire*), i. 84; how Teufelsdröckh learnt it (*Sartor*), i. 128-9; irreverent knowledge is no knowledge (*Chartism*), i. 249; greatest thing a man can bestow (*L. D. P.*), ii. 73.

- Richard I (*P. and P.*), i. 326; opposed by Abbot Samson, i. 327.
- Richter*: involved style; humour; lack of art, i. 74.
- Richter*: slow growth of reputation outside Germany, i. 90; a difficult writer, i. 90-1; father's death, i. 91; supported mother and brothers by literature, i. 91; lessons of poverty, i. 91; recognition after ten years' labour, i. 92; success, marriage, converse with the great, i. 92; continued writing, i. 92; literary character, i. 92.
- Ridicule, lowest of the faculties (*Voltaire*), i. 84.
- Robespierre (*F. R.*), smallest of the Deputies, i. 174; lives in formulas but believes every word he says, i. 177; in terror at King's flight, i. 189; accused by Girondins, i. 198; incompatible with Danton, i. 206; his Feast of the Supreme Being, i. 206; extends "Law of the Suspect," i. 206; his plot discovered, i. 207; mutiny against him in Convention, i. 207; arrest, attempted suicide, execution, i. 207.
- Rochow, Lieutenant-Colonel (*Frederick*), ii. 194; prevents escape, ii. 195.
- Rohan, Cardinal de (*Cagliostro*), greatest of Cagliostro's dupes, i. 233.
- Rohan, Cardinal de (*Necklace*), the world in which he grew up, i. 234-5; despair at exclusion from Court, i. 235; deceived by Lamotte, i. 235-6; mock meeting with the Queen, i. 236; obtains Necklace and gives it to Lamotte for the Queen, i. 236; still not received at Court, i. 237; hears that the Queen denies knowledge of Necklace, i. 237; arrested, i. 237.
- Roland, Madame (*F. R.*), i. 204, 225.
- Rossbach, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of French by Prussians, November 1757, ii. 281-2.
- Rossetti, D. G., compared to Carlyle for lack of perception, ii. 129.
- Rousseau (*Heroes*), a hero because in earnest, i. 289.
- Rudolf, Kaiser, Lord of Hapsburg (*Frederick*), ancestor of latest Austrian Kaisers, ii. 163.
- Rupert, Prince (*Cromwell*), i. 356; relieves York, defeated at Marston Moor, i. 359; brilliant charge at Naseby, i. 360; rides out of Bristol, i. 361, 2.
- Ruskin, i. 121, 46, 347.
- Russell, Dr., attends Mrs. Welsh in her last illness, i. 308; advises Mrs. Carlyle against morphia, ii. 131; attends Mrs. Carlyle in 1864, ii. 146-7.
- Russell, Mrs., Mrs. Carlyle's friendship for after her mother's death, i. 308; Mrs. Carlyle's visits to, ii. 131, 5, 40-1; her care of Mrs. Carlyle, July-September 1864, ii. 146-7; unable to visit Mrs. Carlyle in London, ii. 149; Mrs. Carlyle's last visit to, ii. 149.
- St. Edmund (*P. and P.*), a righteous landlord, i. 323; killed by Danes; canonised, i. 323; ceremony of disinterment, i. 327.
- St. Edmundsbury (*P. and P.*), the Abbey and shrine, i. 322-3; life of the monks, i. 323; election of an Abbot, i. 324-5.
- Samson, Abbot (*P. and P.*), personality and early hardships, i. 324; elected Abbot, i. 324-5; how he set about true governing, i. 325; his justice, i. 325; troubles of a governor, i. 326; opposes even King Richard, i. 327; his religion, i. 327; obtains a glimpse of St. Edmund's body, i. 327.

- Sandwich, Lady, the Carlyles visit her near Windsor, ii. 140; her death, ii. 140.
- Sansculottism, apparition of: it came from God (*F. R.*), i. 177; blackest page of at Nantes (*ibid.*), i. 204; body overthrown, soul persists: frightfullest thing born of Time (*ibid.*), i. 209; man can go no lower (*Heroes*), i. 292.
- Santerre (*F. R.*), at States-General, i. 173; heads invasion of Tuileries, i. 193; at the King's execution, i. 199.
- Sartor Resartus*, i. 66; rejected by Longman and Murray, i. 68; appears in *Fraser*, i. 154; failure, i. 159; ignored by Carlyle's Edinburgh friends, i. 159; Sterling's criticism of, i. 164; American appreciation of, i. 167, 266.
- Sartor Resartus*, ill-chosen humour, i. 140-1; comparison with Shakespeare, i. 141; Carlyle's greatest achievement in fiction, i. 141; autobiographical interest, i. 142; abundance of thought creates obscurity, i. 142; main ideas disengaged, i. 142-4; deeper unity of the whole, i. 144; the soul purified by worldly failure, i. 144-5; impediments of a strong reason and poetic nature, i. 145; the cycle complete, i. 145-6; Carlyle to be read for spiritual truth not facts, i. 146; to understand him we must practise meditation, i. 146-7; true silence is inward, i. 147; how the soul may be detached from earth and restored to heaven, i. 147-9; the whole nature must co-operate: meditation no trick, i. 148; the will to inward silence, i. 149; *Sartor* a plea for universal brotherhood, i. 149; its author's most direct message, i. 149-50; essence of his teaching, i. 150; the soul's need of faith, i. 150.
- Identification of scenes and characters in Carlyle's life, i. 150 *note*.
- Saxe, Maréchal (*Frederick*), a real general, ii. 245; victor of Fontenoy, ii. 251; in Netherlands, ii. 258; visits Frederick, ii. 259.
- Schiller, *Life of*, i. 29, 30, 2; Schiller's happy childhood but troublous youth, i. 49; success of early plays, i. 50; miseries of men of letters, i. 50; development of his genius, i. 50; historical labours, i. 51; professorship and marriage, i. 51; friendship with Goethe, i. 51; writes on philosophy, i. 51-2; last and greatest plays, i. 52; early death, i. 52.
- Carlyle's book an admirable introduction, i. 52-3; nature of criticism, i. 53; his true self still absent, i. 53.
- Schiller: devotion to art, i. 93; persists in love of art through sufferings of youth, i. 93; emerges with strengthened will, i. 93; happiness not his aim, less great than holy, i. 93; renounced the world so as to serve it as poet, i. 93-4; his sublimity, i. 94; easiest form of greatness, i. 94; perhaps more lyric than dramatic, or even philosophic, i. 94.
- Schlubhut (*Frederick*), hanged for peculation by Frederick-William's order, ii. 199, 214.
- Schulenburg, Field Marshal (*Frederick*), letters of advice to Frederick, ii. 200; rebuked but promoted by Frederick, ii. 215-16.
- Schwerin (*Frederick*), chief Prussian general, 1740, ii. 220; takes Liegnitz, ii. 224; besieges Neisse, ii. 227; final advance at Mollwitz, ii. 229; killed at Prag, ii. 274.
- Scotsbrig, Carlyle's parents first settle at, i. 46.

- Scott* : notable if not great, i. 241 ; Lockhart's biography, i. 241 ; Scott's qualities and beliefs : *healthiest* of men, i. 242 ; how he grew to manhood, i. 242 ; nature of his success, i. 242 ; indifference to fame, i. 242 ; had no gospel, but as poet expressed true passion, till outdone by Byron, i. 243 ; success as novelist kindled worldly ambition, i. 243 ; his novels amused, but their interest only antiquarian, i. 243-4 ; false ambition ruined him, i. 244 ; he met his trial bravely, i. 244.
- Scott, a comparison with Carlyle, ii. 129.
- Seckendorf (*Frederick*), Austrian Minister at Berlin : cajoles Frederick-William, and persuades him against Double-Marriage, ii. 183-4 ; the cipher-correspondence, ii. 184 ; works on King according as English-Austrian relations vary, ii. 187-8 ; opposes Prussian union with England, ii. 188, 9 ; at Kaiser's order revives Double-Marriage, ii. 205 ; a State prisoner, ii. 212 ; Bavarian Commander-in-chief, ii. 241 ; fails to reconquer Bavaria, ii. 248, 9.
- Seidlitz (*Frederick*), ii. 231 ; flank movement at Rossbach, ii. 281-2 ; at Zorndorf, ii. 288.
- Self, annihilation of :
parent of all virtue (*Signs of Times*), i. 89 ; (*L. D. P.*), ii. 76 ; first preliminary moral act (*Sartor*), i. 133 ; egoism the root of all other faults (*Heroes*), i. 289.
- Servant troubles, i. 276-7, ii. 41-2, 45, 131, 41.
- Seven Years War (*Frederick*), see Silesian War, third.
- Shakespeare (*Heroes*), gives outer life of Europe, i. 284 ; his all-including intellect, i. 284 ; greater for being unconscious, i. 285 ; grandest English product, i. 285.
- Shakespeare, his fact more admirable than his fiction (*Niagara*), ii. 80 ; beautifullest soul in England (*Hist. Sk.*), ii. 358.
His humour, i. 141 ; once Carlyle's favourite hero, i. 299-300.
- Shame, the soil of all virtue (*Sartor*), i. 135.
- Shelley quoted as representing transcendentalism, i. 111.
- Shooting Niagara* : democracy must complete itself, ii. 79 ; we shall sooner arrive at Niagara, ii. 79 ; the old Aristocracy will not disappear at once, ii. 79 ; value of politeness, ii. 80 ; the speculative and industrial heroes, ii. 80 ; suggested reforms : education, discipline, health, ii. 81.
- Signs of the Times* : present age mechanical, i. 88 ; the individual powerless, i. 88 ; neglect of the spiritual, i. 88 ; happiness thought to depend on circumstances, i. 89 ; man's spiritual achievements have been independent of mechanism, i. 89 ; the two departments need co-ordination, i. 89 ; our fault is lack of Moral Force, i. 89 ; yet we need not despair, i. 89 ; mechanism may yet be our servant, i. 89-90.
- Silence :
honoured by poets (*Characteristics*), i. 103 ; its endless significance (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 106 ; thought works in silence ; do not prate even to thyself (*Sartor*), i. 135 ; if you wish a man not to practise what he intends, encourage him to speak of it (*L. D. P.*), ii. 68 ; things ripen underground : speech of a fine purpose makes

its accomplishment less likely (*Frederick*), ii. 212; Frederick's faculty for silence (*ibid.*), ii. 226, 33.

The first stage of meditation, i. 146; true silence is inward, i. 147.

Sincerity, first need of a great man (*Heroes*), i. 280, 9.

Silesia (*Frederick*), detached from Poland and joined to Bohemia in fourteenth century, ii. 164; Brandenburg's claim, ii. 170; easy to seize, ii. 220; description and history of, ii. 222; Protestant north, Catholic officials, ii. 223; becomes Prussian, ii. 234; remodelling of, ii. 239; worth six times more to Prussia than Austria, ii. 240; joy of people at Prussian reconquest, 1757, ii. 284-5.

Silesian War (*Frederick*):

First, December 1740 to June 1742, Treaty of Breslau, ii. 222-39; Second, August 1744 to December 1745, Peace of Dresden, ii. 245-57; Third (Seven Years' War), August 1756 to February 1763, Peace of Hubertsburg, ii. 268-313.

Sinclair, Sir George, entertains Carlyle at Thurso, ii. 138, 9.

Social Reform: Carlyle's concern for state of people, i. 20, 70, 1, 257, 62, 310; Sterling's view that Carlyle's nature was political, i. 310.

Society: Goethe's opinion of good society (*Meister*), i. 54; Carlyle's experience identical, i. 315.

Society:

man but half alive alone; unconsciousness the test of Society's health (*Characteristics*), i. 102; religion only manifests itself in society (*Sartor*), i. 135; Teufelsdröckh pronounces it dead as it has lost its soul (*ibid.*), i. 136; represents a graduated worship of Heroes (*Heroes*), i. 278.

Sohr, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Austrians by Prussians, September 1745, ii. 254-5.

Solitude:

Carlyle's warnings against, i. 21; hopes he will one day live before he dies, i. 160; craves for contact with men, i. 161; social life only possible for him in London, i. 306; isolation the sum-total of wretchedness (*P. and P.*), i. 337; Carlyle complains of, ii. 53, 126; Frederick's solitude of soul (*Frederick*), ii. 200, 17.

The consequence of following the ways of God in an unbelieving age, ii. 33; Carlyle as a literary man outside the organisations of the modern world, ii. 84, 9; his solitude of soul: absence of God and degradation of man, ii. 384.

Soltikof, General (*Frederick*), Russian Commander, 1759, ii. 292; defeats Wedell and enters Crossen, ii. 292; entrenches at Kunersdorf, ii. 293; defeats Prussians, ii. 293-4; wishes Daun to attack in turn, ii. 295; lacks meal for army, ii. 297; returns to Posen, ii. 297; impatient of Austrian delay, ii. 302.

Sophie Charlotte, Queen (*Frederick*), wife of Frederick I of Prussia and mother of Frederick-William, ii. 161; her "pinch of snuff," ii. 162, 71.

Sophie Dorothee, Electress (*Frederick*), wife of Great Elector, ii. 162; plants the Lindens in Berlin, ii. 162, 71.

- Sophie Dorothée, Queen (*Frederick*), wife of Frederick-William and mother of Frederick the Great, ii. 161; secretly favours Frederick against his father, ii. 178; suggests Double-Marriage, ii. 178, 80; clings to it, ii. 185, 6, 91; procures music master for Frederick, ii. 189; falls ill at the King's suggested alternatives to Double-Marriage, ii. 190; death, June 28, 1757, ii. 277.
- Soul, the:
the only true property (*Chartism*), i. 247; maimed without education (*ibid.*), i. 249; let each attempt to find traces of (*P. and P.*), i. 321; in twelfth century man had a soul (*ibid.*), i. 323; man must find his soul and feels need of it (*ibid.*), i. 328.
- Southey, Carlyle meets him in 1835, i. 165.
- Spedding, James, introduces Froude to Carlyle, ii. 45.
- Spedding, Thomas, his share in founding London Library, i. 274; death, ii. 377.
- Speech versus Action:
insincere speech leads to insincere action (*P. and P.*), i. 329; speech useless if contrary to fact (*Inaug. Ad.*), ii. 152. See "Stump Orator."
- Spring Rice, i. 269; Carlyle's yachting cruise with him, i. 309.
- States-General (*F. R.*), first hinted at by Lafayette, i. 171; promise of, i. 172; elections, i. 173; question of procedure, i. 173; the procession, i. 173-4; become National Assembly, i. 174.
- Stephen, Leslie, quoted, ii. 158.
- Sterling, Edward, offers Carlyle work on *Times*, i. 162; admires Mrs. Carlyle, i. 164; famous remark on her, i. 267-8; broken down in later years, i. 318; last attempt to visit Mrs. Carlyle, and death, ii. 43.
- Sterling, Edward (*Life of Sterling*), early military career, marriage, farming, ii. 98-9; regrets wasted years, ii. 99; first connection with *Times*, ii. 99; in Knightsbridge, ii. 100; *Times* career, ii. 109-10.
- Sterling, John, criticises *Sartor*, i. 164; a true friend to Carlyle, i. 164, 5-6; hitch in friendship, i. 269; health-journey to Italy, i. 274; Carlyle's affectionate letters to, i. 274, 307; brave acceptance of Carlyle's criticism, i. 307; death, September 1844, i. 315.
- Sterling, John (*Life of Sterling*), falsely described as a sceptic, ii. 98; not a great man, ii. 98; birth and ancestry, ii. 98-9; Wales, Paris, etc., ii. 99; Cambridge; independence of mind; friends, ii. 99-100; hard task to choose a profession, ii. 100; literature, ii. 100; widening circle of friends: radicalism, ii. 100-1; visit to Coleridge, ii. 101; Torrijos, ii. 101; Sterling's share in the expedition, ii. 102; marriage, ii. 102; signs of consumption, ii. 102; West Indies: a tornado, ii. 102; catastrophe of Torrijos and its effect, ii. 103; failure of radicalism, ii. 103; influence of Coleridge: return to England and curacy at Herstmonceaux, ii. 103; resignation: second crisis, ii. 104; meets Carlyle, ii. 104; Bayswater: literature again, ii. 104-5; his mind artistic rather than religious, ii. 105; ill health; Bordeaux; spiritual return to the open air, ii. 105; Blackheath; Madeira, ii. 106; poetry, etc., ii. 106; "rapidity" the cause of disease, ii. 106; Rome: art,

- ii. 106-7; Clifton, ii. 107; arguments with Carlyle, ii. 107-8; prose or poetry, ii. 107-8; failure of poems, ii. 108; worse symptoms: Falmouth, ii. 108; *Election*: failure again, ii. 108; more journeys and unsuccessful poems, ii. 108-9; relations with father, ii. 110; hemorrhage; death of mother and wife, ii. 110; Ventnor, ii. 110; *Cœur-de-Lion*: at last worthy of praise, ii. 110; last meeting with Carlyle, ii. 110; decline; his creed, ii. 111; death, ii. 111; his mind and its achievement, ii. 111.
- Sterling, Life of John*, ii. 53, 4; origin in love, ii. 112; Sterling's peculiar spiritual difficulties, ii. 112-13; victim of his age, ii. 113-14; perplexed by ways of men, ii. 114; wished only to serve men, ii. 114; found his calling too late, ii. 115; diffidence: selfless aims, ii. 115; Carlyle's friendships, ii. 115-16; he loved Sterling for his soul, ii. 117; Carlyle's unworldliness and sympathy ii. 117-18; recognised purity of [Sterling's will, ii. 118; effect on Carlyle's life, ii. 119; portraits, ii. 119; background, ii. 119-20; importance of the individual soul, ii. 120.
- Sterne, first of English humourists (*Richter*), i. 74.
- Stodart, Eliza, i. 26, 39, 63.
- Strachey, Mr., takes Carlyle and Kitty Kirkpatrick to Paris, i. 32.
- Strachey, Mrs., takes Carlyle to visit Coleridge, i. 30; her present, i. 34.
- "Stump Orator" (*L. D. P.*), the Talker falsely honoured, ii. 68; men formerly possessed the bullion of culture, ii. 68; all non-beaverish professions now impose the test of talk, ii. 69; wisdom is silent; a man who can only talk will care merely for appearances, ii. 69-70; a loose tongue leads to lying thought: as it is there is a gulf between word and fact, ii. 70; silence the remedy, ii. 71.
- Supply-and-demand, no true bond of Society (*P. and P.*), i. 322, 9, 31.
- Swiss Guard (*F. R.*), defend Tuileries, i. 194-5.
- Symbols, the universe a symbol of God; diverse kinds; the Cross the highest (*Sartor*), i. 135-6.
- Tacitus, i. 221-2.
- Tailors, symbolic significance of (*Sartor*), i. 139.
- Taste: a minor virtue (*Nibelungen*), i. 95; a false divinity (*Goethe's Works*), i. 101.
- Templand, Mrs. Welsh goes to live at with her father, i. 47; excursions to from Craigenputtock, i. 64.
- Tennyson, Carlyle's acquaintance with, 1840, i. 274; his enjoyment of fame, ii. 29, 382.
- Teufelsdröckh (*Sartor*), his great work on clothes, i. 124; strange appearance, i. 124; night-thoughts, i. 125; contrasts of good and evil in his books and character, i. 125; memorable laugh, i. 125; a mystic: man's body the soul's garment, i. 127; all visible things emblems to him, i. 127; arrival of biographical matter, i. 127; mystery of his birth, i. 127-8; early love of nature and animals and interest in mankind, i. 128; the ring of necessity, or duty, i. 128; reverence, i. 128-9; reads and meditates at school; persecuted by his fellows, i. 129; poor opinion of University Professors, i. 129; miseries of doubt, i. 129; hard task to find work in the world, i. 130; mystic-love for Blumine, i. 130-1; aimless

- wanderings deprived of his loadstars, i. 131; loses hope in this world and beyond, i. 131-2; unbelief in himself, i. 132; new-birth, i. 132; thoughts on outer things: spiritual force cannot be located, i. 132; annihilation of self, i. 133; return of faith, i. 133; resolve to cultivate renunciation and seek blessedness not happiness, i. 133-4; conviction must become conduct, i. 134; discovers his faculty, i. 134; the two men he honours, i. 136; plea for emigration, i. 136; Society has lost its soul and is dead, i. 136; a radical, but most concerned with past and future, i. 137; final hopes, i. 139.
- Teutonic Order (*Frederick*), formed, ii. 163; abolishes heathenism in Prussia, ii. 163; degenerates, ii. 164; final defeat at Tannenberg, 1410, ii. 165.
- Thackeray reviews *French Revolution*, i. 267; Carlyle's unfavourable opinion of, ii. 137.
- Thirty Years War (*Frederick*), kindled at Prag, 1618, ii. 169; three epochs, ii. 169.
- Thought: rules the world (*Death of Goethe*), i. 99; (*F. R.*), i. 209.
- Time:
its effect on the past (*Boswell's Johnson*), i. 106; mystery of Time the primary idea of poetry (*Corn Law Rhymers*), i. 227; makes men as apparitions (*Heroes*), i. 278.
- Time and Space (*Sartor*), unreality of to meditative mind, i. 126; wonder-hiding agents: with God it is always here and now, i. 138; forms of thought; a thing happening in two hours or two million is alike a miracle, i. 138.
- Tinville, Fouquier (*F. R.*), Prosecutor of Revolutionary Tribunal, i. 203; brutality of, i. 204; his judgments a mockery, i. 207; executed, i. 208.
- Tobacco-Parliament (*Frederick*), at Wusterhausen, ii. 177; described, ii. 184; antics of Gundling, ii. 184-5.
- Torgau, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Austrians by Prussians, November 3, 1760, ii. 304-6.
- Torrijos (*Sterling*), a Spanish political exile, ii. 101; plots to return to Spain and raise the country, ii. 102; reaches Gibraltar with his followers, ii. 102; failure and catastrophe, ii. 103.
- Tottleben (*Frederick*), leads Russian raid on Berlin, October 1760, ii. 304.
- Tradition: totality of memorable acts and thoughts of all mankind (*Hist. Sk.*), ii. 368.
- Transcendentalism: see *Novalis*.
- Traun, Marshal (*Frederick*), Frederick's master in art of war; out-manceuvres him in Bohemia, ii. 247; invades Silesia, ii. 248; retreats before Old Dessauer, ii. 248.
- Turgot (*F. R.*), Controller-General, i. 169; would tax Clergy and Noblesse, and is dismissed, i. 169.
- Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago*, ii. 351.
- Tyndall, Professor, accompanies Carlyle to Edinburgh, April 1866, ii. 151; his reports, ii. 152-3.
- Ulrique, Queen (*Frederick*), sister of Frederick, ii. 261; revisits him after twenty-eight years, ii. 321.

Unbelief in self the worst kind (*Meister*), i. 54; (*Sartor*), i. 132.

Unemployment :

a horse can always find work, a man not always (*Sartor*), i. 136; (*Chartism*), i. 246; (*P. and P.*), i. 321; soldiers not disbanded after a battle (*P. and P.*), i. 332, 7.

Universal Suffrage: no true way of ascertaining Laws of Universe (*L. D. P.*), ii. 59, 60, 72, 73-4, 79.

Valmy, Battle of (*F. R.*), i. 197.

Valori (*Frederick*), French Minister at Berlin, ii. 249; interviews Brühl, 1745, ii. 249-50.

Varnhagen von Ense : as a memoir writer; his wife Rahel, i. 244; she became the notablest woman in Berlin, though a Jewess without wealth or beauty, i. 244-5.

Vendée, La (*F. R.*), true to Church and King, i. 195; civil war, i. 200; noyades at Nantes, i. 204.

Vengeur, sinking of (*F. R.*), an inspiring *blague*, i. 205.

Vengeur, *Sinking of*: legend refuted; a successful lie; but no lie can endure, i. 250.

Victoria, Queen, Carlyle's interview with, ii. 376.

Virtue: divine or human meaning? (*Sartor*), i. 132; called "pleasure" by Diderot (*Diderot*), i. 231.

Voltaire : moral dominates material, i. 83; Voltaire central figure of eighteenth century, i. 83; adroit not great, i. 83; his achievements and good and bad qualities, i. 83-4; a mocker, incapable of reverence, i. 84; his age partly to blame, i. 84; he loved truth but in a party spirit, i. 84; relied on argument and appealed to opinion, i. 84; a *Persiflex*, i. 84; yet was what all men strove to be, i. 85; dramatic justice of his death, i. 85; expert not great as a writer, i. 85; Power-knowledge, i. 85; no depth and true creativeness, i. 85; made scepticism popular, but warred against Christianity without understanding it, i. 86; killed superstition but prepared fearful catastrophes, i. 86.

Voltaire (*Frederick*), first correspondence with Frederick, 1736, ii. 210-11; meeting, ii. 218; third visit to Frederick, ii. 240; fourth, semi-political, visit, ii. 243-4; fifth and crowning visit, ii. 257-8; arrives July 10, 1750, ii. 260; his feeling for Frederick, ii. 260; lawsuit with Hirsch, ii. 260-1; the third act, ii. 261; the König-Maupertuis controversy, ii. 263-4; defends König, writes *Akakia* and publishes it, ii. 264; flies from Frederick, ii. 264; last meeting, ii. 264; arrest at Frankfurt and detention, ii. 264; later correspondence with Frederick, ii. 265, 80-1; he and Frederick like estranged lovers, ii. 298-9; writes bitterly of Frederick to third persons, ii. 299; last letters, ii. 321-2; death, ii. 324.

Walpole, Horace, a comparison with Carlyle, i. 222.

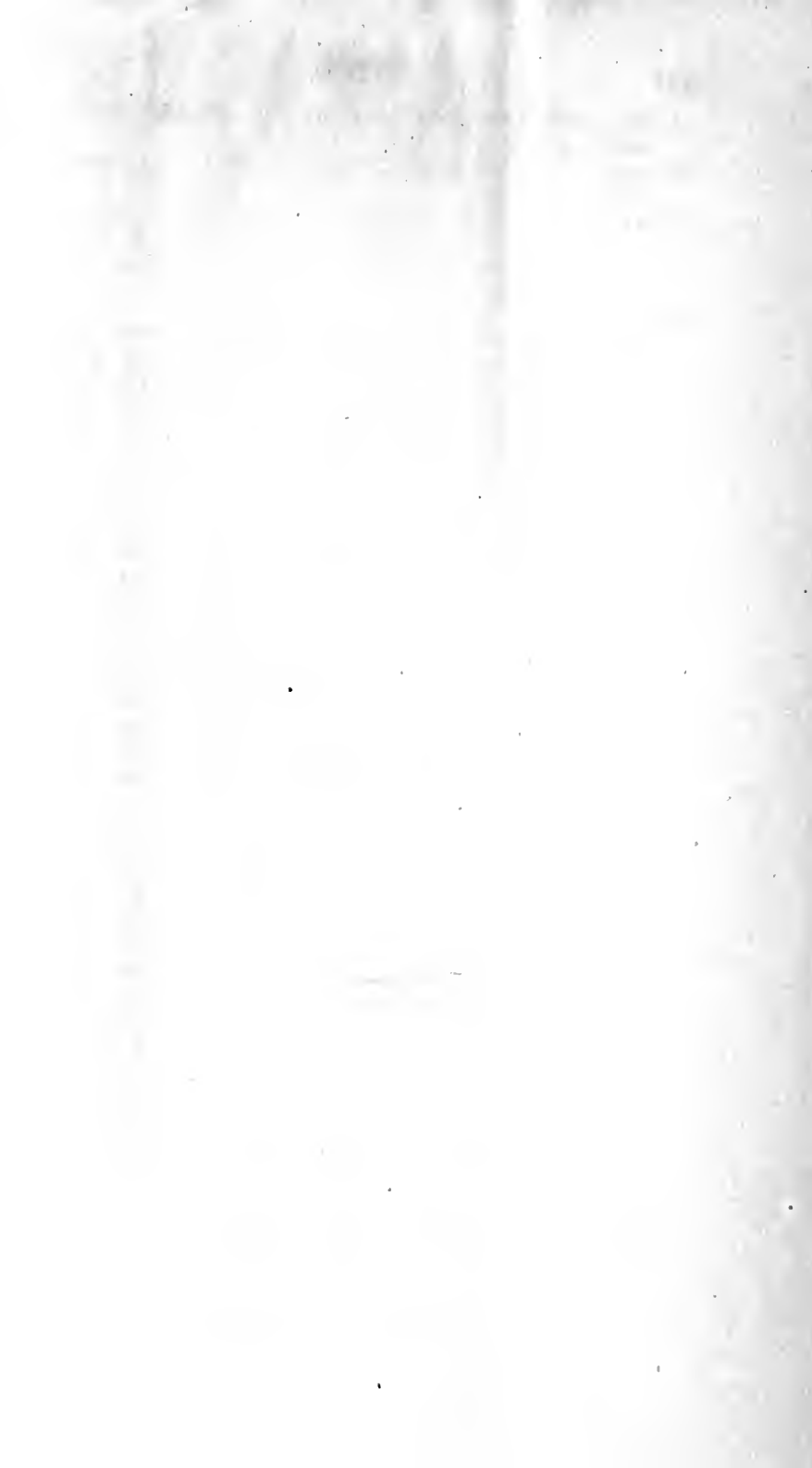
Wellington, Duke of, Carlyle's description of, ii. 50.

Welsh, Elizabeth, Ann, Grace (Mrs. Carlyle's aunts), ii. 47, 131, 2, 41.

Welsh, Grace (Mrs. Carlyle's mother), character, i. 25; variation of humour towards her daughter's marriage with Carlyle: objects to his temper, i. 45; offers to give up all to her daughter, i. 45;

- leaves Haddington, i. 46; lives at Templand with her father, i. 47; his death, i. 153; her visit to London, 1835, i. 165; disagrees with elder Sterling, i. 165; her caprices, i. 167; visits London in 1839: a soirée, i. 271; quarrels with Mrs. Carlyle, i. 272; visited by Carlyle's mother, i. 305; Carlyle's opinion of her, i. 305; death, February 1842, i. 307-8.
- Welsh, Jane Baillie, birth; shows early intellectual vivacity; anecdotes of, i. 24; at Haddington school under Irving; nature of sentiments towards Irving, i. 25; deep grief for father's death, i. 25; fundamental goodness, i. 25-6; meets Carlyle, i. 26; literary basis of their correspondence, i. 36; her literary ambitions, i. 36; first precarious correspondence, i. 36-7; growing confidence, i. 37; nature of her desire for fame, i. 37; compares Carlyle to her father, i. 37; last warning against flattery, i. 38; laments unintellectual surroundings, i. 38; stimulating effect of Carlyle's letters, i. 39; disappointed of meeting in Edinburgh, i. 39; compelled by mother to visit unsympathetic relations, i. 39; warns Carlyle she can only love him as a brother, i. 40; but would rather not marry than renounce his friendship, i. 41; shows her mother Carlyle's letters, i. 41; effect on her of estrangement from her mother, i. 41; a lovers' quarrel in Edinburgh, i. 42; affected by Carlyle's kindness, i. 42; growth of love, i. 42; derides his plan of farming Craigenputtock, i. 43; loves him but is not *in love*, i. 43; at his suggestion settles Craigenputtock on her mother, i. 43; avows her former love for Irving, i. 44; visit to Hoddam Hill and acquaintance with Carlyle's family, i. 44-5; improved relations with her mother, i. 45; question of home after marriage, i. 45; suggestions, i. 46; she wishes her mother to live with them, i. 46; final solution; marriage, i. 47; her estimate of Carlyle, i. 47; her character and reasons for desiring fame, i. 47-8. *See* Carlyle, Jane Welsh.
- Welsh, Jeannie (Mrs. Carlyle's cousin), i. 308.
- Welsh, Dr. John (Mrs. Carlyle's father), a successful professional man: repurchases Craigenputtock from his father, i. 24; death, i. 25.
- Welsh, John (Mrs. Carlyle's uncle), Mrs. Carlyle's visits to him in Liverpool, i. 314, 17.
- Welsh, Maggie (Mrs. Carlyle's cousin), nurses Mrs. Carlyle, 1863-4, ii. 144, 5; at Cheyne Row, ii. 153, 5.
- Welsh, Walter (Mrs. Welsh's father), Mrs. Welsh goes to Templand to live with him, i. 47; his death, i. 153.
- Werner*, a transcendentalist; philosophy based on self-forgetfulness; his dissolute life, i. 75; convert to Rome; German view of creeds as changing vestures, i. 76.
- Wilhelmina, Frederika Sophie (*Frederick*), sister of Frederick the Great; her shrill but veracious book, ii. 172; her brother's grand confederate, ii. 177, 178-9; horrified at certain suitors suggested for her, ii. 191; takes to Baireuth Prince, ii. 191; her father's treatment of her after Frederick's attempt to escape, ii. 196-7; betrothed to Baireuth Prince, ii. 198-9; marriage, ii. 200-1; visits Berlin, ii. 206; describes Frederick's bride, ii. 207; finds her brother changed after his accession, ii. 217; emotions on her return to Berlin after eight years, ii. 219; horror at Frederick's desperate

- situation in 1757, ii. 278, 80-1; illness, ii. 286-7; death, October 1758, ii. 290.
- Winterfeld (*Frederick*), at Prag, ii. 274; death, ii. 279; lamented by Frederick, ii. 279.
- Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's translation of, i. 29, 30; acknowledged by Goethe, i. 33; unfavourably reviewed by De Quincey, i. 34; importance to Carlyle of certain ideas, i. 53; quotations, i. 53-4; the three reverences, i. 54; Mignon's song, i. 54.
- Will, the:
 Burns's failure through lack of whole volition (*Burns*), i. 80, 1; Heyne's success because of it (*Heyne*), i. 81, 2; man's life incarnated will (*Cagliostro*), i. 232; Coleridge's insufficient will (*Sterling*), ii. 101.
 The soul's weapon in its struggle with earth, i. 113; the danger-point in Carlyle's view of the will's action, i. 215, 16; the will to work, i. 256; Mirabeau, i. 263.
- Wilson, Miss, helps to organise Carlyle's lectures, i. 267.
- Wish, the, early denial of, i. 14; distinction with will, i. 113-14.
- Worcester, Battle of (*Cromwell*), i. 396-7.
- Wordsworth, his example of right living, i. 149; Carlyle meets him in 1835, i. 165; quoted, i. 340, ii. 94; compared to Carlyle for lack of perception, ii. 129.
- Work:
 early inculcation of doctrine of work into Carlyle family, i. 14; Teufelsdröckh discovers his faculty (*Sartor*), i. 134; not the work itself but the spirit imports (*F. R.*), i. 168; all work is noble (*P. and P.*), i. 329; England's great practical work since 1660 (*ibid.*), i. 330; work composes the soul, is worship (*ibid.*), i. 332-4; right of man to be compelled to work (*Nigger Question*), ii. 56; (*L. D. P.*), ii. 60-1.
 Source of Carlyle's advocacy of, i. 216; the soul has work to do on earth: importance of the work itself, i. 256-8, 295; objections to Carlyle's theory, i. 348-9, ii. 91; his mistaken belief in spiritual value of material efficiency, i. 350, ii. 91, 96-7, 331, 345-6; brutalising effect of strenuous work: except work performed by the soul, i. 349, 50, ii. 346-7, 387.
- World, the outer, a show (*Heroes*), i. 280, 2; (*P. and P.*), i. 324; intense belief in reality of life in eighteenth century, ii. 344.
- Wotton Reinfred*, Carlyle's unfinished novel: autobiographical nature, i. 56; relation to *Sartor*; small intrinsic interest; but revealed to the author his limitations; loose thinking, i. 57.
- Wyndham, Barbara (*Frederick*), her private subsidy to Frederick, ii. 285.
- Ziethen (*Frederick*), reorganises Prussian cavalry after Mollwitz, ii. 231; defeats Saxons at Hennesdorf, ii. 255; at Leuthen, ii. 284; the convoy, ii. 286-7; march round hill at Torgau, ii. 305.
- Zimmermann, Dr. (*Frederick*), attends Frederick in last illness, ii. 329.
- Zorndorf, Battle of (*Frederick*), defeat of Russians by Prussians, August 1758, ii. 288-9.



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